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OUR REVOLUTIONARY FOREFATHERS

The Journal of François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois

TRANSLATED BY PERCY NOËL

August 3, 1779. — Here we are in Boston. On seeing these countrysides, formerly wild and almost deserted, today inhabited, fertile, and covered with orchards, I never tire of admiring the progress of civilization, which has made more headway here in a hundred years than it has in Europe during ten centuries.

The State Council of Massachusetts judged it proper to lodge us at the home of one of its members, Mr. Cushing, a good, loyal American. He received us with hospitable simplicity, unostentatious, unstudied, but as though truly happy to see us lodging with him.

Before we left Europe they explained to us that it was good usage here to commence the day by drinking a glass of wine and eating a few cakes; and that toward ten o'clock one took coffee or tea with fruits and a few cold meats. Also, if one made or received visits, that wine was again brought and one drank a few healths while waiting for dinner; that this dinner lasted two hours; that about five or six o'clock one drank tea, punch, or other refreshment, and so got to supper, which ordinarily was rather frugal.

Americans are sober, but they do not easily permit foreigners who are living among them to exercise this virtue. However, this régime has not marvelously well succeeded for our health, and I have taken pains to exclude all intermediary repasts in order to relish lunch, dinner, and supper.

The dinner does not too much resemble ours. It commences with a blessing, recited with unction by a priest or by the eldest of the family. All the courses, and even the dessert, are served together. The tablecloth falls on the knees of the guests and takes the place of napkins. To us the dishes appeared to be badly prepared, but that is a matter of taste; thus Americans are permitted to say the same of ours. With the first glass of wine one drinks the health of all the guests, without exception. If one has some affections more private for one of them, he invites him in the course of the repast to refill his glass and the two friends drink reciprocally their health. Ordinarily the women seat themselves next to each other. They retire at dessert, either of their own accord or on a sign from the master of the house. We have had trouble to accustom ourselves to this usage.

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It is a part of the austere manner of these people, we are told, to believe that they should banish the ladies at the time when the men, animated by liquors or wine, might forget the respect which is due them. I should like it better if this austerity had led them by a shorter road to sobriety and the respect due women, and if at dessert one would not see the table thus deserted and transformed into a kind of divan, where they smoke or sometimes get intoxicated and where they use all the 'comforts' to a point which seemed to us quite strange. Thus the ladies leave, to our great regret, and the cloth is removed. Bottles, glasses, and fruit remain on the mahogany table and we proceed to drink healths, now political, now military, and to conceive jokes, sometimes rather obscene ones.

August 9. — I should have spoken of the customs of the Bostonians the first days following my arrival in Boston, as I was then more struck than I am today by the difference between their practices and ours. I still find it extraordinary that a woman leaves her hair its natural color and is content to arrange it with elegant simplicity, not disguising it at all with colored powders. An American lady to whom I remarked my surprise asked me if French ladies also powdered their eyebrows! Rouge is proscribed still more severely than powder, but I had not the least trouble to accustom myself to a usage so natural. I have not yet seen a beautiful woman, although I have seen several rather comely ones. There are no Parisian waists, so slim and so fine that they sometimes lose proportion with the rest of their bodies; but, if you will, their bodies are well developed and formed by nature, not by tailors.

Religious persecution made the first colonists flee from Europe to settle in New England; they have kept up to now — and above all, the Presbyterians — a violent hatred for the monarchy. This hatred took new strength at the epoch of the Revolution. On the other hand several prominent people regard religion today as a political instrument and most of the ministers have been ardent promoters of the Revolution. The people of each parish decide annually upon a sum for their minister's living, and those whose public or private conduct is little fit are badly treated in the grant. The only authorized churches are those of the Presbyterians or Congregationalists, the Anglicans, the Quakers, and the Anabaptists.

At the time of the early colonization of Massachusetts, reason, good sense, and natural right took the place of laws for the colonists. One had been able to compare the colony in its infancy to a numerous family governed by the authority of a wise and severe father.

A man called Plistore stole four bushels of wheat from the Indians. He was condemned to restore them double the amount, was fined one hundred and fifty Tours livres, and condemned to call himself in the future 'Josiah Plistore' without being able to add the word 'master' to his name. A drunkard was condemned to some work useful to society. They put a workman in irons who demanded a much too large wage, and he paid a fine besides; simply a suspicion of calumny or idleness was punished with the whip and prison. They were content to admonish a girl who had been light in her conduct, but double adultery, proved, was often punished by the death of the two culprits. It must be admitted that nothing is rarer to-day than this latter offense.

A husband is permitted to beat his wife by paying a fine of ten pounds; if

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it is the wife who has beaten her husband, she receives the same fine, but if she has no money and her husband refuses to pay for her, she runs the risk of being whipped.

Boston houses are almost all constructed on a uniform plan; the only difference is in their proportions. Thus — a ground floor, two stories, five windows wide; the door in the middle, a vestibule and staircase on entering. As for anterooms, they do not know what they are.

The governor of the state is chief of the council in which rests the sovereign power, and he is the most eminent person in Massachusetts. We paid him a visit. Following our knock at his door, he came himself to open it and received us in a clean apartment, but of Lacedæmonian simplicity. The visit ended, he reaccompanied us to the door, his candle in hand, and as it was late I judge he put the key in his pocket and went to bed.

In a few states the chief justice, who is always a very important man, receives a very modest salary, and if he has no horses he must make on foot all his circuits, which are eighty to one hundred leagues. Thus he goes from town to town, carrying justice to the citizens.

We often met senators, representatives, and respected magistrates returning from the market carrying herbs or a fish. They called my attention to the same thing in Venice, but there was this remarkable difference, that the Venetian senator hides with care under his robes the merchandise which he has bought and none would be able to guess it if some longer roots or more active fish did not betray him. But the Bostonian goes along with head high and blushes no more to carry his provisions than a European does to carry a book or a print he has just bought; their habits are too simple to make a mystery of such a natural thing.

These Americans who open the door themselves, who go on foot to judge their citizens, who do their own marketing, are the ones who have brought about the present Revolution and who will, if it is necessary, shoulder a musket and march on the enemy. And, between us, I do not know if people who have *suisses*, stewards, officers, and *berlines* with springs would have likewise resisted despotism.

We were surprised to see regularly every Friday that the tables were covered with fish, and above all salted fish; we were edified to find among the Presbyterians a practice which I believed particular to Catholics. We have learned since that this custom has nothing religious in it, and that the inhabitants of North America, whose principal wealth consists in fishing, adopted it from a purely commercial point of view to favor their fisheries.

August 24. — We have been to see the college at Cambridge, which is three leagues from Boston. It is situated in the midst of a plain cut off by a river bearing the same name. The college itself is composed of five buildings solidly constructed. The greatest part of the funds were given by rich American individuals. They say that England, interested in keeping the colonies in ignorance, did not view this establishment without apprehension, but it would have been too revolting to stop its progress; she contented herself by not contributing. The chairs are occupied by learned men and the plan of study appeared to us well conceived. They estimate the revenues of the college at sixty thousand Tours livres. The war has of necessity considerably diminished the number of scholars, and there are now only one hundred and twenty.

We were received into the library of the museum by all of the professors,

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at the head of whom was the rector or president in ceremonial robe. He made three profound reverences to His Excellency,[1] and addressed him a speech in Latin. When the president had finished, he made three more reverences, and then there was another Latin oration. This had been constructed a little hastily, however, and I do not know how the orator made the slip of saying that he looked upon this meeting (referring to our mission) as the 'conubium' of the French and Atlantic muses. Several young bachelors of art smiled malignantly, as if they thought that such a marriage would not be infinitely fruitful.

We did not find any of the curiosities at Cambridge that we expected to see. A few arms, some costumes of the savages, a few snakes, a few mosquitoes, hardly extraordinary — that is what the collection was reduced to. We were shown a complete Bible in the Indian language, translated by an English minister who had learned one of the savage tongues. This monumental work, representing a zeal more active than well directed, will probably never be very useful to the men whom the author had in view. The respect due this sacred book, understanding of which demands a great depth of preliminary knowledge, does not hinder one from observing that it must be very obscure to the individual for whom the instruction was so imperfect. A good catechism of morals in four pages, which the Indians might have learned by heart, would have been useful, and the author of such a work would have been able to flatter himself that he had rendered a real service to humanity.

Before leaving Boston I should really tell you something of the Adamses and of Generals Gates and Hancock, who have had such a large part in this Revolution and will leave respectable names to posterity. We have seen them frequently during our sojourn here, but I promised to enter not a line of politics in my journal. I much prefer to speak to you of Phyllis, one of the most extraordinary creatures in this country and perhaps in the entire world.

She is a negress, born in Africa, from whence she was imported at the age of ten and sold to a citizen of the town of Boston. She learned English with extraordinary facility and read and reread the Bible with eagerness. This was the only book which had been put into her hands. Phyllis was filled with its poetic imagery and at seventeen published divers poems in which there are poesy, imagination, and enthusiasm, but little method or interest. I read them with some astonishment. They are printed and one finds on the flyleaf of the book authentic certificates which do not permit a doubt that she is the author.

We are now to leave Boston on a little pilgrimage to other places of interest.

WESTON, *September* 4. — We left Boston at five in the afternoon in a carriage drawn by six horses, and we have come to pass the night at Weston; we have provisions of all kinds and shall renew them each time the occasion presents itself. We are in the most favorable season of the year to make this voyage and to know the localities that we have to cross. The country is beautiful, the fields are fertile as far as Weston; fine orchards, Indian corn in abundance, green and flowered prairies, houses scattered along the road, continually vary the point of view.

WORCESTER, *September* 5. — We dined at a pretty village, fairly large, and passed the night in Worcester.

[1] Chevalier de la Luzerne, formerly one of La Fayette's officers, and in charge of the Mission sent to the United States by the King of France. — TRANSLATOR

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As we approached the latter place we noticed that we were traveling in an entirely new country. The roads were practicable, but the habitations farther apart; our companions told us that the most beautiful farms and the richest inhabitants were within the wood. Almost all the country is covered by a vast forest which the road traverses, and cultivation has been begun in some spots where the soil appears most fertile and tillage least difficult.

BROOCKFIN [BROOKFIELD], *September* 6. — Many stones and granite rocks on the surface of the earth; that is what we observe in continuing our journey. No function is reputed ignoble here from the moment it is useful to society. We learn that our innkeeper was a colonel in the service of the state; or we see a priest occupied with his harvest or tilling his field. We hear a man called 'Captain' who is stacking his hay or leading his cattle to the neighboring brook. Everywhere there is an air of comfort and even of abundance; not a single beggar, not a man whose unfortunate appearance troubles the pleasure that we have in contemplating the abiding place of happiness and liberty. One day when we had a superfluity of provisions we said to our host, 'Give these to the poor.' He could hardly understand what we meant, and no poor were to be found.

We do not pass through any of the pretty little villages without being met by a solicitous clerk, who, hat in hand, begs us by the Thirteen States to get out of our carriage and pay a visit. There are no tolls at any of the bridges, no seignioral rights on entering one district or leaving another, no great or little salt taxes (gabelles), no Dutch tobacco shop, no contrabandists, no gamekeepers or forest guards.

We arrived very early at Broockfin, where we were to sleep. While waiting until supper was ready we went for a walk in a charming valley to the west of this little village. The countryside was covered with harvesters and reapers, all cheerful people, healthy, well clothed, and well nourished. We addressed ourselves to one of them, who appeared to be the farmer and whom the others called 'Major.' We made him talk about his farm and his manner of living. He told us that his principal wealth consisted of live stock; that the grain which he harvested did not always suffice for the consumption of his household, but in case of need potatoes supplemented it; that his orchards furnished him with good cider and fruit for the whole year; that his cows gave excellent milk, and he made us taste a good cheese made in his house.

'During the winter I also make the material which we are wearing from the wool of my sheep,' he continued. 'My daughters and my wife weave, and in sixteen years I have not bought an ell of cloth. You see that forest, one quarter of a league from my dwelling? I possess a portion of it, amounting to three hundred acres. There I find what is necessary to repair my house, construct barns, and make plenty of fire in winter.'

He told us that justice was neither high nor low in America; that it was perfectly level and equal for everybody. We could not make him understand what kind of being was the lord of the village; he continued to believe that we meant a justice of the peace, and could not separate the idea of superiority from that of magistracy.

SPRINGFIELD, *September* 7. — We have left the beautiful valley and entered into rocky and rugged mountains. The road has been extremely difficult and not without danger. One of our coaches turned over and there was trouble getting it back on its

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wheels. Woods are omnipresent, habitation more rare, scenery wild.

At last we see Springfield and the banks of the Connecticut bathing it; here, fatigued by the dryness of the country which we have just crossed, we find population and culture as of the most beautiful places in Europe, and the dwellings are so close together that one could compare the two banks of the Connecticut from Springfield to Hartford, in a space of six leagues, to several contiguous villages.

HARTFORD, *September* 8. — Two leagues above this city there is a waterfall which prevents ascending the Connecticut. It is navigable as far as Suffield, and we took the opportunity to embark in a long boat covered with freshly cut leaves, while our horses and coaches proceeded leisurely by land. This navigation is charming; the current is a little swift, but with four rowers we made a league and a half an hour. The river is a quarter of a mile wide and the banks are covered with fine forests; they spread on the right bank a thick shade, which invited us to land for dinner. The turf served for a seat, a fallen tree took the place of a table, large leaves were converted into plates, and our wine was cooled in a neighboring spring. We shared with the sailors our *pâtés*, fruits, and Burgundy wine from our canteen. Wood nymphs would have been astonished by the novelty of this repast.

We went back to our boat and, following our custom, made our rowers talk; we learned that one was Scotch, another Irish, a third from Anspach [Bavaria], and the last Hessian.

You must know that our coach driver and postilion are deserters from the German-English troops, as are our four rowers, and that among the horsemen who form our escort three quarters are English and only the rest are Americans. It will appear amusing that in the present circumstances the Minister of France is conducted on sea and land and served by men sent at great expense to America by the English Government!

Arrived at Suffield, we were informed that we could not go down the Connecticut as far as Hartford without the risk of hitting some rocks. Our protectors had no trouble in persuading us that we were extremely precious beings to the American Republic, and we returned to our coaches. Despite their prudence, our welfare was imperiled, however.

We were alone, Monsieur de la Luzerne and I, in a four-wheeled cabriolet of very light construction. The militia of the place assembled on the occasion of a halt which we believe was due to the English; a company formed and presented arms to His Excellency. The noise and the sudden movement of arms frightened our horses, and as at the same instant, in order to do us more honor, they fired a cannon, the animals took the bits in their teeth, broke their reins, and dragged us over ditches, hillocks, and rocks. We had a precipice before us toward which they were running, and we were thinking of jumping to the ground when a dragoon from our escort, galloping to the horses' heads, pressed them up so roughly that they stopped. Things were adjusted as well as possible, and at last we arrived at Hartford.

I have been to see the famous Governor Trumbull. The old man was saying his prayers when they announced me. While waiting for him to finish I examined his furniture, which was of an extremely Lacedæmonian simplicity: an armchair, two other chairs, a mahogany table, a lamp hanging from the ceiling, a rifle and a halberd, also a sword, attached to the wall. His person was no less simple.

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He is revered in just title by all the citizens of Connecticut, and he is one of those men who have rendered the greatest service to the cause of independence. He obliged us with a history of the present war, which he proposes to write himself. I deeply hope that his advanced age will not prevent the execution of this plan. You will permit me to brighten my description by telling you that people of the highest rank here are enfranchised from the unclean use of a pocket handkerchief and I was a little surprised when I saw the Governor blow his nose quite lustily with his fingers.

We saw some of the militia of the place. They are big, resolute, robust people. Their equipment, their clothes, their arms, their paper money, have small allurement for the German soldiers, and it is perhaps that which makes the latter so indifferent to success or defeat. What interest do you imagine these mercenaries have for the cause in which they are armed if they are not animated by the hope of pillage?

It is necessary to measure one's words with an innkeeper. An imperative tone would succeed badly. A rather ordinary reply is: 'You may demand, not command.'

We were present at a municipal assembly of the district; it was held in a church. These people believe that occupying themselves with public welfare is only another way of honoring divine majesty. In the assembly great calm and extreme attentiveness prevailed. Each one discussed his opinion, and, as the speakers do not sway from the point of the subject, they had all the time necessary. Following this discussion, those who are for the affirmative raise their hands. After them, those who are for the negative do the same. If the difference is very apparent, they draw a resolution conforming to the feelings of the majority. If it appears difficult to judge on which side it stands, they count the votes.

We were shown the old oak where the charter of Connecticut was hidden last century when the King of England wished to revoke it in order to submit this province to his unlimited power. Such are the curiosities of this country. No galleries, no public gardens, no palaces, no magnificent temples; but anything to do with liberty is sacred.

It is still a custom of this state for the daughters of the family to serve strangers at the table. Sometimes even the mistress of the house serves as well, and does not take a place at the table until the middle of the dinner. This inequality appears uncivil to us, but the masters and sovereigns of their submissive and obedient spouses cannot permit anyone to be superior to themselves; and if the necessity of having a regular government obliges them to elect magistrates and chiefs, they have taken pains to see to it that the luxury and magnificence of these heads do not emphasize their own mediocrity.

They do not even wish for a man, through his commerce, his industry, or any other cause, to be richer than his fellow citizens or to distinguish himself with an affluence greater than they enjoy. One very rich man in particular had a simple and modest carriage made, but he could never use it. His neighbors threatened to throw this 'ostentatious' carriage into the Connecticut River, and so, as in the past, it was necessary for his daughters to go on horseback in fine weather and in little closed-in coaches when it rained.

We are treated with great familiarity, but with so much innocence and simplicity that we should be very hard to please if we took it in bad part. Travelers seat themselves at our table without having been asked there, and they are not always the best company. Sometimes teamsters, after having put

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their carts under cover and given oats to the horses, place themselves next to us without ceremony.

I dined at Hartford with several inhabitants of the city. One evening I was seated next to a pretty miss, young and attentive, who had a strong desire to please. Only one thing caused me some impatience: I was dining with extreme appetite, but she pretended not to believe it and waited with indefatigable care for the moment when I was about to change my plate to tell me that I was not eating and to assure me that the turkey, game, and pudding were excellent, and that I must absolutely eat some. Besides, we drank from the same glass, a thing which I was able to accept in patience, but I had at my left an old lady with a hooked nose who accorded me the same favor, and from that moment I felt my thirst quenched. Unfortunately, it was necessary to return to this banal glass, for almost all the guests proposed that I should drink a glass of wine with them in the same way, and despite my repugnance I could not well refuse them all.

Without wounding the modesty of an American lady one cannot pronounce the words 'legs, knees, chemise, garters,' and a number of other words equally unoffensive to our ears; but we can propose to a young lady to 'bundle'; not only is she not offended, but she regards this proposal as politeness, and sometimes this strange favor is accorded to a traveler, even one she does not know very well. It is difficult to reconcile this general usage with the severity of manners and a natural shyness about sex in North America. It was from the Indians or savages that the Englishmen who settled in Connecticut borrowed this custom, and they assured me that, if modesty is wounded, chastity is not at all. They do not bundle in summer and one may not remove any clothing to bundle, except coat and shoes. This custom has only been abolished quite recently in Boston, New Hampshire, and New York; Connecticut has not adopted this reform at all. However, the first French officers who were permitted it conducted themselves with so little reserve that the old people begged the mothers not to permit them this form of courtship with their daughters. The practice was suspended, but the departure of the army permits its reëstablishment, and the old women, although they have at heart no interest, are the most zealous to incite young girls to follow a custom they themselves formerly found good.

In this city we lodged at the Golden Donkey. I advise my friends to avoid this hostelry. Our host treated us as if we were the heroes of his sign, and made us pay 150 piastres for a very bad dinner.

We heard of the Blue Laws, which some people call 'Blood Laws.' It is forbidden to nourish or lodge a Quaker, an Adamite, or any other heretic Forbidden to promenade on Sunday, even in one's own garden. It is only permitted to leave one's own house to go to church and to come back. This law was still in force when we crossed Connecticut and people gave us some hints on the impropriety of traveling on Sunday. The war has slightly softened the rigor of these customs, but whosoever travels without passport, or cannot prove that he is charged with important packets for the public, risks being arrested and held until next day. The people will not do any cooking, they will not sweep, will not cut their hair or shave, they will not even make up the bed on Sunday. It is forbidden for a woman to kiss her child on Sunday or a fast day. The only instruments permitted are the cornet, harp, and drum, and they punish more severely the most skillful musicians.

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I made the acquaintance of General Putnam. It was he who caught the first English spy — a young officer in whom the English general took an interest. He wrote a letter to Putnam which was a mixture of prayers and menaces; he terminated with the words: 'If they have the audacity to exercise any violence to his person, the Americans who are my best prisoners will answer for it.'

The General replied in a few words that the prisoner would be judged and the court-martial would decide his lot. His letter was sealed and the messenger received it, when Putnam called him back and wrote on the cover of the missive: 'N.B. I learn that the spy has just been hung.'

The affair, as one can well believe, had no sequel.

You know that, after the example of all travelers, I admit only authentic facts into my record. The General's aide-de-camp told me the following: —

Twenty-five years ago an enormous bear carried off a sow from the farm of Israel Putnam, in the middle of the night. The cries of the sow awoke Putnam, who, without dressing himself, followed the bear to its den without other arms than a heavy stick. He penetrated the cavern on his hands and knees. Guided by its growling and the fire in its eyes, he approached the monster and with three blows he beat it to death. He discovered and killed also two bear cubs and carried them to his village. I have been told other anecdotes equally remarkable; this intrepidity and intelligence acquired him a military reputation, and his fellow citizens made him a general.

NEWHAVEN, *September* 10. — From Hartford we traveled in two days to Newhaven. This journey across Connecticut is one of the most remarkable surprises we have had. The country we passed through is comparable to the most fertile of Europe. We lunched at Weathersfield. One of the inhabitants at whose house we stopped conducted us to the top of a high clock tower whence we could see the wide extent of land, looking like an immense garden, watered by the Connecticut.

Onions make the wealth of this city. They say that when a girl is eight years old her parents each give her every spring thereafter a silk dress, and that she must on her part pull up with her own hands every morning the weeds from a plot of onions.

Making our way, we stopped at a farm of doubtful appearance. We entered a house which, according to the custom of the country, was not locked. Houses remain open all night without bars on doors or windows; cupboards have no lock and are closed with a simple catch. Against dogs and cats locks are of no use, and there are no other thieves. Master and servants were absent from this dwelling, but we found in the larder all the necessary provisions and, on the advice of our escort, we used them freely. Our dinner was ready when the master of the house returned. He did not appear at all surprised at our liberty; simply told us that we were welcome.

We went to see the College of Newhaven. The regulations have been drawn up with wisdom and simplicity, but I do not like the following article:

> The state of marriage being entirely incompatible with that of a student, it is ordered that whomsoever shall marry will be dismissed from the college.

As if it sufficed to have taken a wife to have nothing more to learn, or as if marriage were an offense of which ignorance must be the punishment!

From a hill we saw Long Island, one of the most beautiful islands in the world, five or six leagues distant.

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It is at present occupied by the English, and General Washington, by an access of prudence and attention, has just sent us an escort of thirty men.

In the Newhaven Cemetery they show the tomb of Dixwell, one of the judges who sent Charles I to the scaffold. Fanatics of republican government go there on pilgrimages as to the tomb of their apostle. A league and a half from the town one sees a cave where it is claimed two other judges of the Prince took refuge after the death of Richard Cromwell, and where they remained hidden and proscribed until their death.

One finds almost no traces of the existence of the savages; one hundred and sixty years have sufficed to annihilate these unfortunate nations and all the monuments which could have testified their existence. Bows, a few stone hatchets, a gross and almost formless idol of granite that we saw near Hartford, some families who have preserved their customs, their language, and who continue to live around New-London, in a kind of independence — that is all we could pick up concerning the former inhabitants of this country. They told us that on Long Island there were about twenty Indian families who have preserved the ancient form of society which existed before the arrival of the Europeans.

FAIRFIELD, *September* 12. — We continued our journey by Grunfield, Stratford, and by Fairfield, of which the name indicates the natural beauties; but we were unable to see without pity the condition of the country which the English traversed, sword and flame in hand, two months before. Almost all the habitations have been entirely burned over a space of two leagues. As they were built of wood, with the exception of their fireplaces and chimneys, one sees an isolated mass of bricks rising up twenty-five or thirty feet. The Americans have the courage to joke about their very misfortunes, calling these ruins 'English chimneys.' Churches and public buildings have not been respected. At every step we find heaps of ruins, and the flames have not even spared the orchards and crops.

You know that the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes spread over the surface of Europe a great number of useful citizens who have enriched foreigners with our losses. Some of them came as far as America and we are now in the vicinity of Nouvelle Rochelle, a colony founded by French refugees. We will not go to see them; our hearts would bleed at the sight of this picture of the mistakes committed by our fathers.

Despite all the remonstrances of Monsieur de la Luzerne, General Washington had come to welcome us at Fishkill: he received us with noble urbanity, modest and gentle, with that amenity which appears to form the depth of his character. He is fifty years old, well built, a little thin; he has freedom and a certain military grace in all his person. He has the male look without his features being less gentle. I have never seen in any person easier and more natural politeness. His eyes are blue and rather large, the mouth and nose regular, the forehead high. His uniform does not differ at all from that of the soldier. Formerly, on solemn occasions, — I mean on battle days, — he wore a wide blue ribbon. He has given up this scarcely republican distinction. They say that in battle he keeps that humane character which in camp renders him so dear to soldiers.

I saw him for some time with his family and he has always appeared to me even, quiet, and composed in his occupations, sober in his speech. He asks few questions, listens attentively, and replies very low and in few words.

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He is serious in affairs; outside of that he lets himself go with a reserved gayety. His conversation is as simple as his manners and exterior; he does the honors of his house with dignity, but without haughtiness and without adulation. His aides-de-camp preside at his table and offer the toasts. Before being at the head of the American Army he did not disdain the cares of his farm. To-day he sometimes plays ball for whole hours with his aides-de-camp. He is pious without bigotry, abhors oaths, and punishes them with the greatest severity. As to his public conduct, ask his compatriots and the universe. If you like parallels, I could compare him to Timoleon, who enfranchised the Sicilians from the tyranny of the Carthaginians, joined to his military qualities those which constitute an excellent citizen, and, after having rendered signal services to his country, in private life was not ambitious of power or honors, but was content to enjoy modestly the glory of having given liberty to a powerful nation.

We embarked with the General on the River of the North, or the Hudson. We sailed down with the ebb as far as West Point, where the General Headquarters of the American Army are situated, surrounded by its principal posts. The General held the tiller, and in the light breeze, which called for skill and practice, he proved to us that this little manœuvre was no more a stranger to him than other sciences useful to man. The river is hemmed in between two rugged banks covered by trees; its bed narrows sometimes to a third of a mile and widens soon after to three quarters of a league. On the right, near West Point, the mountains are more distant from the bank and leave a space of about thirty arpents, where are the tents of the General and the officers attached to him. The Army divisions are around this Headquarters, on the hilltops, which are covered with forts and redoubts. The air there is pure and salubrious, and we did not see forty sick in the hospital.

During dinner the conversation was of the great things that Americans had done. All the generals and the principal officers were assembled. It was interesting to see the reunion of these warriors — famous patriots, each one, because of some brilliant action; and this military repast, served in a tent in the midst of the accoutrements of war, to a *ministre* and French officers, was a remarkable novelty for all.

I was seated near the General and, as he inspired confidence, after several general discourses we talked together rather openly on different subjects. He spoke to me of the splendid actions of my compatriots and of the glory that they had acquired in America. Everything around us was of interesting character to me. The river, reflected by the tide, brought the waves up to the tent pins; they broke there with a solemn noise; a few steps from us the band played French military airs; the banks and forests of the mountain replied lingeringly to the noise of cannon fired to the health of the King and Queen; the opposite bank shone with fires that the soldiers had lighted. I had before my eyes one of the spectacles the most worthy of man's admiration: the valiant chiefs and generals of a brave nation fighting for liberty. I was very much touched, and I felt my eyes moisten.

The General told me that he drank to the health of the Marquis de La Fayette, and asked me if I had seen him before my departure. I replied in the affirmative, and I added that he had spoken of him with the tenderest veneration, that the conduct of the Marquis de La Fayette in America had drawn general esteem and that he had gained distinctions and favors from the

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King. I then saw Washington flush like a tender father to whom one would speak well of his child; tears fell from his eyes, he grasped my hand, and he could scarcely pronounce these words: '*I do not know a more noble soul, more honest, and I love him as my own son.*'

Night, September 16–17. — The thunder of a cannon has just awakened me; it is four o'clock in the morning; drums and fifes and bugles resound about our tents. As I cannot get asleep again, I must write you the news of the day by the glimmer of my night lamp.

At nine o'clock in the morning we mounted our horses to accompany General Washington, who wished to conduct us himself to all the principal points of the position which he has taken on the Hudson. It was extremely important for the Americans to blockade this river. The frigates come up it almost to Albany, and the enemy, if he were master of it, could prevent all communication between the states north and south of Albany. To stop the enemy the Americans have installed a heavy chain across the river, which is strongly anchored on both banks. Forts advantageously situated can combine their fire against all war vessels or ships which might attempt to break or destroy the chain.

The location of West Point is rather happily chosen. The river narrows at this spot and makes such a bend in the opposite direction that a sailing vessel loses all the advantage of the wind as it makes the curve. The fort on the right is commanded by a hill and other eminences command it in turn, to the number of four. The Americans believed they must fortify all these heights to shelter the principal fort from attack. We visited them successively despite the steepness of the rock. After this walk we went to see the different brigades camped along the river; they were scarcely dressed, but very well armed, the kind of strong and robust men who have proved that one can make good soldiers with new *levées*. This promenade did not finish until four o'clock, and then we went to dine on the other bank, at the headquarters of Monsieur du Portail.

I made my way to the General, and in the course of the conversation which followed I asked him if he would not come one day to France to enjoy the applause of a sensitive nation which idolizes glory. He said that he was only waiting for the end of the war to retire to his own countryseat and end his days in the bosom of his family, after having acquitted the debt which every citizen owes to his country in time of trouble and misfortune.

September 17. — Obliged to hurry our march, we left the camp, after having sojourned there two days. The General conducted us as far as New Bethune, where we took leave of him and some of the principal officers of his army who had accompanied us. I shall always recall with pleasure the time we passed with this admirable man. His appearance and his actions bespeak virtue and he inspires it in all those surrounding him; his family (this is the name that they give in America to an establishment composed of a head, his wife, his children, or all those who live in his familiarity and under the same roof) is really worthy of its chief; his aides-de-camp are an agreeable society, the greatest union reigns among them. Only one of them is distinguished by more application; it is Mr. Hamilton. If courage, assiduity, penetration, mixed with some grains of ambition, may lift a man from the common level in a budding republic, you will hear him talked of some day.

(*To be continued*)

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NINETY

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

GEORGE STALLION sat at the head of the breakfast table and glanced along the bowed heads of his progeny. The early sunlight coming past his shoulders made a haze in the fringe of his patriarchal beard and cast his broad shadow over the dishes. His hooked nose and black eyebrows and fierce black eyes proclaimed him undisputed master of his family. He sat erect, broad-shouldered as his sons and grandsons, pink-cheeked as his granddaughters. He scarcely seemed old, until you noticed the taut skin on his forehead: it was ivory-colored, like his beard.

He drained his cup slowly, letting the coffee lie for a moment about his teeth to get the full benefit of the sugar. Then he leaned back to watch his family finishing the meal. His oldest daughter, a woman of sixty-odd now, held the foot of the board, under a crocheted work cap of blue chenille. He drew in his breath and waited while she filled her husband's cup. Just as the coffee reached the lip, he cleared his throat, a rumbling that started in his chest and brought up the heads of the family with it.

'Where's Belle?' he demanded.

His voice held a deep harshness and had a trick of hovering just beyond his lips, as though it were waiting to strike one.

Judy's fat hands jumped and the coffee slopped into the saucer; and the old man grinned under his beard.

'My gracious, Pa!' she said. 'You make a person start!'

He covered his amusement with a scowl.

'Where is she?' he shouted. 'Laying abed, the lazy slut. By Jeepers, she ought to be hided! I'll do it one of these days.'

'No, she ain't, Pa,' said Judy. 'She's minding Pearl. Poor Pearl,' she went on, lowering her glance properly, 'she takes it harder than most.'

'What do you know about it?' the old man growled.

Judy was childless. Consequently she liked to have opinions on bearing children.

'Well, she's young, you know, Pa. Men don't rightly understand such things,' she said to her sister, who discreetly avoided answering.

The old man took hold of the end of his beard and peered at her from under thinly lashed lids.

'Don't, eh? Well, gal, when you was born, there was n't no doctor could get through the snow here, so me and Mrs. Dustin brung you into open air. You was just about as fat as you be now, Judy, and a dang sight redder, and you jumped and squawked like you did now, when I slapped your bottom.'

Judy flushed and became silent.

'Cripus!' the old man grumbled. 'Your ma did n't go to bed just to have a baby. She got up next morning, and the morning after she was milking again — seven cows, good milkers at that. Pearl's a lazy.'

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Pearl's young husband glared at him angrily, then scraped back his chair and got up to leave the room.

'John!' roared the old man. 'Say "Excuse me." Just because I got to tell Judy a thing or two, you don't need to get uppity.'

The young man stopped surlily.

'I ain't going to listen to your talk.'

'All right. All right. You don't have to. If you don't like it, you can get out and take Pearl. But you ain't going to do that. You have n't got the grit. So you wait till I give you morning's orders. You hitch up the grays and haul manure on to the south meadow. That's good work for you now. It'll keep your feet warm.'

John took his hat from a nail and slapped it on to his head. He slammed the door. The old man chuckled.

'Notional squirt. You'd think the both of them was having children.'

He turned to Judy's husband.

'How're you coming with the potatoes, Arnold?'

Arnold rinsed the coffee round and round in his cup and drained off the last drop.

'Pretty good, Pa. I won't promise, but we ought to have them in this afternoon.'

'All right,' said the old man. 'You and Joe'd better keep after them. This weather ain't going to hold a lot longer. We'll have killing frost next week, I believe.'

'I reckon,' said Arnold, his Adam's apple fluttering in his thin neck after the hot drink.

The old man turned to his oldest grandsons. 'You and Ben better get into the east lot and commence cutting pole wood. Them maples needs clearing thin, and they'll do for stove wood. Jim's choring in the barn. I'll want the boys on the buckboard, Jim, about ten o'clock.'

'All right, Gramp.'

The men trooped out and the women got up to go about their work. The old man watched them go: twelve of them; all his blood, or married to it. He believed in keeping them under his roof. They got a good home, he got cheap labor. It worked both ways. It was lucky he had them broken in, though, or they'd be fighting among themselves all day. He had them buffaloed all right.

He swung his chair round and put his feet on another and leaned back. Judy was taking off the dishes. She did it quietly. The old man liked an after-breakfast snooze now that he was getting older. He liked to feel the warmth creeping into the sunlight on his back. Pretty soon he began to nod.

'Why, Grampa! Ain't you shamed? Sleepin' to-day.'

He lifted his handsome old head and glanced over his shoulder. The hard eyes gleamed and his beard moved over his mouth.

'Morning, Belle.'

'Many happy returns of the day,' she said. Her voice was fresh and full-throated, much like her grandmother's. She came up to him and kissed him, and he put his arm round her waist and drew her to his lap and petted her. He liked to feel her waist snug in his arm and yielding to it. The other women of the family he kissed as a matter of course; he enjoyed kissing his youngest granddaughter.

She poked his head back with the heel of her hand and smiled at him. Her face was extraordinarily like his — a little finer-featured, but with the same thick brows and black eyes. He always softened to her.

'You old surl,' she laughed. 'You been teasing Judy.'

'Won't hurt her, Belle. She's in too good flesh for being healthy.'

'You talk like an old woman, Grampa. You're getting doddery.'

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He slapped her a good whack.

'I'll leather you, Belle, if you don't look out. There ain't any doubt I could do it.'

He peered at her sideways, his tongue in his cheek.

'When I get to doddering, Belle, I'll go down to the barn and hang me.'

'Doddery old man,' she repeated. 'What're you going to do to-day? Sit in the shade and sleep, probably.'

'Maybe I will, at that. I'm turned ninety; and I've seen a lot and done a lot. More'n you'll ever get in your head, Belle.'

'I would n't doubt it.'

'Don't sass,' he growled, pinching her. 'Look at what I've done. You're just a sort of incidental piece on the side. Your grandma and me come here having nothing. It was hard living, but we made a good farm. I've made money. I boated it. I made money on pork. I'm still making money, Belle. I could buy out half the people round here. Most of the new people hold their land just as long as I want 'em to. I'll bet I could buy out some of the Adamses across the river, even if they are city people. The old folks round here died out or had to move. Only George Stallion hung on and made things pay. He can't be beat.'

She patted his head and he lowered it toward her.

'Getting bald, Grampa.'

He snorted.

'You little chippy, you, you don't care a hoot. I reckon I'll go to town. I want to see Francis at the bank. Then I'll ride out to Whister's and see about closing the mortgage. I could use his beech lot this fall, and his north pasture'll come in handy for us next summer.'

'Don't be too hard on him, Grampa. He's a man likely to get mad.'

His eyes lighted.

'He can't bother me, Belle. I've handled worse'n him. I'd like to see him act up once. If I can handle the Stallion family, I ought n't to have no bother with a twerk like him.'

'Well, I don't care what you do to him. But don't get tired. There's the party to-night, you know.'

He grunted.

'Look here, gal. I'm ninety, but that ain't nothing. There's no dry rot into me.'

'No,' she said. 'You never gave yourself the chance to get dry inside.'

His head butted her shoulder.

'That's right. . . . Who's coming to this party?'

'Why, there's the Melvins and Kittleses and Crystals, and George and Nancy Lane, and the minister; he's bringing along Mrs. Bridgeman and her sister from Utica, Mrs. Kurty. She belongs to the Sisters of Grace.'

'She better not try any fancy religion on me,' he growled.

Belle kept hold of her fourth finger and looked down at him from the corners of her black eyes.

'There's all the neighbors, of course, coming to eighteen, and the Garvins, and the Salters, and Erwin Saunders.'

The old man glanced at her quickly. He had felt a tremor in her, barely noticeable; but Belle had wedged in the name neatly, and she went on to the end of her list. He said nothing. But he kept mouthing the name to himself. A rising young man in the town, Erwin Saunders was.

'Well,' he said when she had finished, 'it's quite a collection, though we could get along without the minister, and the weeds he'll bring. By grab, Belle, a man can't get no pleasure dancing with a woman that's thinking about God and altar cloths.'

She caught his head against her breast, forcing his beard up against his nose until he sneezed. He shoved her away.

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'Get out. Get your breakfast and do some work. I've got to get in town. Where's Jim? Where's the bays? By Jeepers, I'll give him a belting. It's way after ten.'

'Two minutes,' said Belle.

'Where's my coat? Judy!'

His daughter came into the room, hung the coat over the nearest chair, went out without a word.

'Stewing in her own grease,' grunted the old man. 'She'd better watch out. Some day she'll get drowned that way.'

Belle helped him on with his coat and brought him his hat. Through the door they could hear the bays stamping in the barnyard and tossing the bits on their tongues.

The old man caught his granddaughter in one arm, where he could look straight into her eyes.

'Belle, do you like this Erwin Saunders twerk?'

'Eanh.'

'A lot?'

'Eanh.'

'A great lot?'

'Eanh.'

She looked back at him frankly.

'We're going to get married this winter.'

She kissed him suddenly, pushing her lips through his beard. He held her a second; then stepped away and gazed down at her, smoothing his moustache, rumbling to himself.

She grinned at him with a square mouth, like a man.

'What're you going to do about it, Grampa?'

He went on stroking out the hairs with meticulous care.

'I thought you'd pick a man, Belle. I never figured you'd cotton to a — a sody clerk.'

He yanked his hat over his eyes and stamped out to the waiting team. Belle walked to the door and watched him out of sight.

II

The team was trotting smartly, making play against the reins. The old man was sitting forward over his crossed knees, his eyes abstractedly fixed on the horses' ears. He was brooding about Belle.

He'd seen Erwin Saunders round the farm a good deal lately, but he'd never thought he would get Belle. The boy was right enough, as far as he knew, and he was making more or less money; he'd inherit his father's store. But for Belle to fall in love with him was hard. He was n't of the tough old stock that Belle was. More than any of his children or grandchildren, she took after the old man. Well, she might make something of the Saunders family. Stallion knew better than to fight it out with her. He'd let it slide along. He'd take it out on Whister. He did n't like the man, or his wife either — strait-laced Baptist, with her tight hair and pinched-in stomach. He'd given the man time once before to pay the interest; but he would n't now. He wanted that north pasture anyway.

People would say he acted mean. Let them talk. He as good as owned a lot of them. If they talked, they'd do it quiet.

He shook out the reins a bit, and the team lengthened out. It was hot, with the still, scented heat of the Indian summer, with a faint haze on the Black River bottom. He crossed the canal and entered the shadowed cool of the woods. It felt good. Down there on the right was the Garvin place. Nice folks, the Garvins were. Mrs. Garvin was a pretty girl when they settled there; she was a pretty woman now. There was the oldest boy coming down to get the mail. Well-set-up youngster, more of a Stallion than some of his own. . . .

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The old man grinned and waved, and the boy waved back with the same grin.

Some might have noticed; but that was the last one, anyhow, and nobody said anything. It had n't made any difference. Garvin knew better than to raise a fuss.

The team held a steady pace. It was a little past eleven when he left the order for the groceries and crossed the street to the bank. There he found Mr. Francis in his office and he went in and sat down.

'Morning, Joe.'

'Morning, George.'

They grinned at each other. The bank president was old, but smooth-shaven, plump, and dressed in a suitable dark suit, with a bunch of fobs dangling from his watch chain.

'Many happy returns, George. Glad to see you so healthy. You and me are getting along, George, getting along.'

Stallion puffed his cheeks angrily.

'You're ten years younger than I be, Joe. Getting along! Why, when I look round and see all the young twitter-twits hanging round this town Saturday nights, my innards twist on me. They think they've seen things and talk a lot; but they don't know nothing.'

'Well . . .'

'Well, hell! By dang, I could pick any one of them up and hold him over my head and set him down in a corner if I went to wrastle with him.'

'I guess you could, George. But they're all right. They make money. They're a pretty steady lot.'

'So're stones. What of their making money? You and me went and took ours, Joe.'

'Now I would n't say that, George,' said the bank president, lowering his voice and rubbing his knees. 'I would n't say just that.'

'You don't like to let the other fellow know he's beat,' Stallion said. 'That's part of your business. When I hit a man, I let him know it.'

He stretched and grinned, his white beard jumping up from his waistcoat. The bank president winked.

'I bet you, George.'

'Sure, Joe, you ought to know it.'

'Well, *you* don't.'

Stallion chuckled.

'Better not let me catch on, Joe.'

'I won't,' promised the bank president.

'What I come in here for, Joe, was to make sure the interest was overdue on the Whister mortgage. Where's the papers?'

'I don't need to look. Whister did n't pay up last May.'

Stallion grunted.

'Aiming to close it?'

'Eanh.'

'That man's got a bad temper, George. You better let us handle it. We'll smooth it out.'

'I bet you would. But I don't want it smoothed. I don't like him. He's been bothering me right along about fences. Never keeps 'em up. I killed one of his cows last July that got into the barley and sold her to the butcher. He tried to collect. Claimed my fences was down.'

'He might bust out. He's got a bit of mad in him, George.'

'I know it — that's part of it. It's my birthday. I'm going to have fun watching him. I can look out for him.'

He gnarled his lump of a fist and looked it over.

'Coming to my party, Joe?'

'Surely.'

'Just a bit of a shindy.'

'What time?'

'Oh, about seven.'

He got up and went over to the door and laid his hand on the knob.

'Say, Joe, does Erwin Saunders deposit here?'

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'Yes, he does.'

'How much is he worth?'

'Well, it ain't exactly right for me —'

'Cripus, Joe, I know that and all the rest of it. Belle wants to marry him.'

The banker looked up.

'Well, I'll be —'

'Eanh, so'll I.'

'I can't give you exact figures, but I'd say it was round eight thousand. Quite a lot for a young man like him. His uncle left him some, you know.'

Old George blew up against his moustache.

'Well, that'd have been the only thing I might have raised a fuss on. It's too bad.'

'I would n't have guessed it,' said the banker.

'See you to-night, then, Joe.'

'Surely.'

III

He picked up his groceries and went down to the shed where he had left the team. On the street he met two members of the Ladies' Aid Society, walking with a friend. They were looking for contributions for their Christmas fund and incidentally getting signatures to a resolution against liquor and noxious drugs, drawn up by the society after a speech on the same subject. George gave them a dollar, because he knew that there was no way out of it; and for them to get less out of him than they hoped for would be more bitter in their mouths than to get nothing at all. But when they handed him the resolution against liquor and tobacco, he took a chew out of his pocket and got it rolling from side to side before he answered.

'Now why do you ladies want me to sign that-there?' he asked.

The two Ladies' Aiders exchanged a glance and introduced their companion, a formality which their eagerness for his contribution had led them unconsciously to avoid. She was a small woman, wrinkled about the under side of her chin, with pinched nostrils and a pinched hat, but with the holy light of battle in her eyes.

'Mrs. Kurty, know Mr. Stallion,' they said, and stepped aside in tacit acknowledgment of her superior gifts. Mrs. Kurty had written the resolution and delivered the address. She was that most unfortunate of human combinations, a church worker and a widow.

At the first glimpse of her, George Stallion felt the old devil climbing up in him, and his eyes became sombre.

Mrs. Kurty bustled right up to the point.

'Everybody knows you, Mr. Stallion. You're a leading townsman.'

'Never lived in a town in my life,' said George.

'That don't matter,' she said. 'The community looks up to you.'

'Never asked 'em to, mam. Mostly they call me a dirty skunk, when me or my boys ain't round.'

'Your signature would mean a lot.'

'I never could write very good, mam. Generally I blot the *S*.'

Mrs. Kurty screwed a smile into one corner of her mouth, but she set her chin at the same time and shifted her attack.

'We need your name, Mr. Stallion,' she began.

He simulated surprise.

'Why, I thought these ladies was married proper.'

The Ladies' Aiders threw up their chins and turned their backs. A dull red made small spots high up in each of Mrs. Kurty's cheeks.

'You're a credit to the town, ain't you?' Her voice was sharp. 'You're an evil man to say such a thing to three unprotected women.'

His mouth laughed silently under his beard, but his eyes remained speculative and sad. Mrs. Kurty pressed

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her elbows in tight against her sides.

'It's men like you spoil the nation,' she cried shrilly. 'You set a bad example; you drink, you smoke and chew, and practise all kinds of filthy vice.'

'Eanh,' he said. 'I tried gumming snuff for a year or two when I was a lad.'

'And look at you now. A shameless reprobate! A sight for all people. Walking the town in a man's shape.'

'That's right,' he agreed. 'Now, mam, seeing you're the opposite —'

'I thank God for it,' she broke in.

'Why don't you go look in a mirror?' She stamped her foot.

'It is n't the face and figure God will look at — it's the soul inside.'

'Well, that never gave me no trouble.'

'No, you old rascal! I'll bet it did n't. I can see it in your eye. Why, in all your ninety years you talk about, did you ever find the Saviour?'

'Did n't know he was lost, mam.'

He spat affably at a late grasshopper perched on the sidewalk, and walked off.

He felt pretty well when he got the team out of the shed and started back. The bays looked nice trotting out of town; and he nodded to people as he met them. He had n't felt so well in a long time. He had n't been so quick at answering. It had done him good to button up that Kurty woman. That meant something; she had studied her oats even if she had n't eaten them. It was n't the same as trompling on fat Judy. Well, he'd go over and up the other side of the river and drop in on Whister and tell him the mortgage was closed. He'd timed things about right. He ought to get there as Whister was coming in to dinner. He'd be feeling savage.

He touched up the horses, keeping them just under a gallop, and the fellies muttered in the sand and glanced merrily. The old man's nostrils widened to the stinging smell of sweat. Well, it would n't hurt them going home.

The Whister farm was a nice place, small, set back in a shallow arm of the river valley, with a brook running through the far end of the barnyard. It looked neat — the white house under the pine, the gray barns, the woodshed partly stocked and smelling of bark; but it all looked bare, too. The late zinnias and asters had a lean appearance and were too widely spaced. Still, with a human woman in the house, it would pick up fast. He had thought of it with Belle living there — before she had decided on that sody clerk.

He swung the horses neatly through the gate, drove them to the brook to let them wet their muzzles, turned them, and glanced about from under his thick brows. A few chickens were scratching round the barn doors, and a cat was taking a noon nap curled up on the gatepost.

'Whister!' roared the old man. 'Hey, Whister!'

After a minute, the door on the kitchen stoop opened, and a short heavy-set man stepped out, with his shirt sleeves still rolled up, his wrists red from hot water, and a comb in his hand.

'Hullo,' he said. His eyes wandered over the barnyard and fastened themselves on some invisible object just above the sky line. 'What do you want?' he asked in a heavy voice.

Stallion chewed on his whiskers.

'Did n't you hear me coming in?'

'Eanh.'

'Why did n't you come out, then?' he roared.

'Did n't see as there was any call to do that.'

The vague shape of a woman appeared inside the door. Whister

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handed her the comb and came out to the wagon. He walked stiffly. When he reached the shoulder of the nigh horse, he turned his gray eyes impersonally on the old man's face.

'What do you want?'

Stallion grunted and glanced round the place.

'It's a good farm, ain't it?'

'If that's what you wanted to say, I'd better get in to lunch.'

He turned partly round.

'Whister!'

The team jerked their heads. The man stopped.

'How about that interest?'

Stallion spoke loudly, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the woman come through the door.

'When do you want it?'

'It's overdue.'

'Well?'

'Five months.'

'I'll pay you next month.'

'No, you won't.'

The woman drew in her breath sharply and stepped down beside her husband. She was a well-built woman, thin but strong. There was a quiet heat in her eyes.

'Why can't he?'

'I'm going to foreclose.'

He let himself back on the seat and waited for an explosion, his black eyes jumping from one to the other.

'You would n't do that,' said the woman. 'We'll pay next month.'

'I want the money to-day.'

'We can borrow,' said the woman. 'Henry could bring it round to-morrow, maybe.'

Stallion's hard old eyes looked her over without expression.

'I said to-day.'

'I don't see how Henry could get it.'

'That ain't my bother.'

He had n't expected them to take it this way. He thought they'd break out at him.

'Henry could get it round by nine in the morning, maybe.'

'Twelve to-night, and that's all.'

The husband's dull gray eyes followed the peregrinations of an ant along the rail fence. It climbed the post and waved its horns at the cat, and the tip of the cat's tail twitched twice.

'Listen — ' said the woman.

Suddenly he turned on her.

'Shut up, Anne.'

His forearms hardened across his chest; and the devil danced in the old man's eyes.

'I ain't never liked you, Stallion. I don't want to talk with you. Get the hell out of here.'

Stallion got to his feet, then climbed easily down over the wheel.

'Ordering me off my own place, hey?'

'It ain't yourn yet. Get out.'

'Going to put me off?'

He walked up to Whister and stared down at him. His full size became apparent then; his heavy chest muscled low from lifting, his great curved shoulders, and his mallet hands just swinging by his thighs.

Whister dropped his hands from his chest, but the woman caught his arm.

'Don't hit him, Henry.' She snatched a hank of hair from her thin intense face. 'Don't hit him, Henry. He's an old man.'

Stallion laughed hoarsely.

'Come inside the house, Henry. He's an old man. You'd kill him if you hit him.'

Her husband's eyes wavered to hers.

'Get out of here,' she said. 'Henry won't whip you. Don't bother us.'

Stallion threw back his head and laughed.

'Crawl back of your woman, Whister! You hairless dry-gut.'

'Get inside, Henry,' the woman said.

'You get out of here, Stallion. I'll give you three minutes to get off. Then I'll put you off; by God, I will.'

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He trudged into the house behind his wife and shut the door. For a minute Stallion could hear their voices talking rapidly. He pulled his heavy silver watch from his pocket and stood where he was, shifting his glance occasionally to the door. He waited five minutes, climbed deliberately into the wagon, and walked the team out of the barnyard.

He drove home slowly. Now and then he would slap the reins on the rumps of the horses and chuckle. He'd scared the man's insides out. There were n't any two ways about it. He'd stayed two minutes longer than he'd been allowed. Old? That was just to let Whister crawl out. Old? Why, he did n't show more than fifty of his years — he did n't feel that many. No, by Cripus! He'd have knocked the man as stiff as a peavy, and both of them knew it. Old? What did she mean anyhow? But the man had crawled, belly-washed himself. The old man laughed till the team laid back their ears, and then he spanked them with the reins till they cantered.

Belle met him at the door.

'How'd you get along, Grampa?'

He kissed her and grinned.

'Good.'

IV

After lunch the women cleared the dining room and parlor, and the men helped them set up a table of planks and sawhorses to run round two sides of the dining room, and rigged a four-by-six platform beside the front door for the fiddler to sit on.

The old man poked round and gave multitudinous orders about the cider, rum, and whiskey. Then he went upstairs and had Belle brush out his black coat and trousers while he greased his black Sunday boots. Finally, when he could think of nothing else to do, he picked up the weekly paper and sat down on the front porch.

It was a soft afternoon, with the haze heavy over the valley; the woods to the north gray and almost leafless, the balsams blue-black in the swamps; and the smell of rotting grass and leaves sweet and lazing. Down in the maple lot, the axes of his two grandsons chopped with dull, hollow-sounding strokes in the heavy air. He could see the gray team hauling manure in the south meadow, the iron wheels sinking in and pulling up clods once in a while as the team started the wagon; then the horses dozy while John tossed out the forkfuls right and left, and then drawing ahead another wagon length.

Off to the right a section of the canal showed between the trees. Every now and then a boat went by with its cargo of sand, the mules having an easy time pulling with the current, the driver cracking his snake whip out of principle. Next week Barton would bring his boat up to get the potatoes.

The old man put his feet on the rail and dozed. He had n't felt so spry in a long time, but he might as well take it easy. What if Whister's woman had called him old? There was n't much meaning in years — a hook a lazy man used to hang his harness on. If it was n't for his birthday, he'd be doing his lick of work along with the boys. Joe Francis at the bank was ten years younger than he was, but he looked older. George could remember when Joe was the only man he knew who could give him a real tussle at a wrestle. Now he could put him down with one hand. Years did n't mean anything. Damn Whister's woman. . . .

While he sat there, with the hot dim afternoon sun picking out the clean lights and shadows in his face and silvering his beard, Belle came out on the porch, an uneasy pucker between her brows. The old man glanced up sleepily.

'Pearl's worse,' she told him.

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He grunted.

'Doctor Briggs is coming to the party, ain't he?'

'Eanh, Grampa.'

'Don't you worry, Belle. He can look her over then. She ain't due for three days anyhow.'

'I don't guess there's any point sending for him right away,' she half agreed. Now that the old man had shown himself unworried, she felt easier herself. 'But I think the baby'll come early.'

He grunted again.

'You women all get the wrong notion. There ain't nothing queer in dropping a child. It's seeing yourself growing into him afterward that's queer.'

She leaned against an upright and stared toward the canal.

'I wonder will it be a boy,' she said.

'Pearl's likely to have one. These soft, easy-crying gals is apt to have boys.'

'I'd want a boy,' she said.

'Then you'll have girls,' he said. 'You're that mean you'd fool yourself, Belle, if you could n't find anybody else to fool.'

He chuckled and pretended to snore.

'There's somebody coming down the towpath,' she said. 'He's turning in here. He's got a pack on him. I'll bet it's Harvey Cannywhacker.'

The old man sat up, banging his feet on the floor, and craned his neck round her.

'It is, at that. By dang, I'd wanted a good cigar!'

A whistled rendering of 'The Irish Washerwoman,' high and unmusical, approached slowly, and then a small black hat drawn low over a pair of small sharp eyes appeared round the corner of the house, and a man came up the steps under a large brown pack.

'Hullo, George. Hullo, Belle.'

He dumped the pack and wiped his forehead with a red cotton handkerchief.

''Lo, Harvey,' said the old man. 'Set down.'

Belle smiled and went into the house.

'Got a good cigar?'

'Got some rolled in my pocket, George. Have one?'

'Eanh.'

The little man sat down, and they lit up and blew clouds under the roof of the porch.

'Hot,' said the old man.

'Kind of sweaty.'

'Been up the canal?'

'Forestport. Coming down now. Did n't sell so good this time.'

'You can roll me eight dozen,' said the old man. 'I'm having a party to-night.'

'Eanh?'

'You'd better stay. We'll put you up.'

'All right. I guess I'll commence rolling. It's a good haul for me to make. Cigar peddling's dropping off. Too many stores coming into the country.'

The peddler pulled up a small table, opened his bag, and began rolling. His hands worked rapidly back and forth, sifting on the filling, whipping up the leaves, and rolling the wrapping on tight with the balls of the thumbs.

'Eanh,' said the old man. 'Eanh. I'm having a party to-night.'

'What's the celebration?'

'Birthday. Ninety. Ninety just.'

'Well, I'd never have guessed it. Why, it don't seem ten years when I used to see you raising ructions all over the canal.'

The old man grinned under his beard.

'I used to raise a lot of hell. Still do, Harvey.'

'Gol,' said the peddler. 'I believe it. . . . Ninety years,' he went on, 'is a long time. It's a long time, George. You're lucky not to feel it.'

The old man stretched.

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'Years don't mean anything,' he said, irritably. 'My pa was eighty when he got jammed in the number-four lock out of Albany. He was drunk then. He was n't old.'

'Well, a man goes on until he finds he's an old man.'

'Eanh?'

'Then he is old, and he can't help it.'

The old man swore.

'A man learns it all to once,' said Harvey. 'He goes along till he sees him coming back at himself, like a circle, and he knows he's old, and he can't help it. It's a sad thing.'

'Cripus,' said George. 'Years ain't anything.'

They shifted the conversation. They talked about the canal and the early Black River country; the great pine forests, nearly gone; only one of them left, twenty-two feet round the butt, down on the Hebner place. And they spoke of how the wolves used to come down in winter on the gray snow at night. How they found Arnon Marcy one morning up in a tree, frozen solid, his arms locked round the limb over his head, his legs scissored on the limb he sat on, and the circling tracks underneath. How he fought Dwight Wilkins above the Lansing Kill gorge for an hour and a half and whipped him. How they saw a triple rainbow once on the Hudson. How the horse cholera ravaged the canal, and how George broke oxen during that winter so that his spring ploughing would n't have to wait. Full lives, full lives. . . .

'Pa said I was the first boy born on the Erie Canal,' George said. 'Sometimes I wished I'd stayed on to it.'

After a while he fell asleep, a great bulk of a man in the rocking-chair, with only the white hairs about his mouth stirring. And the little peddler's hands went on rolling cigars and making stacks of them in the afternoon shadow.

V

By eight o'clock the parlor was full of neighbors and friends and people who were scared to say no. But everyone had a good time who went to a party at George Stallion's. There was good food and good drink, and anybody danced that liked to, and nobody danced that did n't. Even the family themselves had a good time. For then they realized that the old tyrant was something of a celebrity, who was liked or admired or hated; and they shared a little of his power. His sons and grandsons told proud stories of his agility and strength, and the women said laughingly that he was an old bear of a man, and managed to look as if he were just the opposite. Even Judy, who saw and heard open-mouthed admiration of her cookery all round her, softened and volunteered that he was the heartiest eater in the family. When there were other people to show his points to, they were all proud of him; and they had a right to be.

He stood in the wide door between the dining room and parlor. On one side, a vista of the table running round two walls of the room, with candles on it, red, waxy-looking ones that sputtered continually, a pie every yard to the inch, and cup cakes, coffee cakes, and fried cakes, fruit, glasses, knives, forks, plates, syrup, candies — a glittering sight. On the other side of him, the cider keg, cradled conveniently in a sawhorse, the bung driven and the spigot set. Round the walls, decorations of evergreen and viburnum berries and here and there a little early bittersweet. His sons and daughters on his left, beyond them the grandchildren, man and wife, except for unmarried Jim at the end of the line, and Belle on the old man's right. The guests came in to him and Belle, offering congratulations, and then moved

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down the family, laughing, talking, exchanging gossip, receipts, prescriptions, jokes.

Old George, standing in the wide door, dominated them all. His roaring voice boomed out over their heads. He stood straight, without bending toward his guests. His black coat and trousers, his flaming red waistcoat, made a shock of color which hung in every man's eyes as long as he remained in the room. His massive head towered above them, red-cheeked, white-bearded, the black eyes gleaming under the heavy black brows.

'Regular old rip-hell,' Garvin said to his wife. 'He don't miss a thing.'

Mrs. Garvin nodded reminiscently.

At the other side of the room John was helping Martin, the fiddler, on to the platform. An old man, too, with a smooth high forehead and white hair hanging on his ears, and a yellow skin so clear it looked like gold. He had St. Vitus's dance in his legs, but the melody of all the world in his fingers. And he sat down, wrapping his legs round the legs of the chair to hold them still, and he fiddled with the strings. Then he looked across at old George and a smile passed between them. Martin had fiddled for the wedding of every member of the family, for every birthday party here, thirty-seven of them. He swallowed in his lean throat and whistled, a high call, like the call of killdeer on the river beaches. 'Turkey in the Straw.' Old Stallion led out Belle and they headed the dance. He crossed partners with Mrs. Garvin, she with Erwin Saunders. In between, as they clapped the time, he felt the blood in his heavy palms, felt it run up his arms and bring his head to life. His feet lifted of their own accord, and he stamped. Old? Old? Jeepers! When he looked at Mrs. Garvin, she blushed. Old!

At the end of the dance, some of the older couples sat down to talk or went into the downstairs bedroom to play cribbage. But Stallion footed two more. Then he climbed up beside Martin and called for a quadrille. Martin had ripped open his shirt collar, but his fingers were hungry for the strings.

The tune, quick, sweet, shrill. Old George Stallion's booming voice in the first change.

'First four right. . . .'

Belle was not dancing. Probably upstairs with Pearl.

'And left. . . .'

By grab, the doctor was n't there either. Probably upstairs, too. Pearl raising a fuss. She was n't a Stallion. John looked sort of peaked. The young rascal was worried. Served him right for marrying such a pale-tempered girl just because she had yellow hair.

'Ladies change. . . .'

Martin's legs twitching, toes clawing for the rungs. Same thing as the stringhalt. Regular old war horse, though.

'*And* promenade. . . .'

He liked to see the faces going by. Getting their color now. They'd be hungry. He'd raised a sweat himself. It was like old times. The best birthday he could remember in a long while. He had n't felt so well . . . he felt like a colt on grass. Old? Cripus! What was Cannywhacker talking about? Old all to once. A man coming back at himself. Buttery, fooling notion.

'"L" a man left. . . .'

He clapped his hands for the second change. Here came Joe Francis with his business, bank look, still puffing from that first reel. Yes, eanh, he'd told Whister to pay that night or it was going to be closed. If Joe did n't get the interest in the morning, he could go ahead with the papers. No fuss about it. Whister had belly-washed.

'First four forward. . . .'

Kill him if he hit him, hey? He was

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sound as a nut. That did n't bother him.

'Cross over and sashay. . . .'

He was tough as a nut.

'Cross back. . . .'

He could hear his voice filling the room, the fiddle's high notes just squirting through it. There went Arnold grinning at him. Best man of any his girls had married. Good man, Arnold was. Worked hard. Not as hard as he had, though.

'Balance four. . . .'

And the third change.

'Twice over.' And so to the fourth change. 'Then side. . . .'

He could see Judy bringing the eatables into the dining room. She always did well with a party.

'First couple lead up to the right and four hands around. . . .'

It was queer the doctor had n't come down. John had left, too. Well, what of it? He felt good; he'd never felt better. By holy! He wished he was dancing instead of calling.

'Lead up to the next, and right, and left. . . .'

They'd want to eat at the end of this.

'Then balance all. . . .'

He clapped again and shouted for the winder.

'Forward all. . . .'

His great voice bellowed. Harvey over there was smoking cigars he'd sold. Foxy twerk!

'Ladies to the right. . . .'

The tune was picking up.

'All jig. . . .'

'Forward and back. . . .'

Now he'd send them out to eat. The folks were coming out of the card room. The minister looked as if he'd been losing again. That was n't more 'n right. He had you by the neck on Sundays.

He stamped his feet and roared at them, his face hot and red, his beard thrust out, his head thrown back, his thumbs caught in the armholes of his red waistcoat.

'Gents pass partners and then promenade to your seats.'

He laughed down at them. He liked them there, with the devil coming up in them, tasting at the hell in themselves. It made him feel good.

'That means get along into the other room and eat and drink, and there's plenty of both.'

He jumped to the floor and stood for an instant with them all round him.

And then he saw Harvey Cannywhacker move away from the stairs, and fat Judy's face with a woman's smile on it, and John behind looking queer and sort of uppish, and the doctor with the merits of profession sitting on him smooth, and Belle last, carrying a blanket.

'Get out of the way, please, folks,' said Judy, and came bustling to him, breathless. He was thirsty and hungry.

'What's all this?' he demanded. 'What's all the fuss? We're just going to eat. What're you busting in for?'

He glanced over the others and saw Harvey's sharp eyes watching him from the stairs. What was it all about?

'Folks,' cried Judy in her high voice, 'I guess you all know Pa's ninety to-day. Ninety! And he's hearty as a four-year-old. We've wished him many happy returns. We've give him presents. But Pearl and John've gone and got a surprise party for him.'

She beckoned to Belle, raised her voice.

'They've got him a great-grandchild!'

A universal cooing broke from the women. The men found themselves strangely and suddenly outside the circle.

'It's a boy. One of the finest it's been my privilege —' said the doctor.

'We've named him George,' said

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John, proudly. 'Me and Pearl had it all figured out.'

Belle undid a corner of the blanket and held it out to the old man. He glanced at it curiously — just a fleshy red ball; he'd seen the identical same thing lots of times. Belle pushed it into his arms. He held it, staring down at it, holding his beard in out of the way against his waistcoat. Nose wiggled like a pig's. He'd seen the same thing lots of times. All this fuss . . .

'We've named it George,' repeated John. 'Me and Pearl had it all figured out — George Stallion!'

'Well, Grampa,' said Belle, looking up at him saucily, 'now I guess you *are* an old man.'

Suddenly Stallion's jaw dropped and vacuous astonishment clouded his eyes like an old man's. Old . . . It was what Harvey had said. Coming back at himself. Yes, he could look at the whole circle. There he was himself, and there was Judy, and there was John, and here again was George Stallion. His voice whistled in his beard.

'God! Am I that old?'

He handed the bundle back. He gazed round at the people. They laughed at him, clawed at his hands, laughed. Little by little they edged toward the dining room.

'A toast!' cried the minister. 'I'll give you a toast.'

Judy hustled the baby away, the doctor following her. The others had gone into the dining room. And Martin had fallen asleep in the midst of the noise.

George Stallion was alone. He ran his finger over his teeth.

'Old.'

Old man. He walked to the front door. Kicked at it. Then he stepped outside. It was still, glassy still. And the moon was growing white before the frost. He could smell it.

He stepped down toward the barn. A man was coming in from the road. Whister. But he did n't seem to recognize him.

'Get out of my way.'

'Anne sent me up, Stallion. . . .'

'Get out of my way.'

The man stepped in front of him again. Almost mechanically he pulled back his fist.

VI

They drank the toast.

'The grandson, George Stallion.'

They took it back a generation.

'The mother, Pearl Stallion.'

The minister had a way of calling toasts. He was a master hand.

'The father, John Stallion.'

John was proud.

'George Stallion. The great-grandfather. George Stallion — God bless him!'

They drank it down, clapped their hands, shouted his name.

'Where is he?' Belle asked suddenly in a bit of quiet. 'Where's Grampa?'

A man's shoes scraped hesitantly through the front door. He was white-mouthed. He had an ugly red patch which was growing blue on his jaw.

'I seen him,' he said. 'He was going to the barn. He knocked me down.'

They stared at him. The cigar peddler came in. The light picked out his black eyes and straggly black hair.

'Stallion's dead. He's hung himself.'

At their low sigh, the fiddler awoke with a start, and, seeing their white faces looking toward him, smiled apologetically and began to play 'The Irish Washerwoman.'

'My God,' Whister said. 'I was going to pay him the interest. I was bringing it up. What'll I do with it now?'

'You'd better give it to me,' said the banker.

Belle burst out crying.

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INDIGENOUS SIMPLICITY

BY WILLIAM F. JONES

I

In the casual habits and mental behavior of the peoples indigenous to them, the true understanding of the Latin American countries may be found. In the attempt to penetrate the minds of these people observers often make the mistake of looking for complex psychological processes and oblique explanations. But, in looking for the complex, one is brought up against a blank wall of misunderstanding. That way lies exasperation. The secret of understanding these people rests in simplicity, not complexity. Their ideas, their thoughts, their actions, are childishly simple. Like children they give free vent to their emotions; like children their amusement is generally at the expense of someone else's discomfort; and like children they are often brutal. Again, like most children, they are inherently honest and frank, but sometimes, of course, put their own trivial gratification foremost at unexpected moments. Their utter lack of any ability to comprehend time or distance is essentially childlike, as also their ingenuity in trying to circumvent difficulties and save labor, generally resulting in greater difficulties and added labor.

Habit and custom among such people, as with children, become surprisingly pervasive. There may be a dozen obviously better and simpler ways of doing some common thing, but the man who tries to introduce abruptly new ways or habits soon comes to realize the futility of his attempt. Indeed, force is often required to naturalize an unfamiliar custom. This was well illustrated when vaccination was enforced by the Mexican Government not long ago. Consternation and almost riot ensued among the people. Slavery to custom and apathy toward innovation are expressed aptly in the phrase *costumbre del país*, 'custom of the country.' This has become the stock excuse of the Latin American native for his unwillingness to do anything differently.

United, of course, with this childlike mental behavior are the natural vices and appetites of the adult. These people are incapable of restraint in any form except under duress. The man who is given the opportunity to drink drinks too much and becomes utterly uncontrollable. He may lose himself in blind rage and unmercifully beat his woman and his children. If he has firearms he becomes a menace to life. It is surprising to find that in Latin America premeditated murder is practically nonexistent among the uneducated. Their mentalities are so childlike that they are incapable of premeditation. Killing, other than political assassination, which falls into an entirely different category, is almost always the result of a momentary unbridled passion.

II

In 1922 I had occasion to travel about over the state of Tabasco in Mexico on a river steamer. Boats of

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this class afford the only means of travel in that region, as roads are non-existent. Roads, in fact, would be impossible, since almost the entire state is covered with a network of connecting waterways. The steamers have no definite schedule, merely zigzagging back and forth from one town to another. Not knowing what the next stop will be lends a pleasant element of surprise to the journey.

If you happen to be going to any particular place, you need no more than patience and the ability to endure the food. You know that you will eventually, at some time in the future, reach your destination; but that is all you know. A friend of mine, on one occasion, started off on one of these steamers for another town, and on the fourth morning he awoke to find the boat docked at the place he started from. It seems that during that night the steamer had taken on a shipment of cattle, which had changed the plans.

It might be expected that ticket selling for such a line of steamers would prove a somewhat complicated process, but not at all. Tickets are sold on a regular tariff basis, according to distance between points, regardless of how much traveling you may do in between. My friend did not have to pay any more for his transportation; he merely had to buy more meals. I tried to inquire into the reasons for this system, but the only explanation I could secure was that 'things average up.' Of course the 'average' resulted in a maximum of travel for a minimum of fare, but a demonstration of this would have been useless.

It was my fortune during my own voyage to have a cabin without a door key. The key had been lost, probably a long time before, for it must have taken considerable practice on the part of the Indian cabin boy to open the door. He kept a chair and a stick near my cabin door, and each time I wanted to enter he stood on the chair and, reaching through the transom with the stick, dexterously pressed on the catch inside.

The replacement of the lost key had never occurred to anyone. Why should it as long as the door could, somehow, be opened? Simplicity and ingenuity, and at the same time a laborious effort to save the trouble of ordering a key fitted!

There being no other fuel in the region, the steamers burn wood. A number of small Indian villages along the river banks gain their support by cutting and stacking fuel. The steamers stop frequently, by day or by night, to refresh themselves at the woodpiles. A single plank is laid from the boat to the bank. This affords an opportunity for the Indians who have carried their loads aboard the steamer and deposited them to interfere with those still coming aboard with wood. To obviate this difficulty, those who are empty-handed remain on the steamer until the entire group of wood carriers has come on board. Then all go ashore en masse. To make use of two planks seems to occur to no one, although it would save much time. Time, however, can never provoke an argument in Latin America.

On this, as well as other steamers of the fleet, there was a sheet-metal shield around the pilot house on the top deck. This was to protect the pilot from bullets, for it seemed that a short time previously it had been the favorite sport of some bandits to sit along the river banks and try to capture the steamers.

This top deck, where passengers were permitted to walk about, had lost a large section of its railing on one side. It had been removed, so we were informed, along with a number of passengers who had been leaning

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against it at the time. It had not been replaced, because as long as it was not there people could not lean against it. Its absence was a measure of safety.

All very simple and logical! But when the captain was asked why the rest of the rail was not removed to make the deck entirely safe he could not answer.

Particularly at night, these river voyages are fascinating. In the narrower stretches of the waterways trees sometimes interlock in arches overhead. Flocks of white egrets fly from bank to bank, and the air is heavy with perfume from floating masses of hyacinth. One looks out over jungle-covered banks with here and there a little thatch hut amid banana palms in a clearing. Nightfall obscures the ugliness of the tropics, and tall trees, often decked with orchids, spread their branches in silhouette against the sky.

But the man who has not traveled on a small coastwise steamer along the tropic shores of Latin America has yet to bear the apex of discomfort. It is not advisable to undertake such a journey without a saving sense of the ridiculous and an exceedingly callous digestion. For it is certain that the infantile mental processes of the people, as expressed in their casual acts and habits, will be displayed to the full. One comes greatly to admire the traveling public in Latin America for their good nature under trying conditions. Finally this admiration alters to the conclusion that the people actually revel in discomfort.

It should be known that most of the steamers are old vessels which have, after years of service, failed to pass the boiler-inspection tests in the United States. I never saw any attempt made to clean the ships, inside or out. Table linen is never changed. At meals one sits down before a stack of six or seven heavy white plates which have been only imperfectly washed. There is one set of cutlery, which is supposed to last through successive courses. The inevitable soup is usually a hodgepodge of whole vegetables, containing always several large whole cabbage leaves. But why continue? There is some consolation in not being waked early in the morning by a scrubbing gang at work on the deck outside your cabin. There are no scrubbing gangs.

III

I traveled once up the Gulf Coast of Mexico on a boat called the San Juan. I believe she is on the bottom now. I could not see why she was not on the bottom then. Her hull looked like corrugated roofing, for the plates alternately sagged and bulged, as they looped between or swelled over her rib beams. We had returned from the river trip in Tabasco to the little town of Carmen, commonly called Laguna, celebrated from buccaneer days as a refuge for pirates. The steamer was due to arrive from farther down the coast on Friday and leave the next day, Saturday. She arrived, however, the following Monday and left on Wednesday. She was then due in Vera Cruz on Friday, but arrived Sunday.

There were apparently no regulations governing the number of passengers or the amount of freight that could be carried. This boat had eight cabins for sixteen people, but I was number eighty-four on a passenger list of ninety-six. The freight not only filled the hold but covered the decks. The main deck, which led to the dining saloon and the cabins, was covered to the height of the railing with cases of empty beer bottles being returned to the famous brewery at Orizaba.

A short distance out from Carmen one of the cylinder heads blew off the engine with a tremendous rumble, and great clouds of steam poured through

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the engine-room hatch. The ship drifted aimlessly for several hours and no effort was made to effect repairs, nor was the ship anchored. An accident had occurred, and beyond this no one seemed able to think. Yet no one, except myself, exhibited the slightest anxiety or impatience. I finally asked the captain what he intended to do and he said: 'We will return to Carmen.' I carefully suggested to him that this would be impossible unless the engine could be fixed, and, if it could be fixed, we might as well proceed upon our destined way. At this a great light of understanding seemed to dawn upon him. Orders were given, action ensued, and the steamer finally got under way, a very slow way, but in the desired direction.

Meanwhile everyone on board became exceedingly friendly and good-natured. Families laid out their effects and established camps all over the boat, even building fires in little charcoal *braseros* and cooking their meals. Coffee was obtainable at some twenty such establishments on various parts of the ship. The noise of conversation, mixed with the crying of numerous infants, became appalling. Groups of men gathered together for purposes of serious argument and discussion, accompanied by much gesticulation. One would imagine from appearances that these groups were discussing politics or international affairs, but a visit to several groups which seemed the most serious disclosed the following subjects of debate: —

How many eggs does a turtle lay? Are the mangoes raised in Cuba superior to the mangoes raised in Vera Cruz? Has the Spanish language more or fewer words than the English language? Are the roots of mangrove bushes actually roots or are they branches?

The boat put into Puerto Mexico, and after lingering there for no apparent reason, as no freight was removed or added, started down the river. Someone on shore, an official of some kind, gesticulated wildly and waved a bunch of papers at the departing steamer. We could hear him calling out: 'Documentos! Documentos!' The inevitable documents without which nothing can be done in Latin America! In his excitement the captain did not stop the ship, so the man with the papers mounted a horse and drove wildly along the docks to a motor boat farther down. This he boarded, sallying forth in pursuit of the steamer. Motor boat and steamer met in midstream. Neither stopped. The motor boat bounced off the side of the ship, and the man who had been standing in the stern holding the papers aloft sprawled forward across the engine. But the papers were finally passed on up to the captain, who, upon receiving them, struck a grandiloquent pose and exclaimed: 'Ah, magnífico!'

The ship was, of course, very late. The engine functioned only in part and the captain seemed much upset. I thought that he might lose his position or that he was worried about the ship's safety. Finally he talked to me and I learned the reason for his distress. He said: 'Señor, I shall miss a very good bullfight in Vera Cruz on Sunday.'

On the boat was a man who had with him a collection of Mexican postage stamps, including some very rare ones. As I happen to be a collector of stamps I asked him if he would sell them. We spent two hours discussing a price. In the discussion nearly every male passenger on the boat participated. In fact it became a matter of personal moment with all of them, and each one had some inconsequential suggestion to make. Finally, when we had agreed upon a price, the man with the stamps

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informed me that he could not sell them because they belonged to someone else!

IV

We hear much of the facility with which one can buy one's way through officialdom in Latin America. It is doubtless true, in some cases, as it is in any country. I am sure that Latin American nations do not have a monopoly in official venality. Personally I have never had to pay for any favor, and have generally found officials ready to go out of their way to help me. And among the Indian natives I have seen the trait of honesty so much more often than its antithesis that I have little patience with the prevalent opinion that the native is, perforce, a thief and a bandit. There are thieves, no doubt, but in Latin America, as in no place else, one can see honesty to the last degree exhibited in the most trivial matters, as well as in affairs of more importance.

One custom that surprises the stranger in the larger Mexican cities is the casual way in which people carry sacks of money about the streets. There being no paper currency, business houses send boys and clerks to and from the banks, unguarded, carrying thousands of pesos. If one rides in a taxicab with such a sack of coin it is not at all unusual to stop to do an errand and leave the sack in the waiting cab. There is an opposite side, of course, but it is astonishing how, for example, one may leave scattered objects in a hotel room in Latin America. The native makes, as a general rule, a most faithful servant, who will lay down his life for his master and can, in the great majority of cases, be implicitly trusted with things of value.

When the native does put forward his own interest he usually does so in a perfectly frank manner. This is well illustrated by an episode that occurred recently in the old Church of San Angel, not far from Mexico City. San Angel is a building of great beauty, very old, and noted for its mosaic domes. Within this church is a famous clerical library, which dates back to colonial days and contains many priceless volumes and documents. San Angel was, like all other churches in Mexico at the present time, without regular services, but was open for all who wished to use it for worship and prayer. An Indian woman who seemed to be in charge of the building as caretaker showed us about. One of our party knelt for a moment in prayer before the beautiful main altar and then deposited a coin in a slot receptacle which stood at one side, near the chancel rail. This was obviously the proper and respectful thing to do. I was on the point, then, of making my own contribution when the guide quite forcibly took hold of my arm and detained me, saying: 'Ah, señor, reserve your charity for me' — and I did.

Occasionally, of course, real dishonesty is evident. Some years ago a friend and I chartered a motor boat for another river trip in Tabasco, preferring to exercise some control over our time rather than to commit ourselves to the uncertain movements of the steamers. Our boat traveled almost continuously night and day. The crew obtained rest only when we left the boat to make some incidental journey away from the river. They wanted to stop at night, but we found that a small drink of rum to each member of the crew would run the boat several hours longer. One night the captain woke us up to inform us that we had only one case of gasoline left. We stopped, therefore, at the next town, a place called Balancan. It was two o'clock in the morning and the streets of the little village were deserted and dark. Not a sound disturbed the night's stillness. We turned a corner

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and almost walked into the point of a bayonet. The soldier behind the rifle bellowed out: 'Halt!' His command was quite unnecessary, for we already had halted. After some explanation and persuasion the soldier led us to the barracks and routed out his captain, who appeared, finally, half dressed and with a bath towel wrapped about his head and face. Night air is considered in Latin America to be particularly poisonous. Was there any gasoline in the military stores? There was, and we took five cases and paid the captain. He elaborately emphasized to us that *the money was for the government*, but he was equally emphatic in his refusal to sign a receipt. I am very much afraid that the government lost five cases of gasoline.

Usually, however, the petty official in Latin America is careful, often to the point of exasperation, and is submissive and painfully obedient to the rules which govern his duties. So rigid, generally, is his adherence to the rules that he allows himself no leeway or discretion whatever and becomes involved in a maze of *reglamento*, or red tape. To him, if some trivial act is not prescribed in the rules, it has all the color of a grave infraction of them. And, indeed, that anything should not be in the regulations is surprising in Latin America, where law codes are so involved and instructions so complex and so often altered that they are but barely comprehended by the petty official who is supposed to observe them. This literal adherence to prescribed rules is illustrated by another stamp-collecting episode that concerned a friend of mine. He asked for a set of stamps in a little town in Salvador in Central America. He wished the stamps canceled. This was unusual, and the postmaster could find nothing in the regulations that stated that loose stamps could be canceled. His instructions were to cancel stamps on letters, therefore it must be against the rules to cancel stamps not on letters. A long argument ensued, and my friend finally reached through the window and, taking the canceling device, brought it down a number of times on the loose stamps. Then, gathering up the stamps, he left on the run, for the postmaster pursued him down the street, calling for him to stop. He was easily outdistanced, and the last my friend saw of him was the picture of an exhausted figure, staggering into a café.

V

During our motor-boat voyage over the rivers of Tabasco we had as cook a boy named Sancho. We could never make out how Sancho managed to prepare the elaborate meals he served. His kitchen consisted of a five-gallon oil can open at both ends. A network of wires across one end served as a grate, and the can was set in a box of sand on the small rear deck. Sancho cooked tolerably well and we had no complaint to make, other than our protests about the coffee. It had a singular and vicious flavor. We blamed it on the river, for the water was not altogether clear and was rather rich in organic matter. One morning I noticed Sancho leaning far over the stern of the boat. At the same time the engine exhaust gave out a hollow, muffled sound. Finally Sancho stood up. He was holding the coffeepot full of steaming hot water, from the engine exhaust! His explanation was: 'That is the way we always make it.' *Costumbre del país.*

Some years later I was in Venezuela. We had stopped at a hardware store in a town on the wonderful trans-Andean highway which links the capital of that country with the republic of Colombia. We needed gasoline, but were delayed some time by the proprietor of the store, who tried to sell us a high-

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powered air rifle, the only type of rifle legally permitted in the country. He insisted that we shoot the gun to try it. There seemed, however, to be no place to shoot. The store faced the main street, and one could not very well step out and fire a rifle along a crowded thoroughfare. Neither could one shoot inside the store, even at the ceiling, for half the stock of a Latin American hardware store is suspended from the ceiling. I should have enjoyed shooting at some hideous china on one of the shelves.

Seeing my perplexity, the storekeeper instructed me to shoot at the tin sign over the door of the drug store across the street. I hesitated, of course, and to reassure me he said: 'Oh, he does n't mind. He is a friend of mine.' I fired. The bullet made considerable noise on the sign, and then I noticed that it was peppered with dents from a long series of rifle trials. Here was a case of rather violent disobedience to rule, for it is certainly against the law in Venezuela to shoot even an air rifle in a street. But the convenient target in the form of the druggist's sign, together with the friendship between druggist and hardware man, had converted disobedience to a law into a custom. It is, indeed, a powerful law that can combat a custom in Latin America.

Perhaps under no conditions, however, are the racial characteristics in Latin America better displayed than on a railroad journey. Traveling by rail to the Latin American is a picnic, not a necessary use of the ordinary means of transportation. He may have to go from one place to another on business, but he gives the impression that the ride exists for the pure joy it affords him. He becomes, while traveling, an inveterate eater, as well as an irrepressible conversationalist. He buys food in bulk through the train windows at stations, much of it brilliant in hue; his preference is fruit of all descriptions, very juicy, along with candies and cakes dyed in vivid shades of red, yellow, green, and blue. In Mexico the favorite fruit is the papaya, a large yellow mellon. (Someone has said that the proper place to eat a papaya is in the bathtub.) In other places it is the pineapple ripened on the bush. Only in Latin America can one see a whole pineapple devoured by a single person.

Before you have been an hour in your train coach you know intimately everyone in the car, and everyone talks to everyone else at the same time. It becomes a bedlam of conversation, in a space in which the air reeks with the odor of food and where the floor is littered with fruit peelings and swimming in fruit juices. Ample time should be allowed for farewells before you reach your station, for you will find yourself called upon to shake hands all around with your fellow travelers, and let many of them pat you on the back and tell you what a great friend and fine fellow you are.

To one who enjoys the habit of a hearty breakfast, Latin America is a discouraging region. When the Latin American orders boiled eggs he drinks them, practically raw. Coupled with the shock of being asked for eggs so early in the day there is the cook's utter lack of the comprehension of time. His cooking is done entirely by the eye. Four-minute eggs are meaningless. The Spanish for boiled eggs is *huevos pasados por agua*, which means, literally, 'eggs passed through the water.' If you want your eggs cooked you should trust to the eyesight of the cook and order them poached. In some places it is the custom to punch a small hole in the eggshell. When the globule of white that leaks out becomes opaque the egg is supposed to be cooked. These are called 'buttoned eggs,' but the inside of the egg cannot be buttoned. In

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fact, it would still probably hatch if incubated. But you cannot convince the cook that the 'button' is not a sure test of the time necessary for boiling. No more will he be convinced that a hen can lay an egg, in the first place, unless there is a rooster in the flock.

Custom is dominant. It is fundamental behind the obvious exterior of the life of the people. In incidental experience it projects through the comedy, tragedy, and pathos, always there in plain view. One sits calmly in a sidewalk café in the welcome shade of the arched *portales*, and the street or plaza in front becomes a stage. The background is always picturesque, brilliant with tinted stuccoed walls and red tiled roofs, or reverent with age in the façade of some old church, its stonework mellowed with the soft patina of the years.

VI

There is such a café in the city of Villa Hermosa, the capital of the state of Tabasco in Mexico. It is called 'La Retirada de Diana,' or 'The Retreat of Diana.' All cafés are named, and generally in most vivid lettering. Villa Hermosa is a city of considerable interest, both historically and in its present life. It was the first village that Cortez captured in Mexico. Its Indian name is forgotten, but he called it San Juan Bautista, and here the first cross was raised and the first conversions to Christianity were made. The town's present name, meaning 'beautiful city,' is an acquisition of recent years. Here it was that Cortez met the famous Doña Marina, later known as the 'woman of Cortez.' She was an Aztec who had been enslaved among the Mayas. It is indeed doubtful if the conquest would have succeeded at that time without Doña Marina, for she gave Cortez information of great value to him in his operations. From her, so the old chroniclers tell us, he learned of the animosity between the Tlaxcalans and the Aztecs, and of this he later made astute use.

To-day Villa Hermosa is noted, among other things, for the very fine rum made there. It is a distinctive rum and is served in very small glasses, *copitas*, at The Retreat of Diana. A friend and I sat at one of the tables of this café on an afternoon some years ago. It was altogether the usual sort of afternoon; the steamer which was to have taken us down the river early that morning gave no indication of departure. Nothing extraordinary happened. It was hot and the shade of the portales was comforting.

After a short interval an Indian came along the street loaded with hats, broad straw sombreros, probably of his own make. Under each arm he carried an immense bundle and some ten or twelve dozen more telescoped together on his head. The top hat stood over three feet higher than the man himself, so that he and his hats occupied a space about six feet wide and nearly nine feet high. He had to walk in the street, as the sidewalk was too narrow for his dimensions. Across the street from the café was a doorway into which he could not possibly fit, but wished to go. How would you have entered the doorway? You would have set the bundles down, removed the stack of hats from your head (presuming you would wear ten dozen hats), and walked in. But this Indian was more ingenious. He looked appraisingly at the door for some time and then got down on his knees and crawled in. I became quite hysterical until my friend filled up the copitas again.

Some time later another Indian, carrying a small upright piano on his back, came along from the other direction. His load was, of course, heavy, but not unusual. The Indians

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have been so burdened for centuries that to bear fardels has also become a custom. The burden was suspended in the usual way from a strap across his forehead; his arms were stretched far back on either side to balance the bulky load, and he was bent far over. When he wanted to rest it was obviously impossible for him to set the piano down, so in about the middle of the block, and almost opposite our café, he carefully backed up against the buildings for a moment of repose. The interesting and appealing thing about this whole performance was not his carrying a piano or his method of resting. It consisted in his consideration of his own pleasure under these trying conditions. The man had hired a small boy to accompany him. It was the boy's job to light cigarettes and put them in the man's mouth when he stopped to rest.

During all this a bootblack had persistently said 'Limpio' to me at least twenty times. I let him shine my shoes to end his begging, though they did not need shining. 'Who is your father?' Why do I always ask these gamins that? It has become a habit. Only three out of ten know. The others, like this lad, look up, shrug their shoulders, smile, and say: 'Yo no sé [I do not know].' Then sometimes I get other answers that let me peek beneath the surface. Several times these boys have said to me: 'Padre So-and-so is my father' — their priest! I have had them cry to me and tell me of cruel beatings and show me welts and bruises on their bodies. Yes, I have had them say: 'My father is an Americano.' That is not unusual. It is all perfectly casual and simple, if there is such a thing as moral simplicity.

Next a donkey loaded with sugar-cane stalks came down the street. An Indian with bare feet walked behind and prodded the animal with a long stick. Only the donkey's small feet showed beneath his burden, and his head was entirely submerged in sugar cane. In front of our café he decided to go no farther, and lay down in the street. Then all we could see was a pile of motionless sugar cane. The Indian driver first tried verbal persuasion, and then brutality, prodding the donkey's face violently with the stick. This the donkey resented, so he stood up and proceeded to take measures of his own. He began to kick vigorously. As this divested him, piece by piece, of sugar cane, he gradually came into full view, though his hind legs were somewhat of a blur. Sugar cane scattered in all directions, far and wide. A gang of small boys, mostly bootblacks, collected and taunted the donkey man and made off with many sticks of cane. Meanwhile the donkey, having completely removed his burden, stood unconcernedly in the street with head and ears sleepily drooping. The driver was beside himself with rage and finally did a curious thing. He threw his hat in the air and when it landed in the street he jumped on it several times, and then, returning to his donkey, rested his head affectionately on the donkey's neck and wept copiously. To him tragedy, rage, and then despair, a whole day's labor gone; to us but a part of the passing show.

Yet in these incidents — the ingenuity of the man with the hats, the regard for the pleasures of life even under trying conditions shown by the man burdened with the piano, the helpless moral situation of an exploited race as revealed by the answers of the bootblacks, and the violent revolt and pathetic, childlike submission to misfortune of the donkey driver — the story of Latin America lay exposed to us before a sidewalk café where we sipped the delectable rum of Villa Hermosa.

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VII

As trivial and sometimes amusing as these incidents may seem, life to these people is in reality a very serious affair. The bullfight at the journey's end, the classification of mangrove roots, even a casual cigarette, — petty matters to our minds fixed on time and measuring the importance of our efforts by a larger standard, — are to them great preoccupations in the task of living. Small questions of honesty, of regulation, and of custom become to them, in their simplicity, of intense concern. Tragedy, joy, or pathos resides for them in the flow of intricate details, of which their lives are composed; and, observing, too often we only smile.

But a deeper understanding brings with it hope for the progress of these suppressed and exploited races. Surely a people honest in simplicity and possessing a strong sense of duty in small matters has, in a world intent on self-interest, a refreshing promise of development. For the Latin American Indian loves not only pleasure; he loves beauty. In his sense of form and color he possesses an inborn bent for art. He is a clever craftsman and has a joy in making things — perhaps simple things, yet beautiful — that gives him definite possibilities of cultural progress. He has a deep love of the soil and, with proper incentives to work, is an industrious farmer. Now burdened, it is true, by ignorant and entangling customs inherited from the past, he is submissive to new ideas under well-ordered instruction, and with such help will find his way to knowledge and capacity that may be greatly developed. His skill and obedience even offer promise for an industrialism adapted to the needs of his country, but his future lies preëminently in the agricultural pursuits and in the arts.

The problem presented by these less advanced races must be faced by the countries in which they reside. Stable and paternal government is needed, government perhaps introduced and maintained sometimes by force, but which, by arresting the exploitation of the people, by educating them to higher standards of living and work, and by giving the Indian the confidence that he is a human being with rights rather than a beast of burden, will, in time, be self-perpetuating. When these races are well governed and less exploited, when they are given education, and when they understand the benefits of sanitation and develop some measure of self-respect, they will surprise the world with their attainments.

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THE POLITICAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

In one of his most memorable essays, William James wrote that 'so long as antimilitarists propose no substitute for war's disciplinary function, no *moral equivalent* of war, analogous, as one might say, to the mechanical equivalent of heat, so long they fail to realize the inwardness of the situation.' He insisted that the motives called into play by pacifists to maintain peace were altogether too weak and tame to touch the military-minded, and that war could not be abolished until men had found some substitute which would promote those 'conceptions of order and discipline, the tradition of service and devotion, of physical fitness, unstinted exertion, and universal responsibility' which are characteristic of the higher forms of militarism.

I do not suppose that anyone who has read James's essay attentively would venture to dispute his main argument. But the theory which he propounded has, I think, to be carried further before the inwardness of the problem of war has been realized. It is not sufficient to propose an equivalent for the military virtues. It is even more important to work out an equivalent for the military methods and objectives. For the institution of war is not merely an expression of the military spirit. It is not a mere release of certain subjective impulses clamoring for expression. It is also — and, I think, primarily — one of the ways by which great human decisions are made. If that is true, then the abolition of war depends primarily upon inventing and organizing other ways of deciding those issues which have hitherto been decided by war.

I

Among those who take an interest in the effort to abolish war, there are discernible several distinct types of thought. There are those who believe that in order to abolish war it is necessary to eliminate the causes of the disputes which lead to war. They believe that these causes are invariably economic, and that all wars are really wars about property. They argue, therefore, that there can be no radical cure for war until something is done about property. This is plausible, for it would be difficult to name any war in which motives arising out of the ownership and acquisition of property have not played some part. We might even, for the sake of the argument, say a decisive part. Nevertheless, I believe this analysis to be faulty and inconsequential. For, while it is undoubtedly true that men fight usually to protect or enhance what they conceive to be their interest, nobody can possibly make an exhaustive list of the kinds of property which they will be interested in. And even if anyone could make such a list, it would be such a big and complicated list that nothing much could be done about it.

If, instead of talking about the economic causes of war, you try to think about the kinds of property which have provoked the disputes which led to war, what do you find? You find

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that nations have disputed about oil and minerals and railroads, and waterways, and highways and harbors and mountain passes and fishing rights, and tariffs and markets and contracts and banking privileges, and agricultural land, and grazing land, and shrines and chattel slaves and political offices, and I do not know how many other things of the sort. Granting that these are the 'causes' of war, what have you said when you have said that? You have said nothing more than that men have fought for the things they were willing to fight for. That is not a productive idea. For, in arguing that the causes of war are as broad as the interests of the human race, you make the abolition of war dependent upon changing the interests of the human race. You have committed yourself to the theory that you cannot abolish war until, by abolishing the causes of dispute, you have abolished disputes. But that, it seems to me, is as fallacious as it is depressing. Any real programme of peace must rest on the premise that there will be causes of dispute as long as we can foresee, that these disputes have to be decided, and that a way of deciding them must be found which is not war.

At the opposite pole from those who think you can stop men from fighting only by regulating the things they fight about are those who base their hopes on a regeneration of the human heart by religious conversion, education, or even by mere propaganda. Among these must be counted, for the time being, Secretary Kellogg, with his proposed treaty to 'renounce' war for its 'tremendous moral effect.' There is undeniable truth in this view of the question. Plainly, any civilized international order requires men who are more civilized than we are, and unless mankind learns better habits it will not keep the faith on which all pacific arrangements ultimately depend. But, having admitted not only how desirable but how necessary it is to change the human heart, where are we? We are in the same old position we have been in for two thousand years, in which our religious ideals and our actual practices are hopelessly at odds. If, during the millennium in which Europeans acknowledged the spiritual leadership of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, war was not abolished in Europe, then what reason is there to think that by preaching, and teaching, and prayer, and discipline, it will be abolished now?

I do not mean to suggest that I think it useless to keep on saying that war is a crime, and that it ought to be abolished, and that it is horrible, and that it ought to be outlawed, and that it is hideous and ought to be renounced. No doubt it is worth while to keep on saying all that as solemnly and as often as possible. But to keep on saying it will not abolish war. For it does not apply to the situation out of which wars arise. To denounce war as a crime is to denounce something which a nation when it is entering a war never thinks it is committing. Invariably in modern times a nation goes to war to stop another nation from committing the crime of war. As the Austrians saw it in 1914, they did not make war on Serbia. They believed they were acting to prevent Serbia, backed by Russia, from making a criminal attempt to destroy the Austrian empire. The Germans did not make war upon Russia. They made war to prevent Russia from making war. The French did not make war. They defended themselves. The British did not make war. They stopped an aggression. We did not make war. We tried to make the world safe for democracy.

The mere denunciation of war as a crime is no deterrent if it appears that the other fellow is about to commit the crime. It is just as likely as not to make the war seem twice as righteous, and

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hence to make it twice as fierce, because it can be said that the enemy is committing a crime and is an outlaw. The late war demonstrated what excellent war propaganda can be made out of the ordinary pacifist teaching. For that teaching has this fundamental defect: it supposes that nations on the eve of war are like murderers who are trying to decide whether they will kill their enemies, and that they will decide not to kill if only the heinousness of the crime has been sufficiently impressed upon them. But this is a wholly false supposition: nations on the eve of war almost invariably feel that they are innocent householders who are about to be attacked by robbers, or that they are witnesses of some dastardly outrage which is about to be perpetrated against their neighbors. The choice as it presents itself is not between the crime of war and the righteousness of peace, but between ruin and disgrace on the one hand, and self-preservation, courage, and honor on the other.

This may not be the real choice. As we know, nations may be cruelly deceived as to what the war is about. But this deception is part of the institution of war, and we fail to get at the inwardness of war unless we realize that events which lead to war produce a situation in which war seems less horrible than any feasible alternative. Of course, if nations knew as much on the eve of war as historians know fifty years after, they might feel quite differently. Everything would be different. Their statesmen would act differently. Their people would respond differently. But the fact is that, as the world is now organized, the situation which breeds a war first breeds a state of mind which makes that particular war seem righteous and inevitable. And nothing is done to alter this situation by saying that war is horrible. It is very horrible. But under certain circumstances, which are the only circumstances worth talking about, it *seems* less horrible to those who have to make the decision than does any other course of action which is open to them.

II

To dwell exclusively upon the horrors of war, and to assume that it is nothing but criminal madness, does not, I believe, advance the cause of peace. It is not even good propaganda, for few men can accommodate their feelings about heroes like Washington, Lincoln, and Lee to the absolute condemnation which pacifists pronounce against war. But the most misleading result of such propaganda is that it obscures the nature of war. For the purposes of thought, then, it is far more useful to dwell upon the function of war than upon its horrors.

The best introduction to an understanding of the inwardness of war is to think about a particular kind of war which the more advanced nations have made some progress in abolishing. I mean civil war. Within the boundaries of the United States this kind of war has now been abolished for a little over sixty years. In France it has been abolished for a little less than sixty years. In Italy there has been a civil war within the last ten years. In China and in Nicaragua a war is still being waged. In England civil war has been abolished for two hundred years.

Now if you ask yourself what is the essential difference between the political life of Nicaragua and of England, you must agree that one of the essential differences is that England has learned to change its government and to change its social order by the ballot, whereas in Nicaragua political changes are effected with bullets. The transition from revolution to electioneering is the most radical change which can take

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place in the political habits of a people, and, broadly speaking, the abolition of civil war depends upon making this transition.

It took several hundred years for England to make this transition — that is, from the fifteenth century to the beginning of the eighteenth. It was not until the effort to impeach Walpole failed in 1742 that, as Mr. Dwight Morrow has pointed out, 'men whose only offense was to run counter to a majority lost their offices but not their heads.' In support of this he quotes from a speech made by the Earl of Carnarvon in 1678 during the proceedings to impeach Danby, in which the Earl, supposedly under the influence of too much claret, summed up the political history of England from the time of Queen Elizabeth: —

> My lords, I shall go no further back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh. My Lord Bacon, he ran down Sir Walter Raleigh, and your lordships know what became of my Lord Bacon. The Duke of Buckingham, he ran down my Lord Bacon, and your lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, ran down the Duke of Buckingham, and you all know what became of him. Sir Harry Vane, he ran down the Earl of Strafford, and your lordships know what became of Sir Harry Vane. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down Sir Harry Vane, and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir Thomas Osborne, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde: but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships best can tell.
>
> Danby went to the Tower.

Many years passed before England at last, in the first half of the eighteenth century, learned to use a corrupt and none too competent, but nevertheless peaceable, party system, based on electioneering, in place of the violence of faction and civil war. In the two hundred years which have passed, it has several times been made manifest that the use of a system of political parties as a substitute for civil war is still not perfectly secure. In times of great strain, as in 1832, in 1848, and again during the General Strike of 1926, the newer method of making national decisions was put to an almost intolerable strain. From this history we are able to see, I think, that the abolition of civil war has depended upon the invention and the habit of using a political equivalent.

If we turn from England to Nicaragua we see the same problem before a solution has been found. The conclusion has now been reached by most students of the Nicaraguan and the Central American revolutions that the heart of the difficulty is that the people of these countries have not learned to use electoral machinery to change their governments, and that therefore, as in England before the eighteenth century, revolution is the only method of altering the personnel and the policy of the régime in power.

This is the difficulty which now exists in the relations between sovereign states. At any particular moment there exists a certain international régime composed of empires and their dominions and colonies, of national sovereignties and their spheres of influence, and in this scheme of things all the peoples of the world have their rights, their privileges, their servitudes, their opportunities, and their frustrations. In the nature of things this international order cannot satisfy the needs or the aspirations of all the peoples within it. Therefore, at a thousand different points there are conflicts. They arise either from the rivalry of two or more states to acquire some form of vested right or influence or privilege, or from the struggle of a people to

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shake off servitudes which it dislikes. Because the world is a changing world the status quo is never very stable, and the conflicts and alignments of governments may be regarded as due to their desire either to maintain or to alter the status quo.

But in the relations of sovereign states there exists no recognized pacific method by which the status quo can be altered. It is altered a good deal by diplomatic negotiation as a result of the gradual shifting of political and economic power. Such a change has occurred, for example, during this generation in the relations of the Dominions within the British Empire. But these pacific changes are rather exceptional. Oftener than not — as in the case of China, for example, or of the Turkish, Austrian, and Russian empires — the change from one political system to another is so long delayed, it is so fiercely resisted, it has accumulated such passions of hatred and such extravagances of ambition, that when at last it comes it is catastrophic.

International society possesses no political method, analogous to party government in domestic affairs, for altering the existing régime. On the contrary, such international machinery as the world has managed to set up is based almost entirely on the premise that the status quo must be maintained as long as its beneficiaries desire to maintain it. The presumption is altogether against the nation which challenges this existing order and insists upon a change of status. It is in fact an enemy of the existing régime; if it is a subject people its action is known as 'rebellion,' if it is a juridically independent state its action is known in the current language of diplomacy as 'aggression.'

Obviously not all rebellion and not all aggression are good. But neither are they necessarily evil. The important consideration here is that international society provides no legitimate method of determining whether they are good or bad, justified or unjustified. They are outlawed. The status quo, except in rare cases, cannot be altered except by rebelling against the constituted authorities or by violating established treaties. The process by which, in advanced societies, the opposition can win an election, take office, and alter the law has no counterpart in international affairs. And that is why, as in England two hundred years ago and in Nicaragua to-day, important changes in international society are almost invariably accompanied by disorder.

An examination of the projects for maintaining peace which mankind has thus far achieved will show, I believe, that they provide no pacific method of altering the status quo. The whole theory of arbitration and the judicial settlement of disputes rests upon the determination of existing rights, and, in principle at least, rules out the revision of rights. The European system of alliances, the Locarno Treaties, and the Covenant of the League itself, are inspired by the conviction that the maintenance of peace is synonymous with the maintenance of the status quo.

This statement is subject to one significant qualification. The Covenant of the League contains two articles, XI and XIX, which recognize in principle that the maintenance of peace may in certain cases require the revision rather than the maintenance of the status quo. Article XI says that it is 'the friendly right' of all members of the League 'to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council *any circumstance whatever* affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.' And Article XIX goes even further and specifically empowers the

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Assembly to 'advise the reconsideration . . . of Treaties which have become inapplicable.' These two articles have not been invoked, I believe, in any serious situation. They are, moreover, advisory. But they are of inestimable importance as a recognition of the principle that peace implies change as well as stability. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that only those régimes are stable which have the capacity to change peaceably.

III

It is not in the least surprising that those projects for the maintenance of peace which have been adopted by governments should all be directed at the maintenance of the status quo. The first condition of any workable plan is that it should command the assent of those who have the power to enforce it and have an interest in enforcing it. The weaker Powers, the dissatisfied nations, the potentially rebellious portions of mankind, are more interested in liberty than in order. They care more for what they regard as righteousness than for peace. Therefore any project of peace must in the nature of things be based primarily on the interest of the conservative Powers; it must appeal to those governments which are strong because they enjoy the advantages of the status quo. Only when the support of these governments is assured does there exist any guaranty of order in international affairs. Only when there is order can any pacific method of effecting change be successfully introduced.

The recent history of Europe is the best evidence of the truth of this assertion. The Treaty of Versailles imposed a régime upon Germany which no strong nation could possibly endure for any considerable length of time. France, which was the chief beneficiary of this régime, saw clearly that Germany was bound to revolt. As a result, France felt her security was menaced, and, in order to save herself, she first sought military alliances with Great Britain and the United States, in the hope that by a crushing combination of military force she could continue to impose the Versailles régime upon Germany. But neither Great Britain nor the United States had any interest in perpetuating the Versailles régime. They rejected the appeals for an alliance. In desperation France then struck at Germany by invading the Ruhr, hoping thus to destroy the German power. Failing in this, she changed her policy, accepted the principle of the revision of the Versailles régime, agreed to the Dawes Plan, and in return obtained the Locarno agreements. These agreements aligned the Powers of Western Europe behind an international order which has as its central principle the understanding that the position in which Germany was placed at Versailles shall not be altered by force, but that it shall be altered by diplomatic negotiation.

This sequence of events illustrates the essential elements which must enter into any workable plan for the abolition of war. There is an agreement based on national interests to defend the status quo against violent attack, but this agreement is redeemed from the curse of rigidity by a working correlative agreement to modify the status quo. Such an arrangement contains the promise of permanence because it balances the conservative demand for guaranties, sanctions, enforcement, with the liberal demand for revision and change.

The defect of the arrangement is that it rests on a more or less personal understanding between statesmen like M. Briand and Herr Stresemann, and is not embodied in an institution. The institutions of Europe are formally

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devoted only to the maintenance of the status quo. The inner spirit of Franco-German diplomacy, which makes the practice so much more enlightened than the theory, is a disembodied spirit — a soul without a body.

A statesmanlike movement to abolish war must seek at once to strengthen the unity of the Powers in defense of the status quo, and at the same time to enlighten that defense by persuading the Powers that the true defense of their interests may mean, not resistance to all change, but a hospitable guidance of changes that sooner or later are inevitable. So far as these principles are really understood, so far as they become the actual practice of the Powers, there is a political equivalent of war, and therefore there is real progress toward the prevention of war.

It might be truer to say that we shall have a *modus vivendi* which will for a time postpone war. Actually to abolish war is a much larger and more complicated process. We have only to look at the multitude of elements involved in the abolition of civil war to realize how very far we have still to go before we can hope to abolish international war. Those few nations which are more or less secure against revolution have reached that peace only by the most elaborate development of political institutions and a long, hard discipline in the operation of them. Pacifists sometimes talk as if they thought war could be abolished by solemn declarations. They sometimes talk as if war could be abolished by a court; or by codifying such international law as now exists; or by some sort of treaty; or by some sort of league. But surely the history of the establishment of peace in civil societies goes to show that any genuine political equivalent of violence must comprise a vast network of legislative, judicial, executive, social, and cultural institutions. Is there any reason to suppose that international peace is any easier to attain than domestic peace? That there is a short cut to it? That it can be had without great trouble as a result of very excellent intentions?

For my own part I cannot take seriously any project of peace which does not rest upon a clear acceptance of the premise that the establishment of order in international society depends upon the development of agencies of international government. I can sympathize with those who prefer the liberty of our present international anarchy to the responsibilities of an international society. I am inclined to think that a stable international order would be oppressive and unpleasant in many ways, and I am not wholly sure that I am prepared to pay the price which the establishment of peace on earth would cost. There are many advantages, especially for nations as favorably placed as the United States, in the freedom which this disorganized planet permits us. If we prefer to retain that freedom, let us at least not deceive ourselves with the notion that we are in any fundamental sense working to abolish war. For war will not be abolished between the nations until its political equivalent has been created, until there is an international government strong enough to preserve order and wise enough to welcome changes in that order.

We may never live to see that. We may not wish to see it. But that, and nothing less, is what international peace will cost.

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THE EARTHWORK

The Devil's Dyke at Ely

THE tawny grass climbs to a width of sky
Calmly, whitely impending; none go by
Save lovers with arms lightly linked together
And floating over centuries like a feather,
Over the earthwork and its triple rings,
Into the sky, the nothingness of things —
Or so it seems; for the huge hilltop stands
Like the last rampart of the last of lands,
Or the last barrier of a perished world
Already old when man's first smoke upcurled.
Its trebly mutilated face and dread
Scowls with the undying anger of the dead
Who perished scowling, and its fosses grin
Like the deep hate lines scooped and grooved therein.
That face, that blackening frown against the sky,
The tawny mane of grass, the mystery —
All these were heartbeats, pictures in the brain
Centuries long for races that have lain
Centuries as long, and yet it still abides.
Brython and Celt, Saxon and Roman tides
One superimposed on other, leave no trace;
Their dust is blown about their dwelling place.
Their crowds and cries, thunderings and slaughterings,

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Loyalties of legions, loves of clowns or kings,
Are less than frailest harebells now in flower,
Or the fine trembling beauty of an hour
To which their days distilled for lovers here —
They too shall pass, as now they disappear
Over the ridge, into the void of white,
Compactest dots with longing infinite —
And wherefore? from the heavens there comes no sign.
Only as old as earliest battle line
The horn'd hill sheep to sound of wether bells,
Marshaled from wing to wing by barks and yells
Of lithe-limbed sheep dogs, crowd and crouch
Descending fosse by fosse, and then debouch,
Slow, immemorial as flocks in dream;
Along the plain, sheeny as clots of cream
Stiff-flowing from a tilted vessel's mouth,
They widen into distances to south. . . .
Then the hill wears its heedlessness once more,
Its robe of silence worn so long before;
No foot, no sound, disturbs the sleepers there,
Not even the plumage of the grasses, where
The rooks, and crowds of sea gulls come from sea,
Silent, seem feeding through Eternity.
Like pawns of some arrested game of chess,
Or riddle older than the dead could guess,
Whose mighty players are removed, they lie
Without a caw or scream to wake the sky.

GEOFFREY JOHNSON

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THE UNFAILING CHARM OF SOME NOVELS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

I

I EMPHASIZE the word 'some.' I do not say that all novels have charm. I am aware that there is a severe school of novelists who would resent this idea. They insist that they do not aim to please us, but rather to show us life in all its drab reality. And if anything has to be sacrificed, it will not be the drabness.

Once people in the attempt to praise a history or biography would say, 'It is as fascinating as a novel.' And moralists would warn the young against works of fiction by saying that they made sin alluring. The novelists of the ultraserious school are not open to this accusation. They not only do not make sin alluring — they see to it that nothing is alluring.

To those who prefer to take their fiction thus sadly, I have nothing to say. But most of us, I am sure, prefer that a novel should have charm. The question then arises, In what does the charm consist?

Why is it that we take up one novel that may be very carefully written, but it makes no particular impression upon us? Very soon we forget all about it. We take up another and it is a happy experience, so happy that from time to time we repeat it.

There are books which are never exhausted. We feel of them as did Keats of

> All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
> An endless fountain of immortal drink,
> Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

What is the secret of charm? Many people take it for granted that it lies in the subject which the author chooses. There are novels which deal with pleasant subjects and others with subjects that are gloomy or repellent. A novel may be realistic or romantic or historical. It may deal with business or sex or politics, with low life or with high life. But in none of these things lies the secret of charm. The charm, if it exists at all, must be sought in only one place — the author's own mind.

The word 'fiction' tells its own story. It is literally something made. Who makes it? Obviously the author. What does he make it out of? Out of materials which he finds in his own mind. His work is a figment of his imagination. Its value depends on the kind of imagination that he happens to have.

What a novelist does is to invite me to make a pleasure excursion through the more interesting portions of his own mind. If the day is fine, I accept the invitation. I am in holiday humor and am prepared for all kinds of haps and mishaps. He is not showing me my world — I can see that for myself. He is showing me his world. It is the world that is created by his imagination. If what he has to offer is n't worth seeing, he can't shift the responsibility for its dullness and dreariness on the universe. It is he who is dull and dreary, not the subject he chooses.

Let us carry the analysis a little further. We say that a novel is the

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work of *creative* imagination. What does the novelist create in order to charm us? It is not enough to create a character; he must also create a world in which that character can move about freely. Here is where many clever novelists fail. They analyze a single character, but they do not make us realize the world that is behind it and around it. It is a picture without a background. The character is like the contents of a thermos bottle — kept cold because it is surrounded by a vacuum. Now in real life no person is seen apart from his environment. His feet are on the earth; there is air for him to breathe, friends and enemies to meet; and they are as real as he is.

We say of some novels that they are without atmosphere. That suggests something in regard to the writer's mind, not only as to the quality of it, but as to the quantity of it. We are told that the reason why the moon has n't any atmosphere to speak of is that it is n't big enough to hold what atmosphere it once had. The power of its gravitation is not enough to keep the airy particles from flying off into space. It is the same with the mind.

The atmosphere of many novels is murky and there is low visibility. The author has to explain his meaning or we lose it. The great novelist has a sense of space. He is carefree. He can afford to let his characters alone. He does n't nag them.

Then too there must be space in which the characters that are created may freely move about. This necessity is overlooked by those who are interested chiefly in the analysis of character. A single person taken out of his natural environment may be studied and his reactions noted. A laboratory, if properly equipped, need not be very roomy. But it takes more space if a person is to live and bring up a family.

II

The mind of the novelist must have amplitude. His mind is the sky, 'than all it holds more vast, more high.' Beneath the ferment of the writer's mind the beings whom he has created live and act, each after his own kind, but we see them always as a part of something greater than themselves. Says the Hebrew sage, 'He hath set the world in their heart.' The great novelist is not so much a man of the world as a man in whom the world is. In his wide, comprehending intelligence there is for everything a season, and he hath made everything beautiful in its time.

It is one thing to see a wild animal in a cage in a menagerie. It is another thing to see it in its native habitat. We do not see men and women realistically till we see them where they belong, working out their destinies unconscious of any alien observer. Each says, like the Shunammite woman, 'I dwell among mine own people.'

The matter of sufficient mind space is likely to be neglected by the writer of problem novels. When a novelist takes a problem that is too big for him, he is likely to become peevish. When at the end of his book the problem is unsolved, he dismisses it in a petulant way: 'There, I've done my best, and you see what a mess we are in. There is n't any way out.'

But, after all, the situation may not be so bad as it seems to him. Perhaps the problem is not so much an individual problem as a social problem, and he has not given its larger aspects any attention. There must be time and space for any true solution. It is only when the big problem gets into a too contracted mind that the case seems desperate. It thrashes about like a whale stranded in a shallow bay. What the whale needs is not a friendly visitor to give it advice. It demands less sand

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and more sea room. And what the moral problem needs is more mind room than the author is possessed of.

It was the lack of sufficiently broad background that, in my judgment, prevented Samuel Butler's *Way of All Flesh* from being a really great novel. The author had a thesis. He was intent on proving that the family is an institution that is not what it is cracked up to be. He is irritated by his discovery of domestic infelicities. Now it is not a new discovery that sons do not always honor their fathers and mothers, not to say their uncles and their aunts. This was known to ancient historians.

The writers who are able to enlist the interest of successive generations are those who are able to invest familiar scenes with a charm which belongs to their own natures. We have the sense that the mind of the writer is bigger than the thing he is writing about. We are made to see in a new light things which we had despised.

That a certain town is dull I can well believe. But that it can be amusingly dull, deliciously dull, with all manner of delicate variations in its dullness, is a delightful discovery. It takes the genius of Jane Austen to make us see this.

This matter of mental roominess is comparative; it consists of a due proportion in the parts. In order to have charm it is not necessary that the author's mind should be big enough to take in the whole world, but it must be big enough to take in the people and the society of which he writes, and to allow the characters considerable elbow room. There was Anthony Trollope. He could hardly be called a great novelist, but he created an atmosphere. A more worldly-minded set of people than the Trollopians it would be hard to find. They were chock-full of prejudices, they were narrow-minded, and most of them were undeniably smug. Their ideas about religion and politics were conventional to the last degree, and yet we enjoy their acquaintance. They do not get on one's nerves. There is a certain congruousness between them and their environment. There is an atmosphere of good-natured worldliness that covers a multitude of sins. Trollope was not a great novelist, but his mind at any rate was bigger than any of his characters. It was roomy enough to contain a whole society without crowding. These people were under no constraint; they were perfectly at home.

Thackeray, to one who belongs to his cult, produces the same impression. To be sure, he likes to interrupt his characters in order to give his own opinion. But he does this as the moderator in the town meeting, who leaves the chair to give his fellow townsmen a piece of his mind. When he takes the floor he is no longer moderator. So when Thackeray indulges in one of his asides we do not think of him as the author of *Vanity Fair*, but as one of the characters in it.

The novelists who have power to charm us always have a good-natured ease in the presence of their subject. They have a large tolerance for human imperfectness, like the good curate: —

> . . . When religious sects ran mad,
> He held, in spite of all his learning,
> That if a man's belief is bad,
> It will not be improved by burning.

III

Just now we have a school of American novelists who seem to have a grievance. America, instead of being a stimulus to their imagination, seems to be an incubus. It is just a little more than they can bear.

What kind of country is this we live in? I confess that when I take a little journey across this continent I always

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return with a sense of exhilaration. For one thing, there is so much of it — and it is n't finished. When I take up books of a serious nature, — sober histories, tables of statistics, bank clearances, reports of scientific and philanthropic societies, city-planning boards, — I get the impression that a great many things need to be improved, but that there are vast numbers of eager and right-minded people on the job.

When I listen to the earnest exhortations of moral reformers, I get the impression that this is a country where sin aboundeth. But it is possible that 'where sin aboundeth, grace doth much more abound.'

It is only when I turn to what used to be called 'light literature' that clouds settle down and deep depression comes upon my spirits. A group of talented writers are intent on showing up their less talented fellow citizens. To this end they give us studies of life in the American small town, on the farm, and in the crowded city. Over the gateway of each community we see the inscription, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.' Life is shown to be not only commonplace, but hopelessly, irremediably commonplace. We have a desolating sense of moral aridity, undue nervous tension, morbid self-consciousness, a fear of public opinion, a dearth of private opinion, a furtive interest in the forbidden, a fierce absorption in business, a futile gregariousness in the pursuit of pseudoculture. The small town is treated as if it were a disease. The city is a complication of diseases.

Is this realism? Yes, in the sense that the picture of the fauna of Africa in the old-fashioned geography book was realistic. There, crowded upon a single page, were all the animals of the dark continent, — lions, elephants, gorillas, hippopotamuses, crocodiles, jackals, — all terrible to behold; while, as if to emphasize their terrors, there was a pacifistic giraffe looking down upon them with a futile smile, as much as to say, 'It's a pity that these wild beasts are so bloodthirsty, but that's the way they are made.' But the small boy who got his ideas of the continent from the picture would be unduly alarmed. All these animals could be found in Africa, but they were not all in one place. Africa is a large country, and there are sections where a person could walk for a whole day without running much risk of being eaten up by a lion.

To picture a stupid, weak, commonplace character may show artistic skill, but the work fails if the impression is conveyed that everybody is that way. A picture must have light and shade, and they must be properly arranged to be a work of art.

Don't you think *Main Street* was very realistic? Yes, and so was *Babbitt*, and so is *Elmer Gantry*. But they are presented without charm. The trouble is really in Mr. Sinclair Lewis's mind. He is not able to look at them humorously and understandingly. He is fidgety. One feels as one does at a dinner party when it is evident that all is not going well with the hostess and she is not able to conceal her uneasiness.

When I first took up *Main Street* I was prepared to enjoy the people. I knew they would be just ordinary people. But I could n't enjoy their idiosyncrasies when I saw how Mr. Sinclair Lewis felt about them. He evidently thought that such a place as Gopher Prairie ought not to exist. He was acutely conscious of its manifold shortcomings. It did not appreciate what it ought to have appreciated, and it appreciated that which it ought not to have appreciated, and there was no health in it. Just as I was trying to get on good terms with the community,

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I would look up and see Mr. Sinclair Lewis fidgeting and saying to himself, 'Is n't it too bad! No art, no manners, no spontaneity, no free intelligence, no cosmopolitan culture — just Main Street.'

Then I turn to Henry Fielding. It happens that none of these fine things are in the world Fielding created for our enjoyment. To most of his characters Gopher Prairie would seem a modern Athens, a lofty intellectual centre pulsating with sensibility. Squire Western and Tow-wouse, the innkeeper, and their boon companions cared for none of these things. Had a high-strung young woman, recently graduated from a state university, landed among these hearty, nonintellectual folks and attempted to improve their minds, she would have longed for the more appreciative society of Main Street. It never occurred to any of Fielding's folks that they should be improved. Their prejudices could not be weeded out by a newly married lady recently arrived among them. They were too deeply rooted in the nature of things — their things. The minister of the First Church on Main Street might not be an intellectual giant or a man of great refinement, but he would seem so in comparison with Fielding's Parson Trulliber.

His voice was loud and hoarse, and his accent extremely broad. To complete the whole, he had a stateliness in his gait, when he walked, not unlike that of a goose.

We are made to see Trulliber as he was in the bosom of his family: —

Mr. Trulliber being informed that somebody wanted to speak with him, immediately slipped off his apron, and clothed himself in an old night-gown, being the dress in which he always saw his company at home. . . . He laid violent hands on Adams, and dragged him into the hog-sty, which was indeed but two steps from his parlour-window. They were no sooner arrived there, than he cried out, 'Do but handle them: step in, friend: art welcome to handle them, whether dost buy or no.' At which words, opening the gate, he pushed Adams into a pig-sty, insisting on it that he should handle them before he would talk one word with him.

Adams had come on business unconnected with hogs, but that made no difference. Trulliber is all that a clergyman ought not to be, yet somehow, seeing his burly figure in the pigpen where he belongs, one is not depressed in spirits. Trulliber is Trulliber, and I am more amused than offended when he rejects Parson Adams's attempt to improve him.

'Dost preach to me?' replied Trulliber: 'dost pretend to instruct me in my duty? . . . I would not advise thee,' says Trulliber, 'to say that I am no Christian: I won't take it of you; for I believe I am as good a man as thyself.'

I do not fret over Trulliber when I see him as a part of Fielding's ample world. He is a blot on the landscape, but fortunately it is a large and smiling landscape and can stand a good many such blots.

We are out of doors in a pleasant English countryside. We meet all sorts of people. Most of them have little refinement, but they have a heartiness that is refreshing. We trudge along in all weathers. We stop at inns where there are usually some adventures. We meet strangers who suddenly become confidential.

Squire Western would be intolerable anywhere else, but we enjoy seeing him as he goes storming over his broad acres. He belongs there, and he knows it, and so do his dependents. And we like to hear him talk. It is n't every day that we can get so close to a coarse country squire of the eighteenth century.

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As to his daughter Sophia, she has her sore trials, but she is a buxom creature blessed with good health. When, under great provocation and in accordance with the fashion of the day, she faints, she is well looked after. 'Mrs. Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia, with water, cordials, and everything necessary on those occasions.' In a few minutes she was as well as ever. This is as it should be.

In Fielding's world they had hard knocks, but great power of recuperation. There was always plenty of fresh air, and a refreshing sense of fair play. This goes a long way in keeping everyone in good condition. When we are tired of problems, there is pleasure in looking over Fielding's chapter headings: —

An apology for all heroes who have good stomachs.

A friendly conversation in a kitchen.

A dialogue between the landlady and Susan the chambermaid.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

This is not high life, but we are in good company so long as we are with Henry Fielding.

IV

To reveal this ever-changing world is the task of genius.

What Fielding did for the English countryside of the eighteenth century and Chaucer did for the England of the fourteenth century, Cervantes did for Spain in the sixteenth century, Walter Scott did for his own Scotland, Dickens did for the England of the nineteenth century, Victor Hugo did for Revolutionary France, Tolstoy did for the pre-revolutionary Russia, Joseph Conrad did for the seas.

They did more than analyze or describe individuals — they created, or rather re-created, the times in which these people lived.

Dickens is an example of the way in which the limitations of a writer's own mind affect his power to portray character. Dickens was a humorist, but first of all he was an Englishman. He loved his country and understood its people. He loved to prowl around in the dark places of London and make the acquaintance of queer and shabby people. He understood them well enough to know that they had pleasures as well as sorrows of their own. Their idiosyncrasies do not irritate us. We see them through the atmosphere of humorous tolerance. There were all kinds of Englishmen, but England was a very interesting place to live in.

But when Dickens crossed the Atlantic and attempted to find literary material in America, a change came over his spirit. He was no longer at ease. He felt as the old prophet felt when he was considering the sins of people he did n't like — 'By day and by night: and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report. For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.'

Martin Chuzzlewit lands in New York and travels to Eden on the Mississippi. In spite of all the efforts of Mark Tapley to be jolly under all circumstances, there is not a single pleasant adventure. The circumstances are too much for them. It is a land where every prospect displeases and man becomes more vile as they go west. What a vulgar lot of people they meet — the reporters of the Rowdy Journal, the Honorable Jefferson Brick, Mr. La Fayette Kettle, Mrs. Hominy, and the rest.

Yet, when we come to think about it, they were no more vulgar than the people Dickens was familiar with at home. The manners of the Podsnaps,

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the Todgers, the Micawbers, were not above reproach. The difference was that he found the vulgar Englishman amusing, but the vulgar American was odious.

When Mr. Boffin acquires a sudden competence, we sympathize with him in his desire to attain culture with equal celerity by employing a literary gentleman with a wooden leg to read to him.

But Martin Chuzzlewit has no tolerance for the efforts of Mrs. Jefferson Brick to improve her mind gregariously by going to lectures on the Philosophy of the Soul on Wednesday, the Philosophy of Crime on Monday, the Philosophy of Government on Tuesday, and the Philosophy of Vegetables on Friday.

On hearing this laudable programme, Martin was plunged into melancholy. 'As soon as Martin was left alone . . . he felt so thoroughly dejected and worn out, that he even lacked the energy to crawl upstairs to bed.' Yet Mrs. Jefferson Brick had her good points; only Dickens could not see them. He was too homesick.

How pleasant in England to obscure the incongruities between the names of things and the realities! Not so on the Mississippi. When New Thermopylæ turns out to be lacking in classic grace, we find that it is not only a calamity but an insult. Mrs. Hominy had no right to speak of it in such glowing terms.

It was almost night when they came alongside the landing-place, — a steep bank with an hotel, like a barn, on the top of it; a wooden store or two; and a few scattered sheds.

'You sleep here to-night, and go on in the morning, I suppose, ma'am,' said Martin.

'Where should I go on to?' cried the mother of the modern Gracchi.

'To New Thermopylæ.'

'My! Ain't I there?' said Mrs. Hominy.

Martin looked for it all round the darkening panorama; but he could n't see it, and was obliged to say so.

'Why, that's it!' cried Mrs. Hominy, pointing to the sheds just mentioned.

'That!' exclaimed Martin.

Let us take an English scene and compare the impression with that of an American scene.

Supper was not yet over, when there arrived at the Jolly Sandboys two more travellers, bound for the same haven as the rest, who had been walking in the rain for some hours, and came in shining and heavy with water. One of these was the proprietor of a giant and a little lady without legs or arms, who had jogged forward in a van; the other, a silent gentleman who earned his living by showing tricks upon the cards, and who had rather deranged the natural expression of his countenance by putting small leaden lozenges into his eyes and bringing them out at his mouth, which was one of his professional accomplishments. The name of the first of the new-comers was Vuffin; the other, probably as a pleasant satire upon his ugliness, was called Sweet William. To render them as comfortable as he could, the landlord bestirred himself nimbly, and in a very short time both gentlemen were perfectly at their ease.

And so are we — and it is Dickens who puts us at our ease. We at once make ourselves at home and it occurs to us that it is a rare opportunity to sit here in the bar and listen to Mr. Vuffin and his friend talk shop.

Mr. Vuffin, it appears, has a giant who has outlived his usefulness. He thinks it better business to carry him about in his van, without exhibiting, than to turn him off.

'It's better that than letting 'em go upon the parish or about the streets,' said Mr. Vuffin. 'Once make a giant common, and giants will never draw again. Look at wooden legs. If there was only one man with a wooden leg, what a property *he*'d be!'

'So he would!' observed the landlord and Short both together. 'That's very true.'

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'Instead of which,' pursued Mr. Vuffin, 'if you was to advertise Shakespeare played entirely by wooden legs, it's my belief you would n't draw a sixpence.'

'I don't suppose you would,' said Short. And the landlord said so too. . . .

While Mr. Vuffin and his two friends smoked their pipes and beguiled the time with such conversation as this, the silent gentleman sat in a warm corner, swallowing, or seeming to swallow, six-pennyworth of half-pence for practice . . . without paying any regard whatever to the company.

They were certainly not a highly intellectual company — but somehow we get the general impression of good cheer. Even the silent gentleman who was practising his art was enjoying himself according to his lights.

Compare this with the scene on the steamboat which is carrying Martin Chuzzlewit to Eden on the Mississippi.

On, through the weary day and melancholy night, beneath the burning sun, and in the mist and vapor of the evening; on, until return appeared impossible, and restoration to their home a miserable dream. They had now but few people on board; and these few were as flat, as dull and stagnant, as the vegetation that oppressed their eyes. No sound of cheerfulness or hope was heard; no pleasant talk beguiled the tardy time; no little group made common cause against the dull depression of the scene. But that, at certain periods, they swallowed food together from a common trough, it might have been old Charon's boat, conveying melancholy shades to judgment.

We can think of Dickens escaping from the melancholy company in the cabin of the Mississippi steamboat and standing on the deck as the boat scraped across the mud bars and the man casting the lead called out, 'Mark three! Mark twain!' It was a doleful sound.

But there was a boy about that time sprawling on the banks of that great river who found it a mighty interesting place. To be a pilot on a Mississippi River steamboat seemed the pinnacle of human greatness. When he made his first voyage, he was intoxicated by the talk.

All pilots are tireless talkers, when gathered together, and as they talk only about the river they are always understood and are always interesting. Your true pilot cares nothing about any thing on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings.

They went on talk-talk-talking. Meantime, the thing that was running in my mind was, 'Now, if my ears hear aright, I have not only to get the names of all the towns and islands and bends, and so on, by heart, but I must get up a warm personal acquaintanceship with every old snag and one-limbed cotton-wood and obscure woodpile that ornaments the banks of this river for twelve hundred miles; and more than that, I must actually know where these things are in the dark. . . .'

'My boy,' said Mr. Bixby, 'there's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart.'

It was a whole world of romance that opened up to the Missouri boy as he heard the leadsman repeating, 'M-a-r-k three! M-a-r-k three! Quarter-less-three! Half twain! Quarter twain! M-a-r-k twain!'

That Dickens found the Mississippi River steamboat and its passengers inexpressibly dreary and dull, and that Mark Twain found in the same place and among the same people rollicking humor and dry wit and the spirit of adventure, does not prove that Mark Twain had more humor. It only proves that he was more at home.

Mr. Bixby's maxim that to be a pilot on the Mississippi one must get the whole river by heart and get up a warm personal acquaintance with every old snag and woodpile applies to the novelist. It is not enough that he can describe one particular sand bar on which his characters are stranded. He

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must know the river, and understand the great currents, and sympathize with the people who are floating upon the stream. He must see each part in relation to the whole.

V

Homer tells us that in the camp on the Trojan plain there was an ill-favored, sharp-tongued Greek named Thersites. He was an unpopular character and deservedly so. He spent his time in speaking scornfully of the heroes and belittling their exploits. If Thersites had been a literary man his remarks would have made good copy. The Iliad of Thersites would have been considered spicy.

Shakespeare amused himself by imagining how the Homeric heroes would have been described by the vitriolic critics. Thersites is made to express himself in the sixteenth-century language of vituperation.

Agamemnon — 'an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brains as ear-wax.'

Diomedes — 'a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses.'

Patroclus — 'male varlet. . . . How the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!'

Ajax — 'thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows. . . . Thou scurvy valiant ass!'

Achilles and Ajax — 'Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains. He were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.'

So runs the Iliad of Thersites. But successive generations have preferred the *Iliad* of Homer. The old poet created a world and filled it with gods and godlike men. Here his heroes moved about freely. We are made to see the windy plain of Troy. We see the little ships that had sailed over perilous seas. We hear the Olympian laughter from distant mountain tops. When we hear Achilles saying, 'How many misty mountains and what resounding seas separate me from my dear native land,' the distance must be measured by Homer's standard and not ours. We must not remark smugly that an airplane could cover the distance in three quarters of an hour. On the other hand, we must remember that far-darting Apollo had facilities of travel more rapid than our own. To enjoy Homer's heroes we must see them in Homer's world.

And if there is to be a great American novel, it must arise in the mind of a great American. His mind must be large enough to take in the real America. It must have wide spaces in which all sorts and conditions of men may have room to live and grow. It must have a wide hospitality for that which is still hopefully unfinished. It must have curiosity, humor, and audacity. It must have appreciation for that which is still in the rough. It must have heroes of its own and its peculiar kind of hero worship. One thing we may be sure of — it will be the work of an American Homer and not of an American Thersites.

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LOVE—OR THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A VALUE

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

In one of those popular phrases too generally current to be attributed to any particular person, and hence seeming to have been uttered by a whole and united folk, our Victorian ancestors were accustomed to say that 'love is best.' Perhaps no other cultural group had ever set itself more resolutely to discipline this most unruly of passions by laying down the conditions under which one might permissibly indulge in it, and perhaps no other had expressed a more inflexible disapproval of any violation of the taboos with which it was surrounded; but, for all the strictness of its definition, it gave to 'virtuous love' the highest place in its hierarchy of values.

The age was, though we sometimes forget the fact, an age of many skepticisms, during which many things were called in question, but it never doubted the worth of that which we are accustomed to call, in a phrase whose downrightness would have shocked it profoundly, 'sublimated sex.' It looked with loathing and fear at any of the cruder manifestations of the sexual instincts, but when those instincts had been adorned with poetry, and submitted to the discipline of society, it regarded them as the source not only of the most admirable virtues, but of the most intrinsically valuable of human experiences as well. In theory, at least, a successful love crowned all other successes and obliterated all other failures. It made all men equal because all men were capable of it, and it stood between man and any ultimate pessimism because, so long as love was possible, life could not be either meaningless or not worth the living. Nor was this evaluation questioned by the leaders in any school of thought, for upon this point even Gladstone and Huxley would have agreed. Whether man were son of God or great-grandson of the ape, it was in love that he fulfilled himself. If he were the former, then love brought him nearer than anything else to the divine state from which he had fallen; if he were the latter, then at least love carried him to the highest level of which he was capable.

Now faiths such as this lie deeper than religious or political creeds. The Christian knows that he is a Christian and that other people are not; the Democrat is aware of theories of government other than his; but such tacit evaluations as that set upon love are accepted as matters of fact, almost as something established by the scheme of nature. These Victorians knew that they were, in the literal sense of the word, puritans here as elsewhere. They knew, that is to say, that they had insisted upon a soberness in love as well as in religion, and that they looked upon the antisocial tendencies of extravagant passion in the same way that they looked upon the antisocial tendencies of extravagant religion; but that it was in love that the meaning of life must inevitably be sought they never stopped to doubt. They did not

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much consider the fact that the ability to live for love in any form was a relatively recent accomplishment on the part of the human race; that the tacit assumption which lay behind all their literature and all their thinking was not, after all, part of the unchangeable nature of man, but merely an assumption, seemingly inevitable because it had been handed on and accepted by one generation after another, which had changed the rules of the game, but never doubted that it was worth the playing. And it was in part because love seemed to them so inevitably valuable that they were able to hold so firmly to their belief in its supreme importance.

We, however, have specialized in origins, and it requires no more than a glance at the past to show that the high values set upon love are not inevitable. Certainly the savage — the American Indian, for example — knows little of what we call romance. When he sings his songs or addresses his gods, when, that is to say, his consciousness reaches the intensest level of which he is capable, it is upon thoughts of agriculture and of war that he dwells. These are the activities which seem to him to be most worthy to be realized or adorned in contemplation, because they are the ones which seem to bring him closest to the meaning of life; and when he thinks of wooing he does so chiefly not because he regards love as the most significant of human emotions, but because his wife will bear him sons to help guide the destiny of the tribe or to slay its enemies. Like all human beings, the savage considers certain experiences as ends in themselves, but he still regards the act of sexual union as a relatively simple process, important chiefly because of its biological function; it is only somewhere between savagery and civilization that love is born.

At first it holds, no doubt, a relatively low place in the hierarchy of values. The stories which deal with it are at first fewer than those which deal with the struggle against the elements and warfare with neighboring tribes; the lover is still far less than the warrior the type of the hero; and soft emotions are still a matter for surprise, almost for shame. But, once these emotions have been accepted into song and story, they reveal an amazing capacity to elaborate and complicate themselves. They come to be regarded with respect and awe; a mythology quite as elaborate as that concerning the combats of warriors grows up around them; and tacitly it is assumed that a great love is a subject hardly less worthy, hardly less near the divine, than a great heroism.

Perhaps the sterner members of the society set themselves up against it and shake their heads when amorous songs or poems win more applause than warlike ones, but at least the romantic view of life has come to set itself against what, for want of a better name, we must call the heroic one, and a value is born.

Love is, then, not a fact in nature of which we become aware, but rather a creation of the human imagination; and this is true not only when we think of the word as implying some complicated system of attitudes like that of the Victorians, but even when we think of it as referring to no more than a mere physical act to which considerable importance is attached. The very singling out of this particular desire as one more significant than others must precede any attribution of transcendental values to it, and even this singling out took place recently enough for us to be aware of it. If mere lust cannot play any very large part in human life until the imagination has created it, how much more conspicuously is it true that we must regard as

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purely a creation of the human mind so complex a system of emotional attitudes — interwoven with all sorts of æsthetic sociological and mystical conceptions — as that which was implied by the Victorian in the word 'love.' Behind the simple phrase 'love is best' lies a history — half of social organization, half of human imagination — which volumes could not adequately trace.

Yet, artificial as is this system of values, and fundamentally illogical as are the associations which lead us to centre the chief human experiences around love, they tend strongly to perpetuate themselves, both because the young of a nation become habituated to an acceptance of them long before any critical sense is developed and because, so far as they are the result of any biologically transmutable evolution, the development of the race is recapitulated in that of the individual. As a child, the normal individual is, like the savage on all but special occasions, either almost unaware of sex or inclined to regard it as something between the ludicrous, the forbidden, and the obscene. He is ashamed of any unexpected emotion which he feels in the presence of his complement, and he is inclined to jeer at those slightly older than himself who show any tendency to abandon the — to him — rational preoccupations of childhood. But then, as he reaches adolescence, a change no less surprising to himself than to others takes place. Much that, as a child, he had heard without understanding becomes suddenly meaningful to him, and he realizes that he is capable of participating in experiences which have hitherto been known to him only by the words applied to them. All his daydreams now centre around exploits which a little before would have seemed to him silly, and if he happens to have been born into one of those highly developed societies, like our own, where love is often regarded as the supreme human privilege, he will invest thoughts of that which had been, a short time before, both ridiculous and obscene with a religious awe.

Not only will his thoughts be constantly busy with it, but he will tend to centre around it even those of his aspirations which do not seem to be actually related. He will plan to become virtuous, brave, and successful in order to please some member of the opposite sex; he will achieve wealth, power, or fame in order to lay them at her feet. Even those things which earlier — and perhaps also later — seem to him quite worth having for themselves must now borrow their value from her. The ramifications of a simple biological act have come to fill the universe, and it, with all that it involves, has come to be not merely one of the things which make life worth while, but *the* thing which at all justifies or makes it meaningful. For him, as for his race, love has, in a word, become a value, — perhaps the supreme one, — something indubitably worth while in itself and something capable by its own magic of making other things valuable either as means or as adornments.

Such a youth has come into an inheritance of illusions as important and perhaps as valuable as anything else which his ancestors have transmitted to him. He accepts it as part of nature, but it is, as surely as the government under which he lives or the house which shelters him, a human creation, and one which is more fundamental than any other, because it is not something which enables him to live, but something which endows living with a meaning and a purpose. It is an illusion to which centuries of existence have been necessary before it could assume the form and the apparent solidity with which to

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him it seems endowed, a value which was gradually created while other values faded away.

To the savage who knew nothing of romantic love the world was not so barren without it as it would seem under similar circumstances to the average Latin or Teuton of our day. The experiences of the hunt, still lingeringly delightful to many, were to him passionately absorbing and intrinsically as worth while as love-making later came to be. In the celebration of the spring festival he had as ecstatic a sense of a mystical initiation into the meaning of the universe as the modern young romantic for the first time in the arms of his mistress. But the possibility of these experiences has passed away.

While love was gradually being created, other values vanished; for such, for all their apparent inevitability to those who feel them, is their way; and to know this is to know that even the complex of illusions called 'love' is one which might also, under certain circumstances, pass away. Certain peoples, it is obvious, have never had it. Consider, for example, the mental and social organization not only of the savage, but of, let us say, the Chinese, whose entire spiritual life is fundamentally incomprehensible to us, largely because of the fact that, having always regarded sexual passion as a relatively trivial thing, they have set the highest value upon filial rather than upon marital love, and about this latter have centred not only their social structure, but the most important of their moral and emotional groupings as well, so that, for example, they would not be, like us, inclined to think of love as the chief source of virtue or the chief reward of fortitude.

Nor do we need, in order to get some faint idea how love might come to be less for us than it was for our ancestors, go so far afield as savagery or China, since we may observe in the lives of our own not too remote forefathers how certain self-justifying and intrinsically worth-while activities came to lose their magic. From certain pursuits — war, for example — they got satisfactions which, at least so far as the more advanced part of mankind is concerned, we find it difficult to understand. Of it, of chivalric honor, of national glory, of noble birth, and of various other things, they spoke in a way which indicates that these things had for them an emotional content which is rapidly becoming as nearly extinct as that which is embodied for the savage in the spring festival, and which it is almost as hard for us to understand as it would be for a Chinese sage to understand what we mean when we speak of a 'world well lost for love.'

Values of this kind seem so inevitably natural to those who accept them, and pass so insensibly away, that their rise and fall are only imperfectly recorded, but the changes which take place in their status are, perhaps, the most momentous events in the life of the human race. They have a far more profound effect upon man than any mere changes of government, for they are, in effect, changes of God, and they involve a change both in his whole conception of the meaning of the universe and in the thing for which he lives. Every time a value is born, existence takes on a new meaning; every time one dies, some part of that meaning passes away.

II

Most of the faiths which we received from the Victorians had already by then been shaken. Certainly the Church which they left us was already weakened and despoiled, and the majority of their dogmas had become

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gradually so much attenuated that it needed only the resolute 'Pooh!' uttered by the new generation to make them vanish away. Yet their religion of love, or at least the value which they attached to that passion, reached us almost intact. With no subject has the contemporary mind been more persistently busy, but it did not, in the beginning, think of questioning the fundamental premise.

If one reads the novels of H. G. Wells — which will stand as perhaps the best expression of the minds of the 'liberal' mass — one will see that, for all their social iconoclasm, they imply a tacit acceptance of the assumption that 'love is best' quite as complete as that of any Victorian novel; and if one reads the six volumes of Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* — which will stand perhaps as the completest and most characteristic of those works which made a rationalist attitude toward sex an important feature of the spirit of the age — one will see that to Ellis, too, love has its element of transcendental value. Neither the scientist nor the romancer dreamed of questioning the fact that love was the most significant of human experiences and that in it men might find the ultimate justification of life. If both were frequently concerned with an attack upon what were beginning to be called, even in popular language, the 'taboos' which surround the theory and the practice of love, both were so concerned because they thought of love as too obviously the supreme privilege of man to be burdened with irrational proscriptions; and their ultimate purpose was, in a word, not to cheapen or tarnish, but merely to free it.

The Victorians, for all their romantic system of values, had accepted the frustrations and the sacrifices entailed by their social code with a complacency which seemed to the new generation hardly less than heartless. They had seemed to take even a sort of perverse satisfaction in contemplating the bowed head with which people were supposed to acknowledge the inviolability of the rules and which Matthew Arnold had celebrated in two of his most characteristic stanzas: —

> Each in his own strict line we move,
> And some find death ere they find love;
> So far apart their lives are thrown
> From the twin soul that halves their own.
>
> And sometimes, by still harder fate,
> The lovers meet, but meet too late
> — Thy heart is mine; *True, true. Ah, true.*
> — Then, love, thy hand; *Ah, no! Adieu!*

They had, moreover, visited their punishments mercilessly, and they had even — witness George Eliot in *Adam Bede* — persuaded themselves that the punishments visited by society upon those who violated its taboos were the result of a law of nature, and the new generation was merely anxious to avoid the commoner tragedies of love which it regarded as avoidable. It looked forward to an individual who, free from a corroding sense of sin, should live in a society which placed no unnecessary restrictions upon emotional fulfillment, and, far from anticipating any cynical devaluation of love itself, it hoped only for an age in which men should love more freely, more fully, and more perfectly.

Yet it requires no more than a casual acquaintance with either contemporary life or its reflection in contemporary literature to enable one to perceive that this life hardly corresponds to the anticipation.

Freedom has come, but with it a certain lessened sense of the importance of the passions that are thus freely indulged; and, if love has come to be less often a sin, it has come also to be less often a supreme privilege. If one turns to the smarter of those

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novelists who describe the doings of the more advanced set of those who are experimenting with life, — to, for example, Mr. Aldous Huxley or Mr. Ernest Hemingway, — one will discover in their tragic farces the picture of a society which is at bottom in despair because, though it is more completely absorbed in the pursuit of love than in anything else, it has lost the sense of any ultimate importance inherent in the experience which preoccupies it; and if one turns to the graver of the intellectual writers, — to, for example, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. T. S. Eliot, or Mr. James Joyce, — one will find both explicitly and implicitly a similar sense that the transcendental value of love has become somehow attenuated, and that, to take a perfectly concrete example, a conclusion which does no more than bring a man and woman into complete possession of one another is a mere bathos which does nothing except legitimately provoke the comment, 'Well, what of it?' One can hardly imagine them concerned with what used to be called, in a phrase which they have helped to make faintly ridiculous, 'the right to love.' Individual freedom they have inherited and assumed as a right, but they are concerned with something which their more restricted forefathers assumed — with, that is to say, the value of love itself. No inhibitions either within or without restrain them, but they are asking themselves, 'What is it worth?' and they are certainly no longer feeling that it is obviously and in itself something which makes life worth the living.

To Huxley and Hemingway — I take them as the most conspicuous exemplars of a whole school — love is at times only a sort of obscene joke. The former in particular has delighted to mock sentiment with physiology, to place the emotions of the lover in comic juxtaposition with quaint biological lore, and to picture a romantic pair 'quietly sweating palm to palm.' But the joke is one which turns quickly bitter upon the tongue, for a great and gratifying illusion has passed away, leaving the need for it still there. His characters still feel the physiological urge, and, since they have no sense of sin in connection with it, they yield easily and continually to that urge; but they have also the human need to respect their chief preoccupation, and it is the capacity to do this that they have lost. Absorbed in the pursuit of sexual satisfaction, they never find love and they are scarcely aware that they are seeking it, but they are far from content with themselves. In a generally devaluated world they are eagerly endeavoring to get what they can in the pursuit of satisfactions which are sufficiently instinctive to retain inevitably a modicum of animal pleasure, but they cannot transmute that simple animal pleasure into anything else. They themselves not infrequently share the contempt with which their creator regards them, and nothing could be less seductive, because nothing could be less glamorous, than the description of the debaucheries born of nothing except a sense of the emptiness of life.

Now it is gratifyingly appropriate that this Huxley should be the grandson of the great Victorian exponent of life rationally conducted in the light of natural knowledge, since the predicament which he recognizes is a direct result of the application of the principles advocated by the grandfather. It is true, of course, that Thomas Henry Huxley felt too strongly the influence of Victorian taboos ever to indulge in any extended naturalistic consideration of the problems of sex, but the Ellises and the Wellses, whom we have taken as the type of those who have

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concerned themselves with such an effort, did little more than apply the principles which he laid down. They used analysis in an effort to clarify an illusion, and the result, which now seems as though it might have been foretold, was to destroy that illusion.

They were, to be sure, successful in the immediate objects which they proposed to themselves; they did, that is to say, succeed in freeing love, both by relaxing somewhat the ferocity with which society had punished conduct which deviated from even the mere letter of its code and by lifting from mankind the burden of that sense of guilt which had oppressed so many and not infrequently poisoned what would have been otherwise a mighty and perfect experience. But when the consequences of love were made less momentous, then love itself became less momentous too, and we have discovered that the now-lifted veil of mystery was that which made it potentially important as well as potentially terrible. Sex, we learned, was not so awesome as once we had thought; God does not care so much about it as we had formerly been led to suppose; but neither, as a result, do we. Love is becoming gradually so accessible, so unmysterious, and so free that its value is trivial.

That which the Victorians regarded as possessed of a supreme and mystical value was, as we have already pointed out, a group of related ideas and emotional aptitudes whose elements had, during a long period of time, been associated by means of connections not always logical. Analysis can dissociate them and has indeed done so, but in so doing it destroys the importance which only as a group they possessed. We know that the social consequences which once followed a surrender to love need no longer do so, and hence the nexus between the sexual act and those elements of the love complex which are predominantly social has disappeared. More important yet, we know, or rather we feel, that this act is a simple biological one which sends no reverberations through a spiritual universe, and so it no longer has any transcendental implications. With vertiginous rapidity it is being reduced to that which it was in savage or prehuman society, and threatens to become again no more than a simple physiological act with no more than a simple physiological act's importance or value.

For many generations the adolescence of the individual has repeated the miracle achieved in the first place by the human race as a whole; it has, that is to say, associated the new impulses suddenly discovered in itself with various duties to society and with all the other aspirations of which it is capable; but this miracle is one which is becoming constantly more difficult of performance. Certain individuals have always and for different reasons failed to achieve it, and they have been compelled in consequence to lead jangled lives; but more and more people find themselves victims of a disharmony which results from the fact that they cannot escape a continual preoccupation with a passion which seems to their intellect trivial, and it would not be wholly fanciful to say that this sense of disharmony, of the unworthiness of their aims, is the modern equivalent of the conviction of sin.

It is not to be supposed, I take it, that any mood so disrupted as this is destined to endure. It represents an unstable equilibrium of forces in which one or the other is bound sooner or later to yield; for if the passion of love is to be devaluated, then it must be made to play in human life a part as small as our slight estimate of its importance makes appropriate. Such was the position to which the early Church

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Fathers attempted to reduce it, and they were unsuccessful because the conflict which they felt between their instincts and their intellectual convictions was resolved in the religion of love; but the modern consciousness is surely destined either to evolve some equally mighty fiction or, while surrendering the erotic instinct as a source of important values, to dispose of it in some fashion involving a minimum of inconvenience and distraction. Nor is the fact that the ferocious and deliberate nastiness of some current writers suggests that of the Fathers, that, for example, Huxley has even in the midst of one of his novels quoted in the Latin from which he hardly dared translate it one of the most brutally scornful of their comments upon the flesh, merely an accident, since there is a certain similarity between the early saint and the contemporary sophisticate which is due to the fact that, however different their experiences may be, each rejects love for the same reason — each, that is to say, has refused to surround it with mystical implications, and each, looking at it as a mere biological fact, has found it ridiculous and disgusting. Certainly the nastiness of, let us say, James Joyce's *Ulysses* is the nastiness of an ascetic reviling the flesh in order that he may be free of it.

Now, if we set aside the ascetic ideal which in the past, at least, has generally proved itself radically impracticable, and if we set aside also the romantic ideal which the rationalizing tendencies of the human mind seem certain to destroy, there is only one way in which the artist — by which term is here meant whoever is distinctly human enough to have a plan for his life which he sets up in opposition to the simple plan of nature — may deal with sex, and that way is the one in which it is accepted as something ineluctable, perhaps, but nevertheless uncomplex and trivial. The man who follows it may feel no need to battle against the flesh; he may have no desire to waste his energies in a futile struggle against the inclinations of the natural man, and he may preach no stern denials; but he makes of love a game, a joke, a ribaldry even, in order that, since it no longer seems really significant, it may be reduced to a mere incident.

And if, leaving the Huxleys and the Hemingways, who are concerned with characters still in the midst of confusion, we turn to certain other novelists, poets, and critics, we shall find them at least adumbrating such a solution, as may be illustrated by the words put into the mouth of a by no means ascetic painter in one of the most powerful of contemporary novels. 'The tendency of my work,' he remarks, 'is, as you may have noticed, that of an invariable severity. Apart from its being good or bad, its character is ascetic rather than sensuous, and divorced from immediate life. There is no slop of sex in *that*.'

Such a character is merely the novelist's projection of a type which logically results from the effort to think one's way through the confusions just outlined. This painter — Tarr is his name — represents the direction in which we are moving, and he explains the growing popularity of abstract design in the plastic arts and of pure intellectualism in literature, since both represent a reaction from that diffusion of sublimated sex through all the arts which is one of the chief characteristics of romanticism. But however logical and inevitable such a tendency may be, and however preferable it is to an absorption in things which can no longer be respected, it must be remembered that it is, nevertheless, based upon a complete surrender of something which we have been accustomed to regard as

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one of the chief values in human life, and that it leaves a mighty blank in existence.

Whatever else love may still be, — game, puerility, or wry joke played by the senses and the imagination upon the intellect, — it no longer is the ultimate self-justifying value which once it was. We may still on occasion surrender to it, but surrender is no longer a paradoxical victory and the world is no longer well lost for love. Many other things we have come to doubt, — patriotism, self-sacrifice, respectability, honor, — but in the general wreck the wreck of love is conspicuous and typical. Rationalism having destroyed the taboos which surrounded it, and physiology having rudely investigated its phenomena upon the same level as other biological processes, it has been stripped of the mystical penumbra in whose shadow its transcendental value seemed real, though hid; and somehow, in the course of the very process of winning the right to love, love itself has been deprived of its value.

Such, in outline, is the process by which is accomplished what has here been called the death of a value. Many of us, not yet old, were born at a time when the religion of love was all but unquestioned, when it seemed to stand more firmly than even the religion of the Church, whose foundations science was already known to have slowly undermined. But if we have followed the course of modern thought we have seen it rapidly disintegrate. We have seen how works, of which Havelock Ellis's *magnum opus* is a type, claimed love as a legitimate subject for rationalistic consideration, and how, though Ellis himself believed that the superstructure of poetry would remain after its foundations had been subject to rational examination, just as Thomas Huxley believed that the superstructure of Christian morality would stand after the supernatural props had been removed from under it, the mystical values lingered as ghosts for only one generation after rationalism had attacked the mythology upon which they rested.

We have seen the rise of an atheism quite as significant in the history of the human soul as that which has regard to religion in the more conventional sense, and one whose result may be summed up by a consideration of the fact that, though the phrase 'love is best' meant to our grandfathers more things than a volume could describe, it is to us so completely denuded that we can only repeat it as we repeat one of those formulæ of theology which, though once rich with meaning, are to us only words, words, words.

III

Others who have described, though perhaps in somewhat different terms, the disintegration of the love complex have been concerned chiefly with its effect upon human society. They have stressed their fear that, for example, the progressive tendency to dissociate love from family life would involve the most thoroughgoing reconstruction of our social organization, even if it did not destroy the possibility of any stable society, and in general they have thought of modified sexual customs in terms of their effect upon the race. We, however, are here concerned with the individual and with the consequences which the process we have been describing may have for the intimate emotional life of the separate soul — with, in a word, the changes involved by the death of love in the character of what we may call the experience of living.

We will, if we must, give up the illusion of love. The time may come when it will mean to us even less than it now

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means to the philosophical Chinese and no more than it did to the savage; when, to state the case somewhat differently, romance will be, either as a motive in art or an aim in living, as fundamentally incomprehensible to us as it is to the American Indian, and when it will be so, not because we have not yet developed the complex system of associations upon which it depends, but because the analytical tendencies of our intelligence forbid our imagination to create the values once deemed so precious.

We may realize now that the effort to develop the possibilities of love as an adornment of life by understanding it more completely wrecks itself upon the fact that to understand any of the illusions upon which the values of life depend inevitably destroys them; but we realize that fact too late, and even if we should convince ourselves that we have paid too high a price for our rationality, that we should willingly reassume all the taboos of the Victorian if we could feel again his buoyant sense that the meaning of life had been revealed to him through love, we could no more recapture his illusions by means of an intellectual conviction than we could return to the passionate faith of the Middle Ages merely because, having read Ruskin, we should like to build a cathedral.

Nor is human life so rich in values as to justify us in surrendering any one of them complacently. At bottom, life is worth living only because certain of our conscious activities allowed themselves to be regarded as though they were possessed of some importance or significance in themselves, and even the number of such conscious activities is too strictly limited to permit us to accept without foreboding the reduction of so important a one as that of sexual union to the status of a mere triviality. Many of the life processes — and by no means the least important — are carried on without the accompaniment of any awareness whatsoever. The beating of the heart and the slow churning of the stomach, to say nothing of the infinitely complicated activities with which the glands are busy, are as little a part of that consciousness which we know of as ourselves as is the shifting of the earth upon its axis or the explosive disintegration of an atom of radium. In one sense man cannot either 'know himself' or 'live completely,' for the simple reason that only a fragment of his total organism is connected with that part of the brain wherein resides all that he is accustomed to call his ego or self. The body keeps itself alive by processes which we neither will nor recognize, and death may be preparing itself for months before a warning finally bursts its way into that relatively small mass of cells to which our awareness and hence our emotions confine themselves. When the life of any individual rises above the dim level of the mere toiler whose existence is scarcely more than a round of duties, and reaches that distinctly human level upon which contemplation in some form or other furnishes the motive for living, it does so because he has attributed a meaningfulness to some aspect of consciousness, but the possibilities for such attribution are limited.

Eating, because it is a conscious and not an unconscious process, because the taste buds of the tongue happen to be connected by nerves with the cerebrum and not the cerebellum, can be made into one of the ceremonies by which life is elaborated and can pass as a symbol into poetry and philosophy. So, for the same reason, can the act of sexual union; but both digestion and gestation, because they are controlled without the intervention of consciousness, are destined to remain merely unadorned

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processes of nature. Man has wanted to live in order to love or even in order to eat, but hardly in order either to gestate or to digest. Yet it is merely an accident of our nervous organization that this is so.

Thus it is that of the infinitely complicated processes of life, in the biological sense, only a few are subject to that elaboration and poetization which make them even potentially a part of significant human experience. Just as the ears can hear only a certain limited class of the innumerable kinds of waves which roll incessantly through the air, and the eyes can see only a certain few of those vibrations in the ether which, after ranging from red to violet, pass on into invisibility, so, too, only a few of the processes of life furnish materials available to the mind. From a limited number of colors we must paint our pictures, from a limited number of sounds compose our symphonies, and from a limited number of conscious processes construct our 'good life.' But we are no more aware through our minds of the totality of what living involves than we are through our sense of the entire natural world. To ultra-violet light we are as blind as a man without eyes, and, similarly, most of our biological existence is as meaningless to us as the life of an insect is to it. Whatever does not happen within a few square inches upon the surface of our forebrain does not, so far as we are concerned, happen at all. It cannot be made the source of any human value, because it is a part of us which lives as the plant lives, without any knowledge of itself.

Nature, then, has imposed a certain rigid selection upon us. Grudgingly, perhaps, she has permitted us to be aware of certain of her activities, and has bid us do what we may by way of contemplating or elaborating them until they seem to become not, as to her all things are, merely the means by which life is kept going, but ends to be enjoyed or valued in themselves. Within the limits which she has set we have, moreover, made certain choices of our own. Certain of the available conscious processes have seemed to us more suitable than others for this contemplation or elaboration, and we have devoted ourselves to them, leaving the others merely upon the fringe of awareness. Thus we made mere animal combativeness into chivalry, surrounded lair-making with all the association which belongs to the idea of home, and created a sense of the presence of God out of the fears for our security; but the greatest and most elaborate of our creations was love, and the process by which it is stripped of its meaning is a process by which man is dehumanized and life is made to sink back to a level nearer that of the animal, for whom life is a phenomenon in which there is no meaning except the biological urge.

At the very least it means that a color has faded from our palette, a whole range of effects dropped out of our symphony. Intellectually we may find romantic people and romantic literature only ridiculous, intellectually we may convince ourselves that we regret the passing of love no more than the passing of the spring festival or even the disappearance of those passionate convictions which made civil war seem to the Middle Ages intrinsically worth while; but we cannot deny that life is made paler and that we are carried one step nearer to that state in which existence is seen as a vast emptiness which the imagination can no longer people with fascinating illusions.

For the more skeptical of the Victorians, love performed some of the functions of the God whom they had

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lost. Faced with it, many of even the most hard-headed turned, for the moment, mystical. They found themselves in the presence of something which awoke in them that sense of reverence which nothing else claimed, and something to which they felt, even in the very depths of their being, that an unquestioning loyalty was due. For them love, like God, demanded all sacrifices; but like Him, also, it rewarded the believer by investing all the phenomena of life with a meaning not yet analyzed away. We have grown used — more than they — to a Godless universe, but we are not yet accustomed to one which is loveless as well, and only when we have so become shall we realize what atheism really means.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I

SINCE no one, I suppose, reads Tennyson nowadays, I may recall that, in the poem whose title I am borrowing in order to attempt to reinterpret it, he begins by explaining that before his 'eyelids dropt their shade' he had been reading Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*. With its magic in his brain, he fell asleep and, by a natural transformation, saw an array of women by no means all of whom Chaucer, or anyone else, would have called good, but all of whom, like Tennyson, he would have called fair. Eve he did not see distinctly, but, in those of her daughters whom he did perceive, beauty was destiny, and its record pain. Everywhere, for him, beauty and anguish walked hand in hand. Into the moral, if any, in that, I do not stay to inquire; my quarry is rather different.

Tennyson wrote his 'Dream' in 1832. Fourteen years later Charlotte Brontë began *Jane Eyre*. To Jane Eyre belongs the distinction of being the first heroine of romantic experience and appeal whose creator threw any claim to fairness, in the Tennysonian sense, out of the window, while endowing her, in full measure, with fairness of mind, in the masculine sense. This was an adventure by no means risked by the parent of Becky Sharp. Thackeray dropped the conventional exterior, but retained the conventional interior. Not Jane's plainness of face, but her fairness of mind makes *Jane Eyre* a revolutionary book, and keeps it so, despite all that is old-fashioned in it. It enunciated a notion which is still regarded as a paradox, although time is more and more giving it proof — the notion that the standard of fairness in woman is the standard of fairness in man; that in her, as in him, it applies to mind and conduct, and not to face only.

When we talk of a man as being fair, we mean that he has a mind in which truth has its lodgment, which assigns just values to different elements, and decides on balance, unswayed by personal prejudice or predilection—a

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mind for which standards exist and have compulsive force. And we mean, above all, that he has a sense of honor, and that it is operative. Jane Eyre is fair in this sense. This element in her retains its freshness and its force even at a period when the other novelty in her creation — that of direct and unashamed passion, a feeling that does not wait to be asked, but comes forth, autonomous, glorying in itself — has lost its brightness through perpetual iteration.

That women, whether homely or comely, can feel, we have been shown *ad nauseam;* are they not, to-day, apt to claim a superiority on that count? Its validity may well be doubted; what has been less noticed, but is, actually, far more significant, is that they are claiming, in action, their birthright and their inheritance as creatures whose fairness goes more than skin-deep. There are plenty of reasons for thinking ill of our own period (as of any other); there is, surely, this reason for thinking well of it: that, beneath its unexhilarating chaos of standards and turmoil of assertions, it is — in fact, if not with full awareness — working out a dream of women fair in this sense; and that, in so doing, it is, through all the uncomfortable throes that belong to any creative process, working out its own salvation.

Nor are women, in this, casting off their ancestress. On the contrary, they are, at long last, being true to her. Eve, the great 'mother of us all,' is, I have long thought, a much maligned character. Not because it is assumed, in flat contempt of the laws of heredity, that she is the parent of all women and of no men; that all women are her daughters, and no men her sons. She need no more be ashamed of her progeny than they of her. Many of them might, indeed, be glad could they believe that they have no kinship with the man who despicably tried to shuffle off responsibility by saying, 'The woman tempted me' — surely the meanest utterance on record. But they know, to their sorrow, that Adam is their father; the 'primal curse' rests and has rested upon them as heavily as upon their brothers — perhaps the more heavily that it has not, until these latter days, been recognized.

No, the injustice to Eve is darker and more ungrateful than this. She has been presented, in innumerable paintings and poems, as the mere temptress. Beautiful, it is true, dangerously beautiful; but in character a creature of the simplest impulses and appetites, a mere weakling who could not restrain her hurried greed, but ate the fruit of the tree when she was solemnly told not to do so. As if that were all!

Where, without Eve, should we have been? Like Adam, content to sleep in the sun, ignorant, helpless, irresponsible, incapable of achievement, of the construction of any standard or scale of values. She set her little white teeth into the apple, and so gave us a knowledge of good and evil. Idle and irrelevant to call it the 'accursed fruit,' when good could be known by us only at the price of knowing evil. Adam, content to know neither, to do as he was told without questioning why, was as the beasts of the field. A simpler world we might have inherited, had his numb incuriosity determined its shape for us — but how much less interesting, and how devoid of hope! It would, in that case, have been a world about which we could have known nothing. It is to Eve we owe the best things we possess: hard recognition of the fact that everything has to be paid for, and, above all, intellectual curiosity. Yet, until quite recent times, these keys of Heaven have been confined, in the main, to the keeping of men, who have

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asked of the daughters of Eve that they should look like their mother, and have taken little interest in the daughters' efforts to be like her. But those efforts are now very active. Intellectual curiosity may be, to-day, causing some unedifying experimentation, and a good deal of loud smashing of crockery; but not all the crockery deserved the piety with which it was preserved, and the clearance is making it possible to see things obscure before.

II

It is, as a rule, the particular that illuminates the general. As an example of the type of woman, numerous to-day, who heralds and in herself represents the new, fair-minded strain, I think of my friend Daphne Marjoribanks. Daphne is characteristic, further, in this: those whose contacts with her are merely social get an impression that is strictly misleading. I last met her at a dinner party. By way, perhaps, of relieving the tedium of the interval that occurs sometimes in the drawing-room before the gentlemen rejoin the ladies, Daphne was enlarging upon the superior attractions of what she called 'bad men.' She had at table sat next a man described, by his partner on the other side, as a 'person of shocking reputation' whom she was 'rather surprised to meet here,' and partly, I fancy, out of a malicious pleasure in teasing this other lady Daphne sang his praises loudly.

'I always find that type of man amusing, and they generally return the compliment — which is even more amusing!'

'I, on the contrary,' said the other lady, 'always find their attention just a shade insulting!'

'Really?' Daphne's smile was brilliant. 'I don't. With a man like that, one has such a comfortable, easy feeling; he knows the ropes, he can play the game.'

'Of course; he flirts with everyone.'

'Well, I like that. It pleases me. It keeps my hand in. Nowadays so few men know how to do that neatly. He does. You can see from his technique that he is a skilled performer, and that's always such a comfort. I have yet to meet the good man who is that. Good men are either afraid or out of practice, or never knew how. The latter mostly, I suspect.'

At this all the wives present bristled, as though they felt that their husbands had been personally attacked — accused of either dullness or lightness. But Daphne was on one of her hobby-horses now, and did not care.

'I always find I get on better with bad men than with good. You can talk to bad men — or, which is even better, they know how to talk to you. Good men bore me — they make me feel plain. Bad men make me feel handsome.'

In Daphne's talk — always 'modern' to the last degree; so modern, indeed, that she might serve as Exhibit A for any foreigner or visitant from Mars to whom one wanted, briefly and succinctly, to convey where we are, in that regard — this preference for 'bad' men is a standing topic. Her conversation, anyhow, is notably free; she has a penchant for all that is broad and Rabelaisian in humor, and delights, or says she delights, in plays and novels which stress that note. Her vocabulary is anything but elegant or refined, and is enriched by a first-hand familiarity with the stable and the stock book. She never adjusts her conversation to her company. The older notion that there are things that women may mention to one another or discuss in female company, but not when men are present, is one for which she has an exasperated contempt. She is attractive

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to men and has endless cheery companions with whom she goes to shows, race meetings, and night clubs. She dances well, rides even better, is an expert driver of any and every type of car, can take anyone on at cards. Blatantly she enjoys herself. There are people among her large and varied acquaintance who put Daphne down as a 'bad hat' and can produce evidence sufficient to satisfy themselves that such is the case.

Such, however, is not the case. She may take risks, but she is thoroughly aware of what she is doing, and certainly would never blame anyone but herself for any awkward consequences of a misjudgment. But I do not think that she makes many mistakes, perhaps because she has so few illusions. The 'evidence' that satisfies those of her acquaintance who find it amusing to think ill of her has this weakness: it is almost exclusively conversational. And Daphne's conversation is the one thing about her that is conventional. In that, it resembles the conversation of many women — and men — of her day.

III

'Time,' said Goethe to Eckermann, nearly a hundred years ago, 'is a strange thing. It is a whimsical tyrant, which in every country has a different face for all that one says and does. We cannot, with propriety, say things which were permitted to the ancient Greeks; and the Englishman of 1830 cannot endure what suited the vigorous contemporaries of Shakespeare: so that, at the present day, it is found necessary to have a Family Shakespeare.'

In 1928, we may say 'things permitted to the ancient Greeks.' In 1928, the Englishman and the Englishwoman can 'endure what suited the vigorous contemporaries of Shakespeare.' But in return for these freedoms we have a new set of taboos. That is all that has happened. People who still cling to the old enjoy the luxury of being horrified by their contemporaries, while those same contemporaries are horrified if they are ever found out in being or doing anything 'old-fashioned.'

Nor is the rule of fashion confined to words, though it is in relation to words that its swift permutations can be most easily tracked. It applies all over the 'moral' world. Thus, for instance, in Jane Austen's day Sunday traveling was, quite seriously, taken as a sign of looseness of morals. Half a century later, under the Victorian dispensation, gambling, drinking, attendance at prize fights, were all dubious practices, even in men. To-day they are 'smart,' even in women. To-day, *per contra*, not to be easy in such matters, free, and, if possible, a shade *risqué* in speech, is to incur the reproach of a Puritan respectability — and from respectability men and women shrink as from the plague.

Daphne is of her period, and accepts its conventions. They are, in their way, quite as rigid as the old, though they happen to be the old, upside down. So, being modern, she would be injured if she were called respectable, and would blush to find herself liking a respectable character. But it is, as ever, the label she cares about, not the fact. And, for herself, her talk is one thing, her action quite another. It is her action, which is individual, not her talk, which is conventional, that you must interrogate if you want to understand her. And she is typical and, therefore, worth understanding.

Daphne, though she likes to hide it, has an energetic brain. She reads far more widely than anyone would gather who met her socially, since, socially, she thinks 'brainy' talk bad form.

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But her social life is only intermittent, — an interlude, — her real sphere of action is in the country, where she spends most of her time, only dashing up to town every now and then for what she calls 'a little light relief.' The country occupies nine tenths of her days, though less than one tenth of her conversation. She runs her father's stables and his farm. Of rural and agricultural problems she has a first-hand knowledge; she knows all there is to know about fertilizers, agricultural machinery, coöperative credit, and so on; she has studied Denmark and written a small manual on dairy work, a masterpiece of lucidity and compression. (She would bite my head off if I mentioned it in town.) She is 'in' farming politics and on innumerable committees, where she is one of those invaluable and rare members who really attend to business. An intelligent musician, she has established a flourishing series of local concerts.

In all this she knows what she is about, and has a clear and animating sense of purpose. Her town friends know nothing of this side of her life, but for her, in the long run, it is the point. She enjoys it. It is from it that her authentic, individually effective scale of values — those standards of conduct to which she would, indignantly, deny the name of morals — is derived. In her work, she separates sheep from goats with unsparing clarity. She has a principle of discrimination, which she calls 'decency.' Decency with her is not, of course, a matter of sex relationships. It is a social quality. The decent man or woman is the one who can be relied upon not to let you, or the side, down; the one who takes his work conscientiously, whatever it be; who does not tell lies, or put the blame on others; who knows, though he may not talk about it, that there are some things that must, and others that cannot, by a decent person, be done. Her definitions may not be very clear, but Daphne knows what she means and can 'spot' what she calls the decent, and I should call the fair, man or woman with unerring accuracy — and the indecent. Where decency is concerned, she is harsh and swift in her judgments. She will pursue the offender against it with a quite mediæval ruthlessness and rejoices when she can exact an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. At the same time, she is endlessly generous toward the failings of those whom she has passed as decent. Her loyalty to them has an almost religious authority. She may talk as though she were careless of the sanctity of the marriage contract, but in her enforcement of any and every other contract she is rigorous. Especially of that unwritten contract which declares the things that the decent must do or leave undone.

If there is one adjective that describes her attitude and her action, it is 'fair.' She is fair to men — fair, above all, in that she does not, in any part of her mind, cherish an expectation, from any one of them, of a transformation of her own life into endless happiness. She knows that life is what she herself can make it; that it is a question of giving, rather than of taking. This saves her from the characteristic bitter unfairness of the single woman's attitude toward men, or from the hardly veiled resentment of many of the married.

I ought, perhaps, at this point, to explain that Daphne is not the 'young girl' about whom there has been so much throwing about of brains. She represents a not less numerous group, of equal social significance, and of more significance in the making of opinion. She is forty. True, like other women of forty to-day, it must be said of her, as of the lady in the *Punch* cartoon:

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'Whatever your age, mum, you don't look it.' If, at forty, she is unmarried, that is by her own choice. In other words, the person she desired at one time to marry was not available, and, since it was him and not the 'institution' she desired, she has not married anybody else. She accepts her state; she bears no grudge against it. Flirtations she enjoys all the more that, like a man, she, as she would herself put it, takes them 'in her stride,' does not put any great stress upon them. There are other things in her life. Her talk about sex does not imply that she is always thinking about it — rather, that she is not. It has for her, as for so many women, passed, once and for all, out of the category of prohibited and therefore attractive secrets, and settled down into the category of things that are to be taken as they come. She pays her tribute to ruling convention in her conversational references, but in action is more concerned with other aspects of life — that very large subject, of which sex is a small part. And in nothing is she more typical of the 'new woman' than in this.

IV

Women, traditionally, keep the world's conscience. Even in times when they were permitted little else of their own, and might be guardians neither of their children nor of their property, they had assigned to them this somewhat double-edged privilege of being the guardians of morality.

This fact, historically, in the times from which we are now emerging, has had a very curious result. Women looked after morals. Women were restricted in their action, and, to a large extent, in their thought, to a very limited portion of the area of human conduct. Morals, almost without anyone's noticing it, submitted, consequentially, to a similar restriction.

Morals, in the older, original sense of the word *mores*, cover the whole of a man's relations to his fellows, the whole area of social as well as of individual behavior, and concern conduct in all the relations of life. Essentially, *mores* are the body of rules gradually worked out by experience and accepted by human beings as its result, to enable them to live, as they must live, together — the handbook of communal life. In this sense, moral conduct is that which conduces to happy and fruitful social living; immoral, that which makes it dangerous, insecure, and sterile.

But it is not so that, in common contemporary parlance, we employ the term. Morals, in actual usage, have been confined in their application to one aspect of social relations — that between the two sexes. 'Moral' and 'immoral,' used as adjectives descriptive of men or women, or of their behavior, have come to be limited, almost technical, terms. The broad and general meaning that belongs to *mores* has shrunk to something narrowly specific.

The shrinkage is not due to the substitution of Christian for pagan ethics. In mediæval times, when the Christian rule was more definite and effective than to-day, the conception of morals was far wider than ours. Compare, for instance, the current and familiar use of the word with such a catalogue as the 'Seven Deadly Sins.' Lust there is only one item in a series which comprises pride, anger, envy, avarice, gluttony, and sloth in addition to it. To-day, lust has eaten up all the rest. Pride, anger, envy, avarice, and gluttony are signs of the successful everywhere. Sloth, still a sin in the working classes, is the mark of achievement in the upper. What a devastating clearance would society have to undergo were all the arrogant, the gourmands,

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the ill-tempered, all who covet their neighbors' goods or hoard their own, to be condemned! Public life would become a desert. No profession would be safe. As it is, if we read in the newspapers that a prominent man or woman has been found out in 'flagrant immorality,' it is not of any of these sins that we think, but only of an infraction of one item in the social code.

This curious shift of emphasis is, in the main, surely due to the fact that morals have been consigned to the supervision of a sheltered caste. The outcome of such relegation has been, as it is bound to be, the erection of a code that is not only barrenly limited, but — and this is, really, more important — almost purely negative.

If one interrogates current opinion, one finds that morality means no more than a state of freedom from any accusation of immorality. It has no positive content. We class those men and women as moral against whom no act of immorality has been adduced; and by immorality we mean that particular sexual offense which women have been allowed to condemn, while they were compelled to tolerate it in the persons of their male relations. For the chastity of which women were constituted the defenders was, in the legal codes of most nations, an aspect of the fact that they were the property of their husbands. Nowhere is this point of view more barbarously revealed than in the practice of the British divorce courts, which allow the injured husband to claim monetary damages from the corespondent assessed in ratio to the degree of virtue which the court assigns to the erring wife.

Precarious and unstable as is this whole 'moral' construction, it has proved incapable of maintaining itself, its guardians once emancipated from their 'shelter.' Within the last half century, our common social life has been transformed; and the changes that have taken place in it have been changes primarily of the status, occupation, and outlook of women. These changes, to which there is no parallel save those in industry at the turn of the nineteenth century, will, like them, require decades before their effects are worked out; but they too represent a revolution. Between the woman of 1928 and the lady of 1878 lies a whole hemisphere of experience and discovery. It amounts to nothing less than this: that into the inner life of women there has crashed the whole of the world outside, before closed off from them, in theory if not always in fact. They have entered into contact with all the forces — social, economic, political — that before made the world, as men knew it, different from the world as women did. The artificial barriers, the so-called shelter, have been washed away. What is happening is that women are, with a striking rapidity, adjusting their highly sensitive — to a large extent artificially sensitized — emotional apparatus to a world whose sustained and steady pressure on men has long ago forced them to indurate and segregate their emotional reactions.

One of the first actions of any released prisoner is to kick off his fetters. If the wine of liberty goes to his head, he may go on to sing pæans to license. That does not last long, however. He is back in a world where conduct is more difficult than in prison and requires a much more various and intelligent technique. So it is with women. Thrust, to-day, into the large world from which they were once secluded, the inadequacy of the code to whose service they were dedicated is now becoming apparent to them. Achievement, whether conceived of in material or in spiritual terms, requires positive, not merely negative, qualities; a code of action must have a positive content,

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whether or no it be called moral. Even within the home they are asking whether, in either partner, envy, greed, ill temper, idleness, gross physical excess, an overweening arrogance, an unbridled egotism, are not as detrimental, domestically and socially, as flightiness of affection. If, for the moment, they are inclined to take that last item lightly, this is a natural reaction against long overemphasis. A preference for 'bad' men is a last shade of the prison house. As they come out, more and more, from those old shadows, and new interests and wide responsibilities press on them, a new conception of companionship arises. Integrity of attraction may be one of its elements; but it, in its turn, is but one aspect of that 'decency' which constitutes the basis of Daphne's effective code, as of that 'fairness' which is the same thing under another name.

Do not forget, either, that if fairness in character and conduct is what men have always prized in one another, though they have only rarely and intermittently looked for it in the other sex, exactly the same is true of women. The woman whom women admire resembles very closely the man whom men do. The beauty that either sex looks for in itself is more than skin-deep. Each sex has hitherto looked, with an astonishment in which there is no small infusion of contempt, at the individuals selected from among it for admiration by the other. Women scorn the 'man's woman' no less than men do the 'woman's man' — and for the same reasons; in each case they see a being inferior in fairness, who would be rejected by his own kind on that ground. This is the point at which the 'dual standard of morality' has really been fatal. If, as I believe, the emancipation of the minds of women is really breaking it down here, there may be a wider realization than was dreamed of in the strange words of Francis Thompson: —

The Woman I behold, whose vision seek
All eyes and know not; t'ward whom climb
The steps o' the world, and beats all wing of rhyme,
And knows not; 'twixt the sun and moon
Her inexpressible front enstarred
Tempers the wrangling spheres to tune;
Their divergent harmonies
Concluded in the concord of her eyes,
And vestal dances of her glad regard.
I see, which fretteth with surmise
Much heads grown unsagacious-grey,
The slow aim of wise-hearted Time,
Which folded cycles within cycles cloak:
We pass, we pass, we pass; this does not pass away,
But holds the furrowing earth still harnessed to its yoke.

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THE IRRITATING EFFICACY OF ENGLISH CRIMINAL JUSTICE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

ENGLAND and America are supposed to be more or less alike in their methods of reaching justice by law. No American lawyer, for example, speaking to his English brethren, and no English lawyer speaking before a bar association in this country, would think his speech complete without some well-rounded phrase about our common heritage in the common law, or some reference to the Anglo-Saxon concept of justice as that great and enduring tie which binds our countries together. These sentiments have been so often and so fully expressed, with such due regard to their soporific solemnity, that their repetition here would be only a waste of good printer's ink.

The really impressive thing is not the similarities between English and American law, but the differences. These differences are not merely in the matter of procedure and formulas, but in something far more fundamental: the practical effective relationship of law, not to the theory, but to the reality, of government. It is some of these differences which I propose to discuss here in connection with criminal law and its enforcement.

At the outset, let me take an illustration of these differences between the two countries in another field. England, as we know, does not, like our own country, prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. Recently, however, the London newspapers have been full of the tearful appeals of the great distillers, who claim that they are facing ruin by heavy taxes, which have increased from twenty-five cents a bottle on whiskey in pre-war days to nearly two dollars a bottle now. The English consumption of whiskey at the present time, we are told, is only about one third of what it was in 1914, and forty-two distillers have closed down during the past ten years. If it were not, they say, for the export trade to prohibition America, the distillers' industry would have been completely destroyed. Statistics show, moreover, that in a most marked way drunkenness has fallen off in England since the war, partly because of these taxes and partly because of new limitations on the hours during which licensed publicans may vend their wares, which in general correspond with the usual hours for the consumption of food. These results in the diminution of intoxication have been obtained under a policy which characterizes English law — the principle of having a definite practical relationship between statutes as enacted and their enforceability as a part of the reality rather than the theory of government.

It is the English theory that regulative and prohibitive legislation should have a direct relationship with public sentiment. Law with the English ordinarily means, not a moral sentiment tortured into legal form, but something practical, enforceable, and to be obeyed.

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There are special reasons why we should be interested in the operation of English criminal law. One reason is that it seems to work far more satisfactorily than our own. We in America are organizing crime commissions in a dozen states, with a national commission as a coördinating force, to study the alarming growth in our criminality — with statistics of crime showing a varying but steady increase, with our prisons full to overflowing, and with our legislatures busily engaged in increasing the punishment for felonies, providing mandatory life sentence for so-called habitual offenders, limiting or abolishing parole or probation, to add to the terrors of the law for the startlingly small percentage of offenders who are caught. On the other hand, we have the irritating spectacle of England going through hard times, suffering from unemployment and heavy taxes, yet steadily diminishing her criminal classes, closing prisons, selling jails and lockups found to be no longer needed.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks said before the International Prison Congress in 1923 that fifty years ago there were 20,000 prisoners in English local prisons and now 8000; that fifty years ago there were 10,000 prisoners undergoing penal servitude and now 1600; that the number of local prisons had been reduced in the meantime from one hundred and thirteen to thirty-one, and prisons for prisoners sentenced to penal servitude had been reduced from thirteen to four. Still further progress was made in the following five years.

There are to-day four times as many prisoners undergoing penal servitude in the State of New York alone as in the whole of the British Isles. It might be added that New York is unable to accommodate with prison cells some 1200 prisoners now huddled in her existing prisons, and is arranging to build another state prison.

In the United States a survey recently made by the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor shows an increase of prison population of 27 per cent since 1923. What makes the contrast even worse is the fact that the recent report of the National Crime Commission shows that the percentage of offenses committed in which the offender is apprehended and punished is far higher in England than with us.

Therefore it should be worth while for us, even in Chicago, where King George and all his works are temporarily under a cloud, to study English criminal law for what it may teach us.

II

Let us take up, in the first place, criminal appeals. There is an obvious reason why criminal appeals are especially important. The appeal court is like the neck of a bottle — the practical efficiency of any system of criminal law is determined largely by what happens there. If that court is slow, technical, learned, and overcritical, the whole system must adapt itself to the tempo and spirit of its governing authority at the top. The extent and nature of criminal appeals, the conditions under which they may be taken, what questions can be heard, the speed with which they may be disposed of, are, therefore, matters of primary importance.

The outstanding new feature of English criminal law is its Court of Criminal Appeal. It began in 1907 with the Criminal Appeal Act of that year, which went into effect in April 1908. Before that date there had been appeals allowed in criminal cases on questions of law, the verdict of the jury on the facts being final and conclusive. Roughly stated, the old English system was much what it had been

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in Blackstone's time and much like what it is to-day in many of our American states. When it came to organizing a Court of Criminal Appeal, however, instead of following the American fashion of putting a few timid patches on an old system and calling it 'law reform,' the English enacted legislation of a quite different character. The new system, to be sure, was adopted only after a half century of agonizing parliamentary debates, of endless pamphlets by learned lawyers, after every argument of conservatism against reform had been heard and heard again. It was adopted notwithstanding the vaticinations of its opponents that it would result in a court swamped with countless frivolous appeals that would result, in turn, in delays and the general encouragement of crime.

The Act itself, it should also be noted, was largely the work of laymen, the English public having become tired of the continuous objections of a timid bar. Instead, therefore, of a hesitant and incomplete experiment, the new Act creating the Court of Criminal Appeal was a very bold innovation. In fact it is a court with powers so broad and startling that it cannot be contemplated by the average American lawyer without a shudder.

This Court of Criminal Appeal can allow an appeal and set aside a conviction if it thinks a jury's verdict is 'unreasonable' or cannot be supported by the evidence, or because of a wrong decision on a question of law, or if it thinks that 'on any ground there was a miscarriage of justice.'

If the judges think the sentence was too severe, they can shorten it. If, on the other hand, the prisoner appeals from a sentence because he thinks it too long, and the court, on the contrary, thinks it is too short, the court can lengthen the sentence. If the prisoner was convicted on two counts and the court thinks he was properly convicted on one and not on the other, it can make a substitute sentence for the offense for which it thinks he was properly convicted. If it appears that the prisoner was improperly convicted of one offense with which he was charged and the court thinks he was guilty of another with which he was not charged, and if the court believes the jury must have been satisfied that the evidence proved him guilty of the uncharged offense, then, instead of allowing or dismissing the appeal, the court can substitute for the verdict found by the jury a judgment of guilty of the uncharged offense, provided that the punishment is not more severe.

This is all very bewildering to an American lawyer. What American appeal court can to-day lengthen or shorten a sentence, or substitute a sentence on a crime of which the court thinks the jury must have thought the prisoner guilty for a sentence on a crime for which he was tried and was improperly found guilty? What American appeal court could or would allow a convicted defendant, for example, to call before it for examination a witness who had not been heard in the court below for lack of carfare to attend the original trial?

The main point seems simply to be this. The English people, when they finally concluded after a long delay and many misgivings to create an appeal court for criminal cases, did the following very original and startling thing: they gave the new court every conceivable power to correct any miscarriage of justice, and the widest possible discretion in the handling of criminal appeals.

III

At first blush it would seem that the misgivings of the original objectors to

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the English Court of Criminal Appeal had merit and that the court was bound to be swamped with frivolous appeals. Consider the phraseology of the court's power to determine appeals. It is this: —

> The Court of Criminal Appeal on any such appeal against conviction shall allow the appeal if they think that the verdict of the jury should be set aside on the ground that it is unreasonable or cannot be supported having regard to the evidence, or that the judgment of the court before whom the appellant was convicted should be set aside on the ground of a wrong decision of any question of law, or that on any ground there was a miscarriage of justice, and in any other case shall dismiss the appeal.

It would certainly seem that if the Appeal Court could set aside a verdict because it thought it was unreasonable, or because for any reason whatever the court thought there was a miscarriage of justice, the temptation to appeal would be great and the number of appeals would be excessive. Before considering the reasons why these misgivings have not proved to be real, it should be said that, according to the Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, who is the head of the English Court of Criminal Appeal, only 7 per cent of defendants having a right to appeal do so; that the court averages about 520 cases a year; that the range of sentences reduced has run from 17 to 47, and the number of convictions quashed from 14 to 39. The court was able to dispose of all the cases which came before it in 1924 in 41 days, in 42 days in 1925, and in 35 days in 1926.

Perhaps one reason why there have been so few appeals has been that the court, having the widest possible authority to determine whether or not a given conviction was right or wrong, has been forbidden by the Act from considering anything else. 'In any other case,' the Act says, the court 'shall dismiss the appeal.'

One feature of the English court which must have immense value in the repression of crime is the speed of its work. We in America completely lose sight of the psychological importance of speed in the final determination of criminal cases. Someone, for example, is murdered. It may be a very gross and inhuman crime. We are shocked at the wrong done to the victim at the time we first hear of the case. Long before its final determination, however, the dead victim has faded from our memory and we simply have before us the picture of the living defendant squirming to escape punishment for his crime, and our sympathies go to him largely because we have forgotten his victim.

This cannot happen in England. The average length of time that elapses in England from the day the appeal is taken, which has to be ten days after conviction, to the day it is finally disposed of in the Court of Criminal Appeal is less than five weeks. Even by the shortest of memories the victim cannot be forgotten in this time. With us the pressure, if any, for speed in criminal appeals is ordinarily on the part of the prosecutor. In England it is quite the reverse. The pressure is on the part of the defendant himself. This marked difference between our system and the English is due to a provision which doubtless would seem quite shocking to us. In England when a man is convicted he never obtains a certificate of reasonable doubt, or goes out on bail. He goes to prison. If he takes an appeal he is entitled, as the English law says, 'to special consideration as an appellant,' whatever that may mean, but he stays in prison while his appeal is progressing. What is more, the time which elapses between his conviction and the time his appeal

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is heard does not subsequently count on his sentence. He is obviously in a hurry, under these circumstances, to have his appeal disposed of, and the celerity of the English appeal is largely due to the stimulative celerity of the defendant.

Whereas the American system entails a long delay in printing records on appeal, the English appeal consists merely in the transcription of the stenographic records and documents of the trial. Preparing these minutes is the main cause for such delay as may be involved in the short period which elapses between conviction and appeal.

Not only is the appeal speedy, but the decision also is speedy, and lacks all the common characteristics of an ordinary American appeal decision. There is absolutely no 'learning' in an opinion of the English Court of Criminal Appeal. Very rarely indeed is there any reference whatever to previous decisions, to rules of law, or to anything except the main question of whether on the whole the verdict is 'satisfactory' or 'unreasonable.' Most opinions are very short, — it is a rare case when one is two pages long, — and most of them indicate on their face that they have been rendered immediately at the close of the argument itself.

Nothing will show more clearly the psychological difference between the English court and our own in determining appeals than this speed of determination, brevity of opinion, concentration on the main question of whether the appellant has been treated fairly or whether the verdict against him has been unreasonable.

IV

There is one further observation which an American lawyer is bound to make on scanning a volume of the opinions of the English Court of Criminal Appeal. It is that English sentences seem to be on the whole short, and that the Appeal Court itself performs a function which is unknown with us — that of equalizing sentences.

Time and again wardens of prisons have told me they cannot understand the great variations which occur in the sentences with which prisoners come to them. The warden finds, for example, that he has two men convicted of the same crime with what seems to him an unexplainable difference of ten or fifteen years in the length of their respective sentences. Cases of this kind are not infrequent. Some of our judges are severe, some are lenient, some express their headaches or family troubles in long sentences, some reflect perfect digestion in short sentences. Convicts who compare the length of their sentences are more likely to note these differences than the average layman. There is with us no process in the courts by which sentences can be equalized, however. The English Court of Criminal Appeal serves as a part of an Equalization Board in this connection.

A few illustrations will show the operation of this function of the court and also the difference between the two countries in the relative severity of sentence. Take, for example, the case of one of two men in England who pleaded guilty to breaking and entering a shop and stealing jewelry. This man received a three-year sentence. He had been convicted in 1899, in 1913, and in 1914. He had a good army record, and then in 1921 he received a penalty of three years for receiving stolen property. After he came out of prison he worked for thirteen months. When he was dismissed for slackness of work, he committed the offense of which he is now convicted. In New York this man would have received a mandatory life sentence. The English court said:

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It seems clear that these sentences were passed without sufficient regard for the record of the appellants as a whole. Both men had good army characters. It is urged upon behalf of the appellants too little attention was paid to their efforts to get honest work and to the long periods during which they successfully resisted the temptation to commit crime. There seems to be substance in these contentions and, although the offense to which the appellants pleaded guilty was undoubtfully a serious offense, this court is of the opinion that each of these sentences may properly be reduced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Here is another.

A man convicted of housebreaking was sentenced to two years at hard labor. He appealed and conducted his own appeal and the Crown apparently was not represented. The court said:

The appellant was convicted six times of offenses of dishonesty before the war. He had enlisted in the army, served during the war, and was discharged in 1919. He reentered and served until 1922. He was then convicted of stealing a bicycle and sentenced to six months. Since that date there is no record of any offense until the one we are dealing with to-day. It does not appear that the Chairman in passing sentence took into consideration that there was an interval of three years of honest life between the offense of 1922 and that for which the appellant has lately been convicted. In these circumstances we think that the sentence is too severe and we reduce it to one of fifteen months' imprisonment.

If it be assumed that these previous offenses were felonies, this man would have received a life sentence in New York under recent legislation which makes such sentence mandatory after the fourth conviction. The New York Court of Appeals, in sustaining the constitutionality of this new law, said:

This may work extreme hardship in certain cases where the sentencing judges would be justified in feeling that the punishment was too severe for the nature and circumstance of the crime or crimes committed, but these matters are for the legislature or the Executive. Courts have no inherent power to modify sentences to meet exceptional cases. Courts declare law as it is.

Neither the English trial judge nor the English Court of Criminal Appeal is subject to these limitations. Even if he has pleaded guilty, a defendant who thinks he has received a harsh sentence may appeal from the sentence itself. This appeal is a dangerous one, to be sure, because the Appeal Court may, if it concludes that the sentence was in fact too short, lengthen it. To us this is another unheard-of judicial power.

In the treatment of those whom we call habitual criminals it may be said parenthetically that English law seems exceedingly lax and of a sentimentality bordering upon the maudlin. Not only are life sentences for habitual criminals not provided, but the most which can be done to give effect to prior convictions is to have from five to ten years added to the sentence of penal servitude fixed for the crime. This additional sentence is called 'preventive detention' and under it these habitual offenders are sent to Camp Hill on the Isle of Wight, where they are entitled to more freedom than ordinary prisoners, under the Prevention of Crimes Act of 1908, which prescribes that these prisoners are entitled to 'less rigorous treatment as the Secretary of State may provide.'

V

All these differences between the legal systems of the two countries come from one main difference which has not been discussed — an essential and basic difference between English criminal law and ours. England trusts her magistrates. She selects them carefully, gives

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them wide powers, and expects them to perform their duties in the maintenance of the dignity of English justice. That they have met these expectations is indicated by the criminal statistics which I have quoted at the beginning of this paper.

Here in America, power in criminal law is mainly vested in the amateur rather than the expert. We trust our juries, but do not trust our courts. We have whittled down the power of the judge so as to make him a moderator rather than a judge. Our criminal trials with the centre of authority vested in a dozen jurors, amateurs in justice, adventitiously called for the exercise of undirected powers, are public spectacles of a type utterly unknown in the British Isles. What the bullfight is to Spain the trial in murder cases is to America — a great spectacle. It gets continuously worse.

Nothing paralleling the trial of the Hall-Mills case, one of the most grotesque cartoons of a murder trial that ever happened, can be found in the annals of British law. Nothing like the recent Remus case in Ohio could have occurred in England. We have overdeveloped the jury system by minimizing the authority of the judge.

To make the matter worse, we have made criminal law notoriously technical. We have multiplied in our appellate courts a learning which disfigures our jurisprudence and which complicates all the processes of criminal justice and adds to the difficulties of the trial judge. The English reform has been in simplification. The English judge can keep his mind fixed on the main point, conscious that when the trial over which he has presided is considered in the Court of Criminal Appeal it will be on the single question of whether, on the whole, justice has been done.

The English people are accustomed to believe that their judges are actuated by a fair spirit and that the rights of the defendants as well as the rights of the Crown will be fully protected. Consider what happened last year with us in the Sacco-Vanzetti matter. The whole country was turned into two contending camps on the question of whether these men were innocent or guilty and whether they had received in fact a fair trial. The highest court of Massachusetts, after seven years of delay, reached its conclusion on the case. It did not have the power to find whether, on the facts, these men had been properly convicted. The weight of the evidence was a matter for the amateur in the court below — the jury.

The opinion of the Massachusetts Supreme Court did not consider the real merits of the issue in which both the defendants and the American public were interested. It could consider and did consider only rulings on questions of law. It wrote a very long opinion, considering separately each of the so-called 'assignments of error,' the technical name by which questions of law are raised in an appellate court, and found no 'error' in these findings. The opinion itself was an unintelligible jargon from the layman's standpoint. It was a form of mystery made worse by learning. It settled nothing.

This would not have happened in England. The English court's opinion in such a case would doubtless have been a very short one. It would, however, have discussed and decided those vital questions in which alone the public was really concerned: Was the verdict reasonable or not? Was the verdict one supported by the evidence or was it not? Was there on any ground a miscarriage of justice? These questions an English court would have considered and these alone, and on these grounds and these only could the conviction

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have been reversed. Any system of law which, after agonizing consideration of a single case for seven years, results in a judgment unintelligible to the public, by a court not even empowered to consider the merits of the case in the way in which the amateur, the jury, had considered it, is bound to prove unsatisfactory. A system under which it becomes necessary for the executive of a state to reëxamine the facts of a trial through an unofficial board, because its judicial system has no adequate facilities for correcting its own errors, is impossible, unworkable, and archaic, and requires fundamental change.

VI

It would be absurd, of course, to suggest that to the English courts or to the English criminal procedure alone is due the startling contrast between English statistics of crime and our own. The English police system deserves its large share of credit for a percentage of arrests and convictions per crimes committed which, as the recent report of our National Crime Commission shows, is also in startling contrast to our own.

English criminal law is not perfect. With all its virtues and defects, however, it is perhaps a fair reflection of a vital aspect of England's political development — the extent of her success in the establishment and maintenance, over a homogeneous people, of her common law, in a country in which respect for law and observance of law are considered important.

Nor, if we are candid, can we deny that our own criminal law, its processes and results, are any less representative of the present character of our own civilization so far as it is expressed in government. Occasional outbursts of hysterical criticism on verdicts of acquittal like those in the recent Remus and Sinclair cases, the world-wide agitation over the convictions and the ineptitudes of the trial of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, are, to be sure, indications of a healthy discontent with current conditions, which is a presage of progress.

What is really arousing us at last is the contemplation of the consequences which have followed the process by which American intelligence, imagination, and capacity for organization have been diverted from problems of government to problems of industry. We have neglected our political organization to perfect an organization of industry unparalleled in the world — to create a relation between capital, management, and our millions of workers in industry which will lay the firm foundation for a new ideal of a working world. This task is in its last phases. When we look to-day upon the neglected field of government, however, and view the weeds and tares of our neglect, it need not be with pessimism or discouragement. When we see crime rife, our courts disrespected, our cities and states bleeding with political mismanagement, we see the darker side and not the whole of the picture of our civilization — a civilization in transition to higher things. To these neglected tasks we shall in due course return, and soon. The same intelligence, the same organizing capacity, which have made American industry what it is to-day can, if they will, produce the same results in our political organization. To this field we must return, for the disgrace of its neglect has been with us too long.

In industry, mass production derives its success in a large measure from the development of machinery to take the place of men. Nothing to correspond with this can be applied to the problems of government. We ought to know, for we have tried and failed.

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We are still trying, though our statute books are full of these failures.

Being busy in other and more alluring fields, we have tried to limit our prospective losses through corruption, incompetence, or sloth, in the neglected field of government, by enacting limitations upon the powers of public officers and particularly of judges. To prevent bad judges, chosen for political reasons only, from doing wrong, we have by a patchwork of prohibitions made it impossible for good judges to act effectively. We should not then complain when our chaotic system works as we ought to expect it to work. If we really think it is safer for us to place the centre of authority for law enforcement in a kaleidoscope of jurors, we should accept the logical results. As I write, however, Congress is trying to extend the judicial strait-jacket formula — the workings of which have proved such a disastrous failure in Chicago, for example — to the Federal courts.

In the business world the by-laws of a company have their purpose, function, and importance, but no business corporation has yet been heard of, even in America, whose success was due to the limitations imposed by its by-laws upon the brains of its management; or even one in which the by-laws were so skillfully drawn as to make competent and experienced executives unnecessary. Some day, perhaps soon, we shall apply the lessons of industry to law.

We are to-day studying our criminal law more thoroughly, systematically, and on a wider scale than ever before. It is intolerably bad and we are ashamed of it. If I may continue to use the illustration, it needs new by-laws, but it must not depend upon them for success. It needs, not an articulated system of restraints upon power, but a system in which judges are trusted to do justice, are given power to do justice, and in which only those competent to meet the responsibility of such trust receive the dignity of the robe.

Nothing else will do. We must, in the political world as in the industrial world, put our main trust not in machinery but in men. We have for a decade been overbusy with the new problems and the new industrial opportunities which have come upon us following the war. We have neglected ancient tasks and obligations due the State. This period is passing. We are returning to neglected duties and the task of demonstrating to ourselves and to the world our capacity for creating and maintaining a nation which is not only industrially prosperous, but politically civilized.

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ARE AMERICAN JURIES AT FAULT?

BY VICTOR HOUSE

I

In three outstanding Federal criminal conspiracy trials of recent years, the verdict of the jury, contrary to widespread and justifiable public expectation, has been either 'not guilty' or a disagreement. In a long array of similar prosecutions, less in the public eye, the result has been the same — a verdict of acquittal despite a consensus of well-informed opinion that criminality existed.

Is the widespread criticism of the jury system which has followed these verdicts justified? Are the juries primarily to blame for these apparent miscarriages of justice?

In each of these three outstanding cases, which I shall take as illustrative, a most careful weeding-out process attended the selection of the jury. The prosecution participated in this, as well as the defense. In two of the cases the jury throughout the trial was segregated in the custody of Federal marshals, so that sinister influence might have difficulty in reaching it. Upon each juror's every action and reaction the watchful gaze of government counsel, as well as the eye of a presumably vigilant court, was focused throughout the trial. These jurors were marked men from the moment they entered the courtroom as members of the panel from which they were chosen.

Had these trials all resulted in disagreements, it would be easy to suppose that an individual juror had been 'reached,' and that under our rule requiring unanimous verdicts his faithlessness had sufficed to obstruct the processes of justice. But in only one of the three cases was there a disagreement, and in that case — the prosecution of Harry M. Daugherty, former Attorney-General of the United States — a second trial also terminated in a disagreement, with the result that the Government voluntarily dropped the indictment. In the other two cases twelve men fully conscious of their responsibility returned unanimous verdicts of 'not guilty.'

Is it reasonable to deem each member of each of these juries corrupt? Is it reasonable to suppose each member of each of these juries unintelligent? If we bear in mind that these cases are simply illustrative of what has happened time and again in the Federal courts, whenever competent counsel has represented defendants charged with crime under the conspiracy statutes, is it good common sense to blame primarily the jurors for the apparent miscarriage of justice? May not the law itself be primarily to blame?

As Special Assistant to the Attorney-General, I prosecuted one of these outstanding cases myself, and after the acquittal discussed it at length with two jurors whose intelligence and fair-mindedness no one could doubt. This was the prosecution of Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants Baseball Club, Elmore D. Dier, and others, for conspiracy and

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fraudulent use of the mails in a brokerage transaction.

One of the jurors in the first Daugherty trial — a college graduate with a highly trained, alert mind — was a client of mine, and when the case was over he recounted to me in detail the long and grueling struggle of the jurors to reach a verdict.

In the Sinclair trial, which has brought this subject up once more so vividly, we have the benefit of an unusually informative statement from one of the jurors, Kenneth Carter, a bank employee, published in the newspapers the day after the verdict was announced.

It is impossible for a fair-minded man to study the story of these verdicts and lay any considerable part of the responsibility for the outcome upon the jurors. From several hundred jury cases which I have personally tried, the conviction has come that the average American jury, when properly made aware of the seriousness of its task, is intelligent, conscientious, fair-minded, and frequently amazingly able to comprehend complicated situations of fact and pass upon them. Corruption in juries is a rare and uncommon thing, and, because of the rule of law that verdicts must be unanimous, exceedingly difficult of successful accomplishment.

If we regard the Stoneham, Daugherty, and Sinclair cases as illustrative, their careful study will serve to establish, so far as the juries' part in the verdicts is concerned, a high sense of fairness, an almost astonishing ability to comprehend and digest the facts, and a discriminating intelligence of the highest order in applying them to the law as expounded by the court. What is more, it will disclose a sturdy readiness, which is fundamentally laudable, to resist popular clamor and hue and cry.

II

I know that the foregoing is contrary to opinion frequently voiced of late in even well-informed circles, but to my mind these conclusions are inescapable. The fault for miscarriages of justice lies primarily, I am convinced, not with the juries, but with the antiquated concepts of law with which they are shackled in arriving at their verdicts. Within the limitations of these shackles, the average American jury is as competent a tribunal for the finding of fact and the even-handed doing of justice as any that mankind has yet devised. It remains the impregnable bulwark of our liberties which the founders of the Republic conceived that it would be. Not lightly should it be shorn of its power.

To establish by a study of the Stoneham, Daugherty, and Sinclair cases the broad generalizations which I have made regarding the competency of juries must seem like a large undertaking. Yet let us examine the facts.

Each of these cases involved charges of conspiracy.

In the common acceptance of the term, a conspiracy suggests a clandestine meeting together for the purpose of scheming some illicit design. Under our law, the mere act of scheming is not sufficient to constitute a crime; it is necessary that some act be done to effectuate the scheme. This is what the language of the criminal law terms an 'overt act'; and, in order to convict of conspiracy, an overt act must be both charged and proved.

The wording of the section of the United States Criminal Code making conspiracy a crime is as follows: —

> If two or more persons conspire either to commit any offense against the United States, or to defraud the United States in any manner or for any purpose, and one or more of such parties do any act to effect the

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object of the conspiracy, each of the parties to such conspiracy shall be fined not more than ten thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than two years, or both.

The Federal mail-fraud statute, under which many prosecutions for fraudulent conspiracy are instituted, reads in its material part as follows: —

Whoever, having devised or intending to devise any scheme or artifice to defraud, or for obtaining money or property by means of false or fraudulent pretenses, representations, or promises . . . shall, for the purpose of executing such scheme or artifice or attempting so to do, place, or cause to be placed, any letter, postal card, package, writing, circular, pamphlet, or advertisement . . . in any post office . . . or authorized depository for mail matter, to be sent or delivered by the post-office establishment of the United States . . . shall be fined not more than one thousand dollars, or imprisoned not more than five years, or both.

Under these statutes the great majority of Federal fraud prosecutions are instituted. What is the legal burden which they impose upon the prosecutor — the burden which I have stated is largely responsible for so many miscarriages of justice?

The courts have held — and the conclusion seems inescapable — that under the wording of these statutes the prosecution must prove, in order to convict, that there has been (1) a plotting, a conspiracy, a scheming together to accomplish, (2) an unlawful purpose (or a lawful purpose in an unlawful manner), and (3) an act done to effectuate the plot.

Note that the plot must in point of time *precede* the act — in the case of the mail-fraud statute, the mailing of the letter. Note that the plotting must be proved, as well as the unlawful object intended or accomplished, and the overt act. Note also that each of these elements must, in the familiar language of our criminal law, be 'proved beyond a reasonable doubt.' This is the law of the land, and when the judge so charges the jury, — as he is in duty bound to do, — under its oath the jury is bound conscientiously to search the record for evidence establishing 'beyond a reasonable doubt' (1) a plotting or scheming together, (2) an act *thereafter* done to effectuate the plot, and (3) the fraud intended or accomplished.

Now, what is the situation which the jury almost invariably finds?

In the type of fraud case which comes before the Federal courts, direct evidence of plotting or scheming together, of conspiracy in the usual acceptance of the term, is practically unprocurable, if not in fact nonexistent. No less an authority than Martin T. Manton, Senior Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, declares in a recent opinion (the appeal of Thomas W. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian): —

In charges of conspiracy to defraud, there is usually no direct evidence of the corrupt arrangement. . . .

It is possible that the uncouth type of thug, gangster, or safe-cracker congregates with his 'mob' over a table in the back room of a saloon or 'speakeasy' and deliberately plans with his comrades in crime their next 'job.' And an informer or stool pigeon, present at such a gathering, can later give direct testimony thereof.

'White collar' banditry does not design so crudely. Rare the scheme which when offered is not fair on its face. The fraudulent design is insidious and implicit; not often are conferences held at which it is disclosed. In point of fact, the plan may be, and most frequently is, entirely fair, guileless, and promising on its face, and only in the last stages of its execution, after the

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victims have been beguiled into it, does the fraud begin to operate. Up to that point the schemers usually try to leave themselves in a position where they can withdraw from the enterprise or abandon their illegitimate purpose, should circumstances make such a change of procedure advisable.

More likely than not, there is no actual plot at the outset, and no plotting. The plan which culminates as a far-reaching fraud may be hatched in a single mind, with others joining at its bidding in the fashioning of details of the design, content in the thought that ultimately they will in some way, not expressed, profit. Or, if there are several 'master minds,' they may reach their understanding in the most casual way — no promises asked, none given. Only when the fraud is completed, when the entire design is exposed, comes the realization that mere chance did not accomplish the result. And the scheme may have been progressive; the plan may have developed with time; many overt acts which in retrospect are part of the plan may in fact have preceded in time its full formulation.

III

The subtle and secret mental process connected with the fashioning of a fraudulent plan is what the prosecutor is called upon to prove, 'beyond a reasonable doubt,' preceded the execution of the plan itself! He must prove at the outset, in every conspiracy case, the formulation of a scheme. It is not enough that he establishes a fraud perpetrated, accomplished. He must prove that it was intended, and that the intention *preceded* the execution.

Juryman Kenneth Carter puts it very clearly in the following words: —

> I don't believe Sinclair was guilty of the charge. I don't believe he agreed to pay Fall anything *before* he got the lease [italics the author's]. It may be that after Sinclair did get the lease Fall got some money from him by the argument that he favored Sinclair with the lease.
>
> I mean that, suppose I did something for somebody and then later came around and asked a loan or a gift on the plea that I had done a service for him. If he should give me the money you could n't say that he was guilty of a conspiracy.

In the Stoneham case the fraud charged was that, in transferring his brokerage business to Dier, Stoneham failed to deliver over $5,000,000 of securities he was supposed to be holding for customers, but delivered only about $2,100,000 (much of this being of the 'cat and dog' variety), making a cash settlement as to the rest. When the 'bull market' started a few months later, Dier, 'short' of the securities undelivered, failed, with huge losses to creditors. The letters to customers — mailed just before the transfer commenced — stated that the 'accounts' would be transferred, which of course implied that the securities in the accounts would be transferred.

There is no doubt that a flagrant fraud was committed; in a recent related civil case the New York Appellate Division has sustained a jury verdict against Stoneham for the recovery of the value of securities undelivered. But in the criminal case the jurymen with whom I spoke explained to me painstakingly that they had acquitted Stoneham because of their inability to discover proof of an agreement between Stoneham and Dier, *preceding* the transfer of the accounts, that the full amount of the securities should not be delivered.

It is perfectly possible that there was no such previous agreement; that only after Stoneham had delivered to Dier the $2,100,000 of 'cat and dog' stock which he had in his vaults was

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the arrangement made to substitute a cash settlement for the stock remaining undelivered. Such an arrangement would then have postdated the letters to customers, and there could be no conviction under the mail-fraud statute unless the jurymen *inferred* an agreement previous to the mailing of the letters — an agreement possibly nonexistent in fact. If, on the other hand, we assume that there was a prior agreement, only Stoneham and Dier, who made it, could give direct proof of it — and they were both defendants. Necessarily, therefore, the proof of such an agreement 'beyond a reasonable doubt,' which the law exacts, would depend upon inference from circumstantial evidence, of which juries are notoriously, and possibly quite properly, shy.

Let it be noted, however, that whether Stoneham and Dier made such a previous agreement or not, whether they intended it from the inception of their transaction or not, the grim fact remains that a fraud costing thousands of investors millions of dollars *was* perpetrated. It is scarcely satisfying to the victims to say that the defendants must be acquitted because there is no proof that they intended to do what they did.

So, in the Daugherty case, the evidence amply showed that Jess Smith and others closely identified with the former Attorney-General received large blocks of securities which were traced from Richard Merton, the German director of the Société Suisse, through various brokerage houses, down to the Attorney-General's account in the Washington Court House Bank in Ohio, of which Mal Daugherty was president, where the investigators ran up against the destroyed records, the story of which is familiar history.

There was no doubt in the jury's mind, as the story was related to me, that some of the Merton bonds found a destination with the former Attorney-General. The proposition which stumped the jurors and prevented them from reaching a verdict as to Daugherty was that nowhere was there direct evidence showing that he agreed with Merton, Miller, King, and the others *beforehand* upon the fraud ultimately consummated, and upon the payment and division of bribe money after the allowance of the Société Suisse's claim against the Alien Property Custodian. Such an agreement lay only in inference; so far as Daugherty was concerned, he never even saw Merton. It is quite conceivable that he knew no details of the plot, but merely aided it by writing the short letter of official approval which implicated him, and for which he doubtlessly got his reward. Under such circumstances, with the law standing as it does, it is small wonder that the jury found itself in true distress.

IV

Where lies the solution? It is obvious that in the prosecution of cases such as these the Government is not equipped to contend against the shrewd and subtle machinations of clever schemers whose every move is calculated to keep them just barely 'within the law,' with an antiquated legal machinery designed to cope with a far more simple and far less dangerous type of offender. The law strait-jackets the jury, and the prosecution is faced from the outset with an almost hopeless task. The task is not merely hopeless, but intellectually somewhat degrading. It amounts to creating such an overwhelming moral indignation in the jury's mind as to the enormity of the fraud perpetrated that the jury will be 'drugged' into a finding of a fraudulent initial scheme precedent to the consummation

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of the fraud. Where the jury is intelligent and conscientious and scrupulously observes the court's charge of the law, it is practically futile ever to expect in this class of case a verdict of conviction.

The cure lies in 'putting teeth' into the law, in amending and strengthening it so that it may cope with the subtle type of fraud which is the cancer of modern finance, which is immensely profitable when successful, and which invites the participation of the sharpest and shrewdest of designing minds, frequently masking under cloaks of eminent respectability — the type of fraud in which the schemer's tracks are carefully covered as he goes along, so that only the results of the operation stand forth, and it is almost incredibly difficult to establish the earlier steps in the scheme.

Some of the judges of our higher courts have been very much aware of these statutory difficulties with our criminal law. Recently, Judge Learned Hand of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, tracing the history of the law, stated in a case: —

> A conspiracy to perpetrate a civil fraud (under the common law) was a crime, though the fraud itself was not one. In the early eighteenth century, frauds in general were probably still crimes even when not of a public character, and not within the statute of false tokens, though the question was not settled . . . (and) afterward the doctrine was narrowed and only frauds of a public nature remained criminal. . . .

The cure in part lies in legislation tending to make the proof of intent in these fraud cases simple so far as the prosecution is concerned. It is high time to consider whether there should not be created by law a presumption of prior intention, which in every conspiracy and fraud case will impose upon the defendants the burden of proving that they did not from the outset intend the wrongful acts which are the true gravamen of their offense.

In homicide cases, the carrying of a dangerous weapon creates a legal presumption of intent to use it in the accomplishment of the offense, and the burden is on the defendant to negative and overcome such presumption. If the law will create such a presumption of intent where human life is at stake, why hesitate when the stakes are immeasurably less?

When a fraud is practised which has caused possibly thousands of guileless victims to suffer, is there any ground in reason or justice why those participating in the transaction should not be called upon to exonerate themselves and to establish by preponderating evidence that they possessed no wrongful intent? When a public official accepts bribe money after doing a discretionary official act, is there any fair reason why he should not be required to disprove a presumptive wrongful initial intent? I fail to see any such ground in either case. An outraged public conviction of the futility of our present legal equipment to cope with the situation demands a change. To blame the juries is beside the point and entirely to avoid the crux of the difficulty.

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LOST

HIGH out of Time they fly,
Beauties the poets lost —
Their dreams that soared too high.

Lonely and strange and clear,
Shakespeare's uncaptured bird
Sings the note he died to hear.

Too fierce for Greece or Rome,
Up, up their visions sped
To this immenser home.

Here, though Keats ceased to be,
And prisoned lies in dust,
His nightingale went free.

Call, anguished poet, call
To these wanderers in the vast. . . .
Does a broken echo fall?

GRETCHEN WARREN

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HIDDEN TREASURE

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

I

FIFTY years ago, more or less, — no one is quite sure, either way, — there lived an old man in the large corner house at the end of our Street. It was an eighteenth-century house to begin with, but he modernized it according to the standards of fifty years ago, and put in white marble mantelpieces of ornate design, and faceted mirrors in the ceilings, to reflect the light from gilded chandeliers. Across from the drawing-room he built a large conservatory, with a black-and-white marble floor — a room with a glass end and a high curved glass roof, high enough to receive tall palms and tropical plants. He spent huge sums on the house, making it magnificent, but after the builders were out no one ever saw the inside of it during his lifetime.

He was rich and eccentric and lived alone, and rumor had it that he collected silver half crowns, just as one might collect threepenny bits. Now to collect threepenny bits, among such as you and me, is no light matter. Therefore to collect half crowns, to withdraw them completely from the needs of daily life without feeling it, means wealth indeed. But wealth he had, for the story goes that he covered one of his rooms with these silver half crowns, and set them into the plaster. The coins, so went the report, were placed together so closely, so precisely, so evenly and smoothly, that they covered the entire walls and ceiling of one room, and when it was thus covered he papered the whole thing over with a disguising wall paper, so that no one knew which room it was. So well had he set in his half crowns that no coin showed through, and there were no little ridges or circles or depressions by which one could possibly recognize the silver room from any other.

Naturally the Street took a deep interest in this old man and his silver room, and there was much speculation as to which it might be. Some had it one room, some another, on this floor or that. Consensus of opinion finally placed it as the largest room in the house, because, if one was rich enough and odd enough to cover a little room, one was also rich and odd enough to cover the biggest. But, whichever it was, the old man kept his secret. No one could rob him without such fuss and disturbance and tearing of paper as would have aroused him; therefore no one ever attempted to rob him, our Street not being very enterprising in such matters.

At this point the story has an unsatisfactory ending. Many years ago the old man died, leaving no bank account, no papers, no hoard of gold, not so much as a farthing piece to be found anywhere. Nothing but the magnificent house, on which a fortune had been spent; yet not a trace of a fortune could be found. Had the money been buried or hidden in the house, or secreted elsewhere? No one knew. Moreover, no trace could be found of the silver room. Apparently there was none, which was contrary to

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all gossip and tradition. The house then passed into other hands, and eventually Miss Anne took it over on one of those interminable 999-year leases, or something of that kind.

Below, as you know, is the restaurant, where one can get a good meal at a trifling cost. Above, on the first floor, is the sitting room, with Miss Anne's bedroom adjoining. The two upper floors are let out at ridiculously low prices to people financially unstable, who do or who do not meet their rent. But Miss Anne, warm-hearted and generous, never presses for the weekly rent when overdue. Presumably, if it is n't met, it can't be, so there is an end of it. Next week, perhaps — or the week after; one always hopes. People say — there is a lot of gossip in our Street — that the house has now become so run down and so shabby that of course none but the poorest would think of lodging there: impecunious gentlefolk, who have heard of the hidden treasure and have come to look for it; have come to live in the old house, hoping to be lodged in the mythical silver room and so make their fortunes; and that it is because of these greedy lodgers, these treasure hunters, that the house looks so appallingly shabby. Not the furniture, — that is well enough, — but the state of the rooms, with the wall paper all in nicks and shreds, cut by sharp tools into ribbons.

Now and then, when things get too down at heel, Miss Anne remonstrates with her lodgers, protests there is nothing to be found, and puts on new wall paper over the old tatters. But the ghost of the silver room cannot be laid. The new wall paper goes as did its predecessor; strips are torn from above the baseboard, or in most unexpected places, till the rooms are spotted like a leopard — rips and tears all over. In the quiet of the night, when the buses have stopped running, one hears furniture being moved about, surreptitiously. Rickety chairs are being placed on shaky tables, so that some old lady may climb up and rake the ceiling paper down. Always they are all of them searching for those half crowns. When lodgers do that sort of thing, systematically, no room can look nice for long.

II

A small gathering of five or six people was assembled in the sitting room one evening after supper, trying to advise Miss Anne. Things had reached a climax. It was not only the silver room, but the reputed buried treasure itself that was being searched for — a new turn which threatened to undermine the house. But, as usual, advice bounced off Miss Anne, although she listened patiently enough. By rights, she was told, — once more, having already been told repeatedly, — she should have made a good thing of it, letting all those rooms. But not by letting them to undesirables trying to make a fortune. And now look what was happening! Not content with destroying the wall paper, the lodgers had begun to tamper with the walls and floors. It was pointed out that there seemed no end to it — that she must, in self-protection, let the rooms to richer people who did not need half crowns so badly.

'Look at Miss Carfax,' came an excited and indignant chorus. 'She got a man in with a pick, last week, and tore up the whole floor on the landing —'

'Well, Miss Carfax has gone,' said Miss Anne gently. 'I told her she really must go, after that. Though, poor thing, it won't be easy for her to find another home — but she really was getting so destructive.'

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'And how much does it cost in wall paper?' asked someone. 'Three rooms, all in shreds, this very minute. It's utter nonsense.'

Miss Anne admitted that it was nonsense, and most trying and provoking. 'I never would have taken this house had I known its reputation,' she added. 'The upkeep is so expensive. However,' she continued cheerfully, 'I have a nice lot of you in now!'

She beamed at her friends. Those gentle, kindly eyes were so disarming.

'But there is one terrible one left,' expostulated the red-haired girl indignantly, 'and there will never be any peace or safety while she stays!'

Miss Anne nodded. There was no need to mention names. With one accord they all thought of the tenant in the garret room, the little elderly lady who tiptoed up and down the stairs with a bun in a bag, or went out with a jug for a ha'pennyworth of milk. She was pitiful, if you looked at her one way; maddening, if you brought your common sense to bear. If she would just stay in her garret room, and not go poking into other people's; if she would just stop being so genteel and selfish; if she would just stop prying about, and sneaking into any open door that offered, to have a go at the wall paper!

'She *knows* there is nothing to be found,' continued the red-haired girl. 'You have told her over and over! She has cost you a good twenty pounds in repairs. You have got to send her off!'

'My dear, where could she go but here? She has n't a penny,' said Miss Anne. And, she might have added, she has n't paid a penny in rent these three years. A fact that the others all knew, though they also knew that Miss Anne was terribly fond of these lame ducks. Still, this particular one was becoming unbearable. Prying and poking, and slipping into other rooms, and never offering to lend a hand, to pick up a dish, to help clear the table, to do any little kind thing in return for the many kindnesses Miss Anne was always doing her. Nothing but an irritant, doing damage whenever she could. Besides, under Miss Carfax's influence, she had just bought a hatchet, and there was no knowing where that would lead. It was a shame. Miss Anne, having a little money of her own, could afford Miss Winston if she liked — that was her affair. But she could not afford — decidedly she could not afford — the extra expense Miss Winston was letting her in for.

'I'd tell her just once more — warn her one more time — that if she goes hacking about with that new hatchet of hers, out she goes,' came the chorus of advice.

'She seems to have a theory,' explained Miss Anne, 'that the treasure is buried in the walls somewhere — it is not the half crowns she is searching for now.'

'And I suppose you have told her the laws of treasure-trove?' someone asked. 'That it goes to the Crown — and the Crown lets the finder keep half? Why, her half, — which by rights should be yours, only you'll give it to her, of course! — her half will have to be spent in rebuilding this old house by the time she's demolished it!'

The company by this time was growing thoroughly vexed with their beloved Miss Anne, a vicarious vexation that should have been spent on Miss Winston upstairs. But Miss Anne, having had enough, changed the subject.

'I paid two and six for that!' she exclaimed with an air of triumph, placing a small electric torch upon the table. The parson picked it up and examined it critically.

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'Two and six,' he repeated thoughtfully. 'Then it must be worth at least fourpence. Does it go?'

'In the shop it did,' replied Miss Anne eagerly, 'but I think now — perhaps —'

'Exactly. Fully fourpence,' said the parson, making it click and revealing its unreliable habits. 'May I ask why you fancied it?'

'It will be so nice for the lift room,' protested Miss Anne. 'Or at least it would have been. You see, it is such a nuisance, the lift room having no gas laid on, so that one has to fumble about in the dark, putting the dishes on the food lift.'

The lift room, across the hall from the sitting room, had been the conservatory in the old days when the house was magnificent. But as a conservatory it had gone to seed. True, the marble floor was intact, which was a convenience, because the large glass roof which covered one end had several panes out, — more than several, — and as they were of large size, of a fine curved glass, they had been too expensive to replace. On rainy nights the rain beat in through the openings and splashed upon the marble floor, which fortunately slightly sloped, so that for the most part the water drained off nicely down a gutter. It had been a well-built conservatory, but the gutter could not manage a deluge. Whenever the rain was too heavy, buckets and jugs had to be set about to take the strain off the outlet pipe.

In one corner of the room was the food lift, a neat little dumb-waiter to take the dishes down to the kitchen. Because of the glass roof, it was possible on moonlight or clear nights to see quite comfortably, and put in the dishes with comparative ease. But in winter, or on dark, stormy evenings, it was more difficult. Still, one acquired amazing skill in the darkness, and the dishes were stowed on the lift shelves without too many mishaps. Only now and then, when the lift had not been hauled up from the kitchen, were things dropped down the shaft. That sort of accident, however, took place about once a month, according to some calculations, and about once a week, according to others. If it had worked, this electric torch would have saved its cost in broken china. It had a small loop for hanging it up, and was guaranteed to go, so Miss Anne said, for several hours. The torch was passed from hand to hand, and regrets were expressed that so useful a thing should be out of order. Consequently the supper dishes had to be cleared away in the usual groping manner.

III

Now while all these discussions had been going on in the sitting room the lodger in the garret, Miss Winston, had been standing at the head of the stairs, two flights up, listening to the voices from below. A meagre figure, dressed in shabby black, wearing a very cock-eyed pince-nez, one glass of which was cracked. Because of this crack, the pince-nez had to be worn at an angle, to enable the wearer to see round the defect. With a tin candlestick in one hand, she peered over the railing and listened intently to the sounds from below. They were making considerable noise. Supper was apparently over, and it was just the usual, prolonged after-supper talk, in which she never joined. The moment seemed auspicious.

Miss Winston cautiously descended the steps, candle in one hand, and in the other, hidden under the folds of her shawl, the formidable hatchet. Alone, in her garret, she had evolved a theory as to the hiding place of the hidden treasure, and was about to test

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it. It was in the conservatory, or lift room. There could be no possible doubt that it was secreted in the lift shaft, above the small square ceiling of the shaft, where the lift roof bumped when pulled up too violently.

Cautiously she descended the stairs, hesitating and pausing. If they would only go on talking and laughing like that they would not hear her as she tiptoed past the sitting-room door and into the conservatory. It was the only feasible hour of the day, the only time possible, when they were all gathered in the sitting room, with the door shut, talking their interminable twaddle. She would be obliged to make some noise, but the noise would not be noticed. The dead of night was no time for her activities; the house was too silent at night — someone would hear and rush in to stop her. They were too tiresome about it now, always stopping her on all occasions, preventing her from accomplishing her purpose. Golden sovereigns were hidden above the ceiling of the lift shaft, ready to rain down upon her at the first good whack from her hatchet! She could reach them by pushing down the lift, by standing on the top of the box. No one ever entered that room once the supper dishes were put away; to-night, when there were visitors, she could work undisturbed.

She slipped quietly into the dark conservatory, and by the light of the candle noted with satisfaction that the lift shelves were full — everything put away, ready to be pushed down to the kitchen below. She pulled on the rope, gently. Slowly the lift descended, slowly the box sank till its top was on a level with the opening. With considerable dexterity she scrambled up and stood on the top of the box, rather crouching, and held the candle high for a good survey of the small square of paneling overhead.

Then something happened. The lift slowly began to sink. Very gently, noiselessly, not in jerks, the lift began to descend — to sink, just as she was raising the hatchet for a good overhead chop. And even as it sank, slowly, the sitting-room door opened — they were coming out into the hall. They, or some one of them. Possibly coming into the lift room itself, with something forgotten. She hurriedly blew out the candle, and the lift sank lower and lower, till only her head was on a level with the opening. Slowly it descended to the kitchen, fifteen feet below, leaving her imprisoned between the two floors, and a good ten feet below the room above. Distinctly she heard voices; mercifully she was out of sight.

'I should warn her once and for all,' said the disagreeable voice, 'that all further tampering with this house must cease. That if you ever catch her at it again, no matter where — out she goes!'

Miss Winston, hidden in the lift shaft between floors, was furious.

There were steps overhead — someone was indeed entering the lift room to deposit something forgotten. They would not catch her this time, however! Mercifully she was out of sight, at the bottom of a well.

IV

Miss Anne returned to the sitting room, amused.

'I've done it now!' she exclaimed. 'Just dropped the milk pudding down the shaft. The lift was n't there, though I don't remember having sent it down!'

A burst of laughter greeted this casual announcement, but Miss Anne became troubled. 'A milk pudding does make such a mess below,' she explained. 'We can't go to the pictures till we have cleared it up. Cook will

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be so furious when she comes in the morning and finds it has happened again!'

'Did it make much of a crash?' asked the parson, raising a concerned eyebrow.

'Not as much as you'd think,' replied Miss Anne. 'At least, not nearly as much as last time. No — come to think of it, there was n't the usual splash. Something soft seemed to be down there—perhaps it was Peter, the cat.'

'Lucky Peter,' commented the parson. 'Let him enjoy himself till we return. Now if that gadget of yours had only been working —'

But the red-haired girl was lighting a candle. She disappeared, and in a few moments returned to the sitting room.

'It's time we were off,' she said. 'We must hurry—we must n't miss anything. There is such a good show on at the Palace.'

Miss Anne put on her bonnet, then hesitated.

'I think I must first go up and speak to Miss Winston,' she said. 'With all of us going out like this, leaving her and that hatchet alone for a whole evening — I shall have to tell her that she positively *must not* —'

'Oh, don't bother about Miss Winston to-night!' exclaimed the girl insistently. 'Let's hurry out. I have a feeling that she won't be up to her tricks to-night. Leave her alone; let her stay where she is — till we come back at eleven. Or,' she concluded viciously, 'let her stay where she is till morning! Unless,' she added, '*unless* we see a show all full of sentimental tosh, calculated to melt a heart of stone.'

'WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE'

BY PAUL GRISWOLD HOWES

For days the great forests around my camp in the high Dominican mountains had been swept by those torrential rains and winds known only in such places. At first they inspire one with awe, but later one becomes accustomed to their uninterrupted violence and settles into a state of stoic resignation. Few places in the world experience a greater rainfall than these cloud-swept mountains. Everywhere one hears the boom and roar of tumbling waters. Cloud-bursts not infrequently move trees and earth and boulders to the valleys. At times it is erosion before one's very eyes. Perhaps during the wet months of January and February one may experience short stretches of sunlight, but while I worked in the mountains at this time its tonic rays were few and far between.

At night, in this jungle and precipitous world, exotic sounds add excitement to life. They bring that sensation of total ignorance of their sources that the explorer so often experiences while working a new country for the first time.

There was a creature called by the natives the blacksmith beetle. After

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nights on end of searching and trying to outwit his uncanny ventriloquial powers, he proved to be a huge and musical tree cricket that filled the forests with ringing sounds which might have been vibrations from a thousand tiny anvils. Harsh, almost deafening noises issued from the bodies of huge locusts in spiny armor. They called from the high forests, or from the sides of the camp buildings, 'Crack-crack, crack-crack, crack-crack!' If one should have the fever, their monotonous calling would seem to say, 'All night, all night, all night,' and sleep would be quite banished by them.

In the walls there were ghostly tappings, now here, now there, now overhead. When I found the animal that produced these sounds I could hardly believe my eyes, for no living creature is a more frightful-looking monster in miniature than these tapping, ghostly-colored gecko lizards. They liked the dark hiding places in the loose boards of the roof. Better still they liked the moths and roaches, and their tappings signaled satisfaction at conditions in general.

Again there were the colonies of strange bats who lived behind the shingles. Some fed their babies periodically during the night, some stayed away till morn; all caused a peeved or jocund din, according to their ever-changing moods.

From the dense gloom all about me came the more musical sounds from the blown-up throats of tiny tree frogs. The wetter the night, the more they sang, and by the light from my hurricane lanterns I could watch their impassioned choruses from low and dainty leafen platforms.

They were beautiful, big-eyed creatures in various shades of brown, with that amazingly wide-awake appearance that only a wet and delighted tree frog can assume. From those tiny throats bubbles of cream-colored skin were inflated into big balloons, and as these pouches rose and fell there came the sweet and penetrating notes, 'Co-leet, co-leet,' from dusk till dawn, and the ladies of their kind must have been charmed indeed by such dulcet ardor.

Being especially upon the lookout for such amphibian creatures, I was of course delighted by their numbers. Here was a much-sought-after frog suddenly become common. On every side their voices rose from the darkness. Would it not be the easiest thing in the world to find their eggs, and their tadpoles, and to record their habits of life? Yes, it would be very simple to add to the history of this creature something besides the burdensome title of *Eleutherodactylus martinicensis*.

Dominica is a country of tremendous rainfall. The hot tropical sun above the island sucks up enormous quantities of water from the surrounding seas, and the high cold-topped mountains draw it back again from the dense clouds that are ever forming about them. There are rivers, streams, and brooks of every size, — one, in fact, for every day in the year, according to one of my men, — and therefore it should be the ideal home for amphibian life.

My search for the jelly-like eggs began at once. The first day yielded nothing at all, save a tired pair of legs and fuel for my enthusiasm. The second day went by like the first, with my collecting tins empty, and so did the third and fourth. A week went by, two weeks, a month, two months; and, with all this rain and all these frogs, not an egg could I find.

I thought at first that I had not struck the breeding season, but during the first part of the third month of my search I decided to sit down in solitude and ponder the whole question. In a short time I had found one important

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answer to the mystery. With all this water and rainfall, there was really no suitable water for my frogs!

The rivers were at once too large and too swift for the singly deposited eggs of frogs. They would be washed away at once to the sea. The smaller streams were rain carriers from the high mountains. They might be filled and churning with foam to-day, but empty to-morrow, or as soon as the rains let up for a day or two toward the approach of the dry season. Of still pools there were almost none, for most everything is a side hill in Dominica. What pools I did find were inhabited by the fierce, predacious young of dragon flies, whose favorite food would soon become the succulent tadpoles, were there any to be had. The water-holding leaves of those numerous tropical plants called bromeliads would have made excellent depositories but for the ever-hunting and ravenous bands of brown birds called *trembleurs*.

In Dominica the frogs are confronted with the anomaly of a world of water, but none for their all-important purpose of depositing their eggs. What, then, could be the answer to such an interesting puzzle?

Time went on. The end of my expedition was in sight and still the mystery remained unsolved. Then suddenly I found the answer. On the damp forest floor, beneath huge trees and tangled vines, I saw the crystal-clear eggs of my frog. With them came a story of intense and absorbing interest, a story whose kind is the lure that sends naturalists to the ends of the earth, for a single revelation such as this repays the traveler for his labor and expense a thousandfold.

The eggs lay sparkling on the black mould, not in a mass, but strung out in small groups, or singly, over ten inches of ground. No jewels were ever discovered with greater satisfaction, or removed to any camp with tenderer care. In a few days' time I saw with delight that the cream-colored embryos were actually developing into minute frogs!

Each still possessed a tail, vestige of appendages of once *free-swimming* tadpoles. How long ago must it have been that this species passed through the usual stages of egg and tadpole to frog? Why has it evolved in such a manner as to do away entirely with the water-living larva? The questions answer themselves when we review the conditions which the frogs must meet.

Before I knew the whole truth of the story the comparatively huge size of the eggs appeared at once significant. It seemed certain that there must be something very unusual about a mature frog measuring one inch in length that laid eggs upon the bare ground, each of which was nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter.

At home our big garden toads and pond frogs do nothing like this. They place their eggs in water and each individual sphere is quite small, perhaps only an eighth of an inch in diameter. How, then, did the ponderous eggs of our little Dominican frog evolve?

Let us suppose that, however and whenever the species reached the island, it first deposited its eggs in such water as it could find that seemed suitable for the purpose. Such could only be had in the form of rapidly drying rain pools, or water caught in leaves. As the species lives mostly upon the ground, although a 'tree' frog, the bromeliads eliminate themselves, even disregarding the hunting birds, and we are reduced to the ground form of water supply.

In a normal frog's egg the embryo moves to the outside of the jelly covering as the development proceeds, where it remains for a time before taking up its swimming life; but, if it were to find itself in a dry medium upon arriving

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outside the egg, would not the normal reaction cause it to wiggle back into the more hospitable jelly? This would not require intelligence — it would simply be automatic under such conditions; and thus, I believe, the first of our frogs in question may have acted when they found themselves in a dry 'pool.'

In the beginning many must have died; but natural selection entered here, and those eggs that contained the greatest amount of food matter — for there is variation in everything of this sort — produced the tadpoles that survived the longest, and some of these eventually reached maturity.

Thus may the seed have been sown that has borne a frog without a tadpole. Generation after generation may have left the eggs, at periods, ever so slightly later in their lives. Under these conditions, as I have stated, the largest eggs continued to produce the surviving individuals, and thus the greater food mass and the more advanced frog were evolved together.

To-day we see the tadpole stage of old within the egg. The tail is there, but, being now useless, it soon disappears and the creature steps out into the world a tiny but perfect frog, direct from the egg! Behold, then, a frog that has risen, at least in its life history, to a plane beside the reptiles — the next higher class of living creatures!

To watch the rapidity of this mite's development within the glasslike egg is a joy and revelation. At first there is nothing but a cream-colored yolk within a sphere of crystal. Soon the embryo appears, lying as though nursing upon its soft bed of rich nourishment. It is cream-colored also for a time. It grows and lengthens as the days go by, and the power of motion comes to its feeble, budding limbs and tail.

In the middle of its egg-life, it becomes very active, lashing its tail energetically at the slightest disturbance from the outside. When I picked up the first partly developed eggs, each embryo protested thus with a remarkable exhibition of energy.

More days pass and pigment commences to cloud the creature's creamy tissue. It comes in tiny stellate forms of black that throw lengthening arms through the flesh like the streamers from a bursting shell. These meet others in their living flight, and so at last color flows through every cell of the tiny body. Finally there comes the day of emergence. Out steps the tiniest frog, all moist with birth; and, peering from wide and glorious orbs of black and gold, he mounts another egg, or perhaps a leaf upon the forest floor, and surveys the great jungle that is to be his home. A mere speck in a world of strife.

It is all so delicate, so beautiful and mysterious, one marvels at the teachings of this great free school. My frog is only one of Dominica's mysteries. It is a child of a land peculiarly endowed with anomalies.

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SILENUS IN THE ROSE GARDEN

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

THREE brothers once fled from Argos to Illyria. Thence they crossed to upper Macedonia and, after sundry adventures, took up their abode in the Gardens of Midas. One of these brothers was destined to found the line of the Kings of Macedonia. He fulfilled his destiny, and we hear of him no more. So much we read in Herodotus. But what of the Gardens of Midas? Our curiosity is whetted, and, as usual, the historian does not leave us unsatisfied. 'In these gardens,' he says, 'there are wild roses, so sweet that no others can equal them, and with blossoms that have as many as sixty petals apiece. It was here, so say the Macedonians, that Silenus was made a prisoner. Above the garden stands a mountain, called Bermius, that is so cold that none can reach the top.'

So much and no more, but enough to arouse, to satisfy, and again to arouse our interest. Midas the Phrygian in Macedonia — roses growing near snow mountains — Silenus a prisoner in a rose garden. One wants more. There is something more than the usual outlines of Greek mythology here.

The Rose Garden of Midas is not far to seek. The description of Herodotus fixes it in a region that is to-day one vast garden of fruit trees and flowers, though its wild roses of sixty petals are no more. At the foot of the spurs of snow-covered Bermius three of these orchard valleys run up from the marshy plain of the Haliacmon to the rock. Verria, Naoussa, and Vodena live upon and tend these luxuriant gardens. Each or all of these valleys can be the Gardens of Midas.

Nowhere in Greece have I seen such luxuriance and wealth of fruit and flower. The parched valleys of Attica and the Peloponnese are a desert in comparison. Wild pear and cherry, oak, plane, and poplar shut in the distant scenery, and everywhere is the sound of flowing water. The honey and wine of Naoussa are the most fragrant, though perhaps the least known, in Greece. The fruits of Verria and Vodena are flavored and rich.

Midas captured Silenus in these gardens, says our historian. Plutarch tells more of the tale. Midas organized a proper *battue* and hunted the wretched creature; at last he caught him. He might have kept him and tried to tame him; he might have exhibited him, like the traditional mermaid, in a bottle. But he did none of these things — he was a Greek, I presume, and an inquisitive one at that. He plied the poor hunted thing with questions, and the first was a curious piece of pedantry. 'What is the best thing mankind can have?' he asked. Even so, perhaps, would the local schoolmaster harry the captured mermaid. 'At first,' says Plutarch, 'the Silenus said naught, but remained stubbornly silent.' This was at least what Midas might have expected. A Silenus, if our records tell us aright, spent most of his days in quiet but persevering drunkenness, so that his only means of locomotion was

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athwart the back of an intelligent mule, and his only luggage a cup and wine skin. But nothing would restrain the insatiable Midas, and he insisted upon an answer to his absurd questions. I cannot admire his character, for he seems to have been a gross pedant. He finally goaded the Silenus into speech, and the result was surprising. 'Ephemeral seedling of laborious and evil fortune,' blurted out the victim, 'why do you force me to tell you what it is not good for you to hear? Life is least grievous if it is passed in ignorance of the evils that surround us. Man can in no way have the best of all things nor share in the essence of what is finest. The best thing for men and women alike were that they had not been born . . . better not to have appeared at all than to have spent their time in living and dying.'

I cannot help feeling that Midas got what he deserved. Vulgarly speaking, the Silenus was 'one up.' I wish we were told that Midas let the Silenus go, but unfortunately the story ends before so happy a conclusion. Yet we can comfort ourselves with the thought that perhaps the Silenus, who was neither man nor woman, but 'the son of a nymph and greater than mortality, for he was deathless,' had his own 'greatest good' and that Midas never learned what it was.

II

From the records of Ælian we get a more cheerful account of this famous conversation. 'Great and varied was their discourse,' we learn, and among other things Silenus gave Midas a marvelous account of a strange land. 'Europe, Asia, and Africa,' he said, 'are merely islands round which flows the Ocean. The mainland is far beyond this world that we know.' Everything on this mainland was double the size of the things we know, men and beasts. There were two cities there, one called Machimon and one Eusebe; the former was inhabited by men who spent their whole time in fighting, and the latter by people whose life was calm, wealthy, and prosperous. Gold and silver were more abundant in both cities than iron with us, and the warriors of Machimon were proof against steel. Once they sent an expedition to the 'islands' and got as far as the famous land of the Hyperboreans, who, they had heard, were the happiest of the 'islanders.' But they scorned their happiness and considered it vastly inferior to their own, and so returned home again.

In short, we might call them 'Super-Hyperboreans.'

Perhaps Plutarch records the beginning and Ælian the end of this notable dialogue. One might almost reconstruct it. Midas triumphant, comfortable, and complacent, seated in his chair surrounded by his numerous beaters. Silenus glowering, untamable, and somewhat heated, badgered and pestered by the potentate, bound lest he should escape back again to his wild roses. At last the outburst, and Midas is silenced. Then, as Silenus cools down and Midas becomes less curious, the conversation is resumed on a more 'amicable basis.' Silenus — good, kindly creature that he is — returns to the original question, slightly contrite, perhaps, that he had snubbed the eager Midas so severely. Midas, on his side, too, is contrite — who would not be who captured the wildest of wild things? I can imagine a cup of wine, the rich dark wine of Naoussa, passing between them. 'Perhaps I was unduly passionate,' says Silenus. 'There is little enough of happiness for men in this part of the world; but you should go elsewhere. I could show you a place where you can spend your whole life in happiness, active or passive — in the

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chivalry of perpetual war or the luxury of uninterrupted peace.' Then followed the story of Machimon and Eusebe. More cups of Naoussa wine were passed, and finally an intelligent mule was sent for, Silenus placed upon it, and given back once more to his wild roses.

This version of the 'Dialogue of a Rose Garden' is, I admit, purely synthetic and possibly arbitrary. Other versions existed in antiquity. One was that the capture took place in Phrygia and Angora, the home of Midas, and that Midas cunningly effected the capture by mixing wine with the spring from which the Silenus was accustomed to drink. The Silenus, overcome by the wine, fell asleep and was captured. He was not released until he had answered the king's innumerable questions.

But I prefer to think of the capture and the resultant dialogue as having taken place in the gardens below Mount Bermius. Herodotus states this plainly, and he is our best and oldest authority.

III

Macedonia is the home of sileni and roses. They occur on every page of our records, early and late. From the Vardar to the Nestus River, the fifth-century coins of the mountain tribes show sileni or satyrs indulging in every variety of outrageous conduct. Their behavior toward the local nymphs seems, judging from the coins, to have varied from gentle flirtation to complete abduction — and it can never be said of the nymph that she 'doth protest too much.' In fact, her protests are purely nominal, and in some cases her behavior encouraging. But the sileni are not always mischievous. Sometimes we see them at rest. The coins of Mende in Chalcidice show us the Silenus and his faithful mule returning from an escapade.

There was one tribe that held the peaks of Mount Pangæus called the Satrae, which may not unreasonably have given the name of Satyr to Silenus. However this may be, they stand in history as an example of an indigenous tribe that was never subdued by either Persian, Thracian, Macedonian, Greek, or Roman. Even as early as Herodotus's day they were notorious for their independence. 'The Satrae were subject to no man as far as we know, but down to our own day they alone of all the Thracians are free, for they dwell on high mountains covered with woods of all kinds and snow-clad, and they are keenly warlike.' Among these Satrae was a priestly caste called the Bessi, who guarded the cave oracle of Dionysus on Pangæus. They were 'called brigands by brigands,' says Strabo. In the fourth century of our era, Bishop Niketas of Dacia attempted the conversion of these wild men. Record of his work is preserved in a congratulatory ode written to him by his friend Paulinus: —

Hard were their lands and hard those Bessi bold,
Cold were their snows, their hearts than snow more cold;
Sheep in the fold, from roaming now they cease,
Thy fold of peace.

They who were wont with sweat and manual toil
To delve their sordid ore from out the soil
Now for their wealth, with inward joy untold,
Garner Heaven's fold.

There where of old they prowled like savage beasts,
Now is the joyous site of angel feast.
The brigands' cave is now a hiding place
For men of grace.

All Macedonia, then, from Bermius and the Rose Garden of Midas to the banks of the great Nestus, held these wild men of the mountains, satyrs or sileni, call them which we will.

Curiously enough, where we find sileni, there, too, are roses. The connection between the two, if any there

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be, is obscure, but on Mount Pangæus, the Holy Mountain of the sileni, there were roses as fine as those of the Gardens of Midas. 'Of roses,' says Theophrastus, 'there are many kinds. Most have five petals or twelve, but some there are that have a hundred. They grow round Philippi. The people there get them from Pangæus, where they grow in great quantities.' Practically the same story, in fact, as that of the roses from below Mount Bermius, except that the latter had only sixty petals.

To-day there are few enough roses in the marshy plain of Philippi, and the gaunt ruins of the Roman town are covered with little verdure and with but few flowers. But some memory of the flowers still seems to linger on the sides of Pangæus, for there is a village on its southern slopes called Rodoleivos — the 'Rose Meadow.' It may be a mere chance coincidence too that the only place in Europe where attar of roses is made is quite near this part of Macedonia at Kazanlik, across the Bulgarian frontier. There the roses are grown by the acre as crops, and the scent of them is blown for miles around.

The profusion of roses in and round Pangæus may, perhaps, account for the popularity in Roman times at Philippi of the old Roman festival of Rosalia, the 'Rose Days.'

This festival has a long and interesting history. It is essentially Italian and seems to have flourished in the plains and gardens of Campania. In those same parts it still survives as the Feste l'Inghirlandate at Naples, celebrating the translation of Saint Januarius, and at Capua as the Feast of Saint Stephen. In old Byzantium, in the Middle Ages, it was called the Dies Rosarum, and a festival survives to-day at Parga in Epirus called the Rozalia or Rousalia.

It was a festival of remembrance of the dead, and the tombs of the dead were decked with roses. It was a true pagan rite, for there was no question of praying for the souls of the departed or sacrificing to the dead. It was merely a remembrance of dead friends and relatives; the first week of May was the time of the festival, a time of the year when the dead would most wish to be thought of just because it was a time when life was most full and luxuriant. Perhaps it is for this reason that in many countries to-day no marriages take place during the month of May. It is a *mensis nefastus*, a month that belongs to the dead. Other similar Italian festivals belong to other seasons of the year. Thus the Days of Violets precede the Rosalia by a month. This festival celebrates the beginning of spring, as the Rosalia celebrates the beginning of summer. Less joyful is the festival of Brumalia, which, held early in November, announces the approach of winter. But Greece does not seem to have adopted it. The Romans from Campania, on the other hand, found that the plains round Pangæus were not uncongenial soil for their own festivals. Even in appearance the two regions are not greatly dissimilar.

I BEQUEATH SO MUCH TO THE PRIESTS TO BE SPENT UPON ROSES FOR MY TOMB ONCE EVERY YEAR

Such is the substance of a large number of inscriptions found in and near Philippi. The festival was without doubt a Roman one, brought by the Roman colonists who recolonized Philippi after the battle of Actium, but in the meadows at the foot of Pangæus it found good soil and struck root. Long before the Romans came, there were the hundred-petaled roses of the satyrs. The early coins of Pangæus all bear a symbol that is nothing more or less than a rose — the far-famed rose of the mountain. This rose in turn came to be

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the symbol of the gold of Pangæus, of the wealth of the Bessi and Satrae, who, says Strabo, were in the habit of finding nuggets of gold in the very ground that they ploughed. No wonder that Athens, in the dawn of her history, sent her citizens to settle on the coast at the foot of Pangæus, and so draw upon the wealth of this Northern Eldorado. The town of Crenides that later became the Roman Philippi was the centre from which these resources were tapped. Then it was situated in a fertile plain; to-day the same plain is a fever-stricken swamp. Above it towers Pangæus, snow-capped and rugged, reflected in the many waters. Among its peaks lie hidden the old mines of the satyrs, and the mysterious cave sanctuary of the Bessi. Neither the one nor the other has yet been found, and the villagers, even if they know, will not tell, for, they say, ghosts walk on the peaks of the mountain.

If Silenus and the roses have gone alike from Bermius and from Pangæus, yet the gold and silver still remain. In the plain of Xanthi, west of Philippi, I bought from a peasant a gold ornament of exquisite workmanship, upon which had been worked with infinite cunning two satyrs' heads and a many-petaled rose. At Drama itself, just below Pangæus, I bought a small piece of silver work, equally finely executed, showing Dionysus and a mænad. Who knows what else is to be found in this unexplored region which in ancient times was the borderland of the civilized world and the home of all that was strange, mysterious, and picturesque in legend?

FROM NADIR TO ZENITH

A Response to a Roman Catholic Challenge

BY GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

I

THE author of 'The Nadir of Nothingness'[1] has carried the war into the enemy's country. In controversy, as in campaigning, it is often sound strategy to defend by attacking. 'The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind' was presumably intended to put Roman Catholicism on the defensive. Now comes Mr. MacManus with his offensive defense and drives the scattered forces of Protestantism into the sea. If Sydney Smith were alive he might add a touch of humor to the resulting situation. When a war between rival philosophies had been fiercely waged, his comment was this: 'Bishop Berkeley destroyed this World in one volume octavo; and nothing remained, after his time, but Mind — which experienced a similar fate at the hands of Mr. Hume in 1737.'

But somehow or other it is hard to feel humorous in the presence of the pending religious controversy. It is well enough for Mr. MacManus to

[1] See the *Atlantic* for May 1928

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exhort Protestants to good temper. When they read his article they will need all of it they can summon; but not a whit more than is required of the devout Catholic when he sees the weaknesses of his loved Church exaggerated and its strength passed over in silence.

The simple truth is that religious antipathies in this country are at the present time deep and bitter. This is bad for America; and what is bad for America is bad for the world. There is danger in allowing a poison to permeate national life. The *Atlantic Monthly* has done an important service in affording to everybody an opportunity for self-expression. It is better to discuss such issues in the sunlight and with entire frankness. When possible, it should be done over the names of the disputants.

As a layman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, I am here making an adventurous attempt at a restatement of the issues involved in the pending controversy. An accurate definition of differences must always precede any serious attempt at reconciliation.

I begin by disclaiming any intention to charge my Roman Catholic friends with 'mediævalism.' When a philosophic or religious belief is under discussion, the question is not whether it is mediæval, but whether it is valid. I suppose nobody would discount Chaucer's shrewd analysis of human character merely because he expressed himself in fourteenth-century English. On the other hand, I lay aside as unworthy, from every point of view except that of strategy, all oracular assertions that Protestantism is either the nadir or the zenith of nothingness. If it were, it would not have been worth while for Mr. MacManus to write. Intelligent people do not make so much ado about nothing. No: Catholicism and Protestantism are forces to be recognized and dealt with. Nothing is gained by magnifying or belittling the potency of either of them.

My starting point in a restatement of issues will be the obvious difference between the view that ultimate truth is to be found by those who search alone and the view that success is assured if the searchers hunt collectively. The individualist, as a solitary seeker after truth, searches for God, and, when found, establishes relations with Him in his own way. Nobody with any spiritual experience or with power of observation will be likely to deny that in multitudes of instances God's self-revelation to such seekers comes as an exceeding great reward. Others, however, hold that the revelation of divine truth is reserved for those who seek in groups which in size may range all the way down from the blessed company of all faithful people to the intimate association of a few like-minded friends.

It is at this point that Mr. MacManus makes what seems to me to be his first serious mistake. He says that there are in the Western world to-day only two systems of religious thought: the authoritarian, or Catholic, and the sectarian, which is Protestant. Now the fact is that there are indeed two schools of Christian thought. One is pure individualism, which is neither Catholic nor Protestant, and the other is collectivism, which includes both Catholic and Protestant. 'Collectivism' usually has an economic and political significance. I use the term in this article to denote the antithesis of individualism in the field of religious thinking.

In the school of collectivism there are those who hold that ultimate religious truth can be found only in the common and persistent consciousness of all Christian people, and those who hold that the revelation of truth may come to groups of fellow seekers

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smaller than the whole number of the faithful. The determination whether you will be a solitary seeker or a seeker in fellowship must be made, as all other determinations are made, by an act in which your intelligence and will coöperate. In other words, you must use your judgment. If you decide that you will make your quest alone, this means that you are satisfied to find the source of authority within you. If you unite with other seekers, you are thereby conditioning your liberty of thought by striving to adjust your own thinking to the judgment of the group. In their corporate or collective judgment resides your authority.

If the first issue to be stated is between those who seek truth alone and those who seek it collectively, the next issue concerns the internal contentions of the collectivists respecting the kind of group which may rightfully claim to be illuminated and guided by the Spirit of God. As a matter of history, there was only one group until, about 870 A.D., the Great Schism cut apart the Church in the East and the Church in the West. Until that time, therefore, it could be successfully asserted that Christian truth was synonymous with the accepted teachings of a universal and undivided fellowship. After the Schism, which continues to this day, each of the two resulting groups of fellow seekers still retained its belief that ultimate truth resides in the common consciousness of all Christians. Each group, however, claimed that its position in the great controversy was identical with the primitive Christian position. In other words, the Eastern Church and the Western Church each asserted itself to be the repository of Orthodoxy.

Thereafter the Western group retained its substantial integrity until affected by the series of sixteenth-century events which are called collectively the Reformation. As an incident of the Reformation came the assertion that Christian truth is to be sought not only in the common consciousness of all Christendom, but also in the illumination by the Holy Spirit of earnest and devout groups of like-minded men banded together in a determined quest of the Kingdom of God. Catholicism, with its insistence upon the wholeness of the Christian fellowship, thus stands in opposition to Protestantism, with its corresponding insistence that the true unit of fellowship is not a world-wide corporation, but the smaller group of like-minded fellow seekers.

The third issue to be stated is one which divides into two groups those who agree in the Catholic theory that truth resides in the consciousness of the whole Church. This issue is, for present purposes, the most important of all. On one side is the claim that the world-wide Christian body can express itself only through corporate meetings, called General Councils, and that the decrees of these Councils derive their ultimate authority from subsequent tacit acceptance by the whole body of the faithful. The first seven of these General Councils, by the way, from 325 A.D. to 787 A.D., are of undisputed authority. An exception is the Council of Chalcedon, which is repudiated by the ancient Armenian Church. Thirteen others, from 869 A.D. to 1869 A.D., are affirmed only by Roman Catholics to have had an œcumenical character. In derogation of conciliar authority is the Roman Catholic assertion that the pope is God's sole and exclusive agent for the determination and proclamation of ultimate truth in matters of faith and morals, and that, if a General Council were to meet, its decrees would be of authority only in virtue of their confirmation by the pope as distinguished from their acceptance by the whole body of the faithful. This issue, then,

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is between those who hold that the voice of all the faithful is the voice of God and those who maintain that the Voice Divine is heard, if not exclusively, at least normally, only when the pope makes an ex-cathedra utterance.

It cannot be said with accuracy that this issue between Catholics and Roman Catholics is an issue between democracy and autocracy. The claim is not, on the one hand, that the people are the source of truth and, on the other, that its source is found in the pope. In both cases the truth is regarded as proceeding from God, and the only question concerns its channel of communication to man. This is true whether the non-Roman Catholics are in the Eastern Church or in certain separated national churches or inside the Anglican Communion. It would be nearer the truth to assert that it is Protestantism that corresponds to democracy and that Roman Catholicism is akin to imperialism; for the systems of church government which result from the Protestant theory are in fact democratic, while the essence of the Roman system is centralization carried to its last extremity.

II

An uninformed reader of 'The Nadir of Nothingness' would naturally infer that the faith of a devout Roman Catholic of to-day has actually been prescribed for him by the pope in virtue of papal infallibility. In point of fact, however, the dogma of papal infallibility dates only from July 18, 1870, the day upon which the decree of the Vatican Council was confirmed by Pope Pius IX. 'During the proceedings,' says a Roman Catholic writer, 'a thunderstorm broke over the Vatican, and amid thunder and lightning the pope promulgated the new dogma, like a Moses promulgating the law on Mount Sinai.' It is a curious historical coincidence that on the next day Napoleon III declared war on Prussia, and so began the conflict which eventually ended in the loss of the temporal possessions of the papacy. It is, however, more than a coincidence that no vital or even important part of Roman Catholic belief has been the subject of papal declaration since the Vatican Council assembled, saving only the dogma that the pope is infallible. The 'authoritarian' principle invoked by Mr. MacManus has therefore little to do with what the devout Roman Catholic actually believes, but a very great deal to do with the kind of organization that the Roman Catholic Church has now become.

This can best be understood if it is borne in mind that the pope, in virtue of election to office, does not become a priest, if he was not one before. A layman may be elected pope. One of the greatest of the popes, Gregory VII, was only a deacon when elected. He was subsequently ordained priest and his consecration as pope followed. In such case his authority to celebrate Mass, administer the sacraments, and perform other sacerdotal functions results from his priesthood, not from his papacy.

In other words, the papacy is not an *order* at all. What the pope exercises in virtue of the papal office is jurisdiction. His jurisdiction is exercised, not over territory, but over people. It is true that at times there have been 'States of the Church'—territories over which the authority of civil government was exercised. But such temporal possessions are not of the essence of the papacy. The essential papal jurisdiction extends to the following exclusive functions of major importance: to make ex-cathedra declarations on questions of faith and morals, which decrees are irreformable;

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to set forth creeds; to prescribe books of instruction, to establish universities, to direct missions, to prohibit the reading of books injurious to the faith, to condemn specific propositions as heretical, to determine what is lawful in social relations and in family life, to prescribe liturgical services, to canonize saints, to legislate for the whole Church either directly or through a Council whose acts are subject to his confirmation, to modify or annul existing canons, to exercise supreme judicial authority, whether original or appellate, to nominate cardinals, to establish dioceses and nominate (or confirm the nomination of) bishops throughout the world, to approve new religious orders and subject them to his own direct authority by exempting them from local episcopal jurisdiction, and to lay upon the faithful taxes for ecclesiastical purposes.

If this incomplete catalogue of papal powers is carefully analyzed, its full significance will be realized. When it is likewise realized that the jurisdiction is what is technically known as 'immediate,' the scope of the papal power will be better appreciated. In virtue of the immediacy of his jurisdiction, the pope sustains a direct relation to each of the faithful, whether he be pastor or layman, and this relation results in a power of control which is not exercisable through the local bishop.

Anyone who has even a slight understanding of military or political organization will perceive that under such a system the laity, as such, are privates in the ranks, without access to headquarters. The Church, like a state dominated by a powerful political organization, is in theory composed of the masses of the people. Practically, however, the Church is the clergy, and every clergyman, be he pastor of a flock or bishop of a diocese or member of a religious order, is subject to a control which, according to the point of view, is either salutary or the opposite. If Protestantism is poor on the side of authority, Roman Catholicism is bankrupt in the matter of representation.

III

In order to state the issue presented by such a record, it is not necessary to use the language of violent controversy or even to discuss the relative merits of competing systems. The issue is obvious and inevitable. It is an inescapable fact that the vast majority of those who are subject to the Roman obedience must regard with something between amusement and contempt the decentralized systems of other Christian bodies. 'The Nadir of Nothingness' is merely an expression of this unhappy state of mind. On the other hand, it is similarly a fact that a like majority of those trained to revere democracy and representative government are restless and suspicious in the presence of a power which seems to them inconsistent with constitutional liberty. In the United States we are committed to the separation of executive, legislative, and judicial power, and we regard those in office as deriving their authority from the people. In the Roman Catholic Church the supreme executive, legislative, and judicial power is centred in one individual claiming to be divinely commissioned to speak in the name of Our Lord, and elected by cardinals who are themselves papal appointees. Mr. MacManus naturally resents the charge that Roman Catholics are deficient in loyalty to country. He must realize, however, that most popular judgments such as this are impervious to refined explanation. What will happen if Uncle Sam bids the devout Roman Catholic arise and do battle, while the

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pope by divine direction lays upon him a different injunction, is the kind of question which the man on the street is too impatient to debate. He settles it without hearing the other side.

Most thoughtful people will agree with Mr. MacManus that what a man believes has a determining effect upon his conduct. But it by no means follows that his conduct will be determined by what he says he believes. Belief, to be dynamic, must be the belief that one achieves or wholeheartedly assimilates. A man may repeat the Creed with intellectual assent to its authority, but the next minute may find him acting with willful disloyalty to his Master. It is perhaps because of this obvious fact that the weakest part of Mr. MacManus's article is that in which he undertakes to show that a Roman Catholic ought to be the best of citizens and concludes that he therefore is. This is to revive the ancient issue respecting the actual effect upon a man of an overriding and final authority. A professional soldier of the 'hard-boiled' variety might easily deify discipline and ridicule civilian administration as the nadir of nothingness. But instantly his condemnation of the civilian could be matched by Bernard Shaw's caricature of the professional soldier. 'His whole training,' says Shaw, 'tends to make him a weakling. He has the easiest of lives: he has no freedom and no responsibility. . . . The rules are plain and simple; the ceremonies of respect and submission are as easy and mechanical as a prayer wheel; the orders are always to be obeyed thoughtlessly, however inept or dishonorable they may be. As the late Laureate said in the two stinging lines in which he branded the British soldier with the dishonor of Esau, "theirs not to reason why: theirs but to do and die." To the moral imbecile and political sluggard these conditions are as congenial and attractive as they are abhorrent and intolerable to the William Tell temperament.' Mr. MacManus fails to appreciate Protestantism as Mr. Shaw fails to appreciate the soldier.

This perennial question respecting the effect of overwhelming a man with authority recurs when one attempts to estimate the Roman Catholic clergy as factors in the life of any nation. Discipline indeed rescues them from making oracular utterances on public questions to which they have given insufficient study. Some submit themselves to all manner of control with a humility that is altogether admirable. Others manifest that unlovely quality which looks like deference toward a superior but betrays itself in what savors of tyranny over a subordinate. It is a rare man who can serve as an officer in so compact and well-disciplined an organization without unduly emphasizing the power that he wields. When regard is had to the extensive jurisdiction which he is licensed to exercise, the true nature of the clergyman's inward self becomes a matter of grave public concern.

A Protestant minister or group of ministers may talk big and claim to speak for the whole Protestant world. Such an empty claim does little harm, because in a representative system nobody has any such authority and few take the claim seriously. In an imperial system, clerical utterances, except where they are anonymous, must receive anxious consideration because they have behind them the backing of a great organization.

This comment upon the issue between authority and representation introduces a fact which seems not to have occurred to Mr. MacManus. The fact is that the fundamental differences between Christian groups of whatever

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size are differences in the field of political science rather than in the field of theology. From the Catholic point of view, a bishop, when consecrated, becomes a bishop of the whole Church of God, not of a subdivision thereof. This appears when you consult the Eastern Orthodox form of consecration, the Roman form, and the form set forth in the Book of Common Prayer. The sequence styled the Apostolic Succession is fundamentally a device by which authority to act for a world-wide group is perpetually transmitted through a self-perpetuating body of commissioning trustees. In the absence of such an institution there would have to be action by a meeting of the world-wide body of Christians, which is now an impossibility, or else an acceptance of the Protestant theory that valid ministerial authority is derivable from groups smaller than the whole. Almost every denominational difference that can be suggested corresponds to some difference between types of corporate organization familiar to lawyers. The papacy itself, founded on a claim which presupposes the sanctity of collectivism, has now become the most notable instance of individualism in the world. Mr. MacManus focuses not a little of his scorn on the right of exercise by Protestants of private judgment. He intimates that the sixty or seventy millions of unchurched in the United States were once Protestants, but have lapsed into religious nothingness through the exercise of this right. He seems to overlook the fact that it is only in virtue of an heroic exercise of this very faculty that a man can decide to surrender it. From the Roman Catholic point of view, it is only in this way that those outside the fold can climb into it. Once in, they must discredit the ladder by which alone they climbed.

IV

It would be difficult to paint the outlook for civilization in colors more sombre than those which Mr. MacManus applies to his canvas. Having mistakenly identified sectarianism with unwillingness to accept papal authority, and after blaming upon Protestantism pretty much everything that is amiss in the world, this prophet of gloom proceeds as follows: —

> If sectarianism ever has the courage to confront itself with its own colossal and tragic failures and admit that they involve the annihilation of existing civilization, only two courses are open. It must either maintain the sufficiency of churchlessness and creedlessness when properly administered for the salvation of society, or go over to Rome, en masse. It will never do the latter, and so, humanly speaking, there is no solution. If society is dependent for its salvation upon the Christian dispensation, and if the sectarian idea is to dominate and be carried to its last anarchic conclusion, then society is indubitably doomed.

It is difficult to understand, if the Roman Catholic position is sound, why there should be such black despair of its acceptance by the world. Mr. MacManus concedes that 'fifty or sixty or seventy million' of Americans are sufficiently 'straight-thinking, more or less logical-minded, consistent human beings' to have thought themselves out of the nothingness of Protestantism. They are not, then, invincibly ignorant. They are, presumably, in a state of mind hospitable to a valid revelation of divine truth. A mind emancipated from one extreme is usually ready to take refuge in the other. It would seem, therefore, to be the day of boundless opportunity for the Roman Catholic Church. Yet in the presence of such opportunity Mr. MacManus despairs — and well he may. The simple fact is that imperialism

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may satisfy some of the people some of the time, but it cannot satisfy all of the people all of the time. It may be that there is something wrong with most of us or something wrong with imperialism; but for practical purposes the result is the same. If it were really true that there is no salvation outside the Roman Church, then the ultimate failure of Christianity and civilization might be not merely feared but confidently predicted. There are, however, multitudes of Christians who cannot be persuaded that their one chance of salvation lies in the acceptance of an ecclesiastical system which to them seems at war with the best that is in them. Between imperialists and anti-imperialists there is no possibility of reconciliation.

Over against this great gulf is the fact that, if the Christian dispensation is God's revelation of truth, it is not unreasonable to expect its ultimate acceptance by men of all temperaments and of the most diverse attitudes toward matters of organization and government. Protestantism, if emphasis were laid on faith rather than on mechanics, might well come to an acceptance of the rule of Saint Vincent of Lérins: *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus.* In the attempt to identify the faith of a man with the mechanism for compelling his faith, controversialists are apt to shut their eyes to the obvious and reassuring fact that there is a substantial unity of belief between Christians of many names. The chief obstacle to a realization of the Christian unity that actually exists is insistence upon the acceptance of an impossible method of preserving it. The substitution of uniformity for unity is a hopeless undertaking.

On the other hand, the Christian believer who longs for unity in the faith cannot but find ground for hope when he discovers that the obstacles in his path are rather matters of organization and government than of spiritual apprehension and belief. This hopeful fact is dim-descried amid the dust clouds of controversy. As far as belief is concerned, there are fixed stars in the Christian firmament. There is God, who in the drama of human history has disclosed Himself as Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. There is the supreme act of Love which has as its motive the At-one-ment of God and man, and as its method the Incarnation. Around these are clustered many bright but lesser stars by which devout Catholics, Protestants, and Roman Catholics alike steer their course. These are the high lights of the Christian tradition. They awaken hope, evoke loyalty, quicken devotion, inspire art. Protestant astronomers cannot injure these stars any more than papal authority can multiply them. With such stars to steer by, the nadir becomes only a point of departure. The zenith in the firmament of Christianity is reached when the soul attains to a practical, thoroughgoing devotion to the Person of Jesus Christ.

When once this is conceded, there must inevitably subsist a fundamental unity between all those who are friends of the same great Friend. In such a relation it becomes possible to say of Protestant, Catholic, and Roman Catholic: —

> One port, methought, alike they sought;
> One purpose hold where e'er they fare;
> O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
> At last, at last, unite them there!

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THE NEW ERA IN WALL STREET

BY JOHN MOODY

I

THE trend of American security prices since 1922 presents a remarkable picture. Never before in the history of Wall Street has such a record been displayed. Before the Great War, so-called 'bull markets' sometimes ran two or three years without serious interruption. But now we have witnessed a bull market which had its inception nearly six years ago. And this market, instead of culminating in reaction, depression, or panic, as, according to all orthodox rules of the past, it should long ago have done, has this year been making such spectacular records for itself that the entire financial world has been amazed.

Nearly all of the accredited seers and economic experts have been at a loss to explain it. Most surprising of all, the incurable stock-market optimist and perennial 'bull,' as well as the great army of innocent 'lambs,' have for several years been led, not to the proverbial slaughter, but to a continuous feast of speculative profits. For the first time within the memory of man, 'tips' galore have made good. The Wall Street stock market, which, according to all rules of the old logic, should have 'petered out' two years ago and was then believed to be overdue for a wide-open crash, has this year displayed new and mysterious force. And even though the country has been going through a moderate business depression, — though credit conditions are beginning to display considerable strain, interest rates have long been rising, and brokers' loans have been soaring,—still the great bull market has gone on.

It is not in the stock-market field alone that a remarkable picture is presented of the six-year stretch from 1922. A chart of the investment-bond-market trend presents a similar though less startling exhibit; and if precise records could be produced showing the expansion in the volume and sale of 'outside' securities, with the broadening in the distribution of all types of investments throughout the country, equally dramatic comparisons with half a dozen years ago could now be made.

As a concrete illustration of what has happened in the Wall Street markets since 1923, certain exhibits of the price changes in standard, representative investment stocks and bonds have recently been compiled by the writer. In the field of railroad stocks, taking twenty-six representative dividend-paying issues, there has been an average advance in prices of about 100 per cent from the levels of 1923. Any investor who had in 1923 diversified a given sum, like $100,000, among these twenty-six railroad issues would recently have had a capital increase to about $200,000. In the public-utility field, an investor who had diversified a similar sum in twenty-seven representative stocks would recently have had a profit of over 200 per cent; his original $100,000 investment would be worth more than $300,000. In the industrial list, an

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investment in thirty representative issues (the sum being equally divided between all) recently showed a profit of over 230 per cent; that is, an investment of about $100,000 in 1923 recently had a value of about $330,000. In all of these exhibits no 'skyrockets' or purely speculative stocks were included; the selections were confined entirely to issues of standard character and to the investment classes.

But, as already stated, this continuous upward tendency in security prices since 1923 has not been confined to stocks alone. Investors in the highest-grade seasoned railroad bonds have reaped profits of 20 per cent or more during the period; purchasers of standard foreign dollar bonds in 1923 now find themselves with profits of from 20 per cent to 30 per cent on their original investments. In this general connection, the writer recently compiled a diversified list of American railroad bonds, foreign dollar bonds, railroad, public utility, and industrial stocks, and bank and trust-company stocks. Assuming that an investor had spread the specific sum of $100,000 in this list, in approximately equal amounts, he would now find himself with a capital value of nearly $400,000.

There has been strong emphasis laid for many months on what are called the dangers of the speculative situation and high market values by practically every public commentator. Dangers are present, it is true, and the thoughtless and venturesome speculator in these days runs great risk of having his fingers burned. But the average financial commentator or critic is too prone to hark back to the experiences of the years before the war and draw parallels with years like 1893, 1903, and 1907; years in which great bull movements culminated and were followed by depressions or panics. There is a similar tendency to ring the changes constantly on what happened immediately at the end of the wild post-war inflation period of 1919 and early 1920. It is confidently asserted that what happened in those years will presently happen again. And yet, notwithstanding the wide and persistent preaching of this orthodox doctrine, we have this year witnessed powerful financial interests and numerous shrewd, 'long-pull' investors purchasing vast blocks of high-priced standard shares and putting these shares in their strong boxes.

What is the correct explanation of it all? Is it entirely the commonplace one of unreasoned and excited speculation and manipulation, with nothing more tangible behind it than a dramatic manifestation of crowd psychology? Or are there more fundamental things behind it? A careful examination of all the facts seems to indicate that there are some fundamental factors of moment behind this extraordinary Wall Street situation; and it is the purpose of this article to attempt to bring some of these fundamental things to light.

II

It will be agreed by all thoughtful persons that to interpret the present intelligently one must first turn to a study of the past. But in turning to the past one should first give due weight to the fact that causes which greatly affected events in past years may no longer exist; that laws, customs, methods, perspectives, as well as the position and resources of the nation, may have materially changed. Let us examine for a moment the panic and depression periods of 1893, 1903, and 1907.

These years were all preceded by bull markets which, superficially at least, bore many of the earmarks of the present bull market. There was inflation

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then; there is inflation now. Standard stocks at the end of 1906 were selling, on the average, on a lower income basis than now; standard investment bonds were all higher than now. But the panics or depressions that followed closely on the heels of the booms of 1892, 1902, and 1906 were primarily caused, in all three cases, by certain outstanding factors which no longer exist in this country. The panic of 1893 was brought on almost entirely by the unsound currency legislation of the period; by the iniquitous workings of the Sherman Silver Purchase Law and the inadequacy of the National Banking System for coping with the situation. The depression of 1903 was caused primarily by the reckless, crude, and unscientific mania for industrial capitalizing and stockjobbing; by the overambitious railroad consolidation schemes; by the rise of radicalism in politics which largely resulted therefrom; and by the continued aggravation of a faulty banking and reserve system in a country which was growing by leaps and bounds and had far outgrown its credit machinery. The panic of 1907 was directly traceable to the same old panic-breeder, the National Banking Law, and to little else. It is true that the booms or bull markets which preceded these panics or depressions were overdone and were in many ways distinctly unhealthy; but they were unhealthy primarily because of the total absence of adequate banking and credit machinery.

Consequently, in comparing the pre-war past with the post-war present, we must first give due weight to the fact that the fundamental causes of the disasters mentioned have now been eliminated. Looking backward, as we now can, it is readily enough demonstrated that in the period of twenty years or more preceding the Great War there never was a time in which one could fairly count on a long period of sustained prosperity in this country. Banking conditions were always unsound; a large part of the period was checkered with radical antitrust legislation; socialistic ideas were rampant in all directions; the financing of this initial era of big business was in large part crude, unscientific, and ill considered. It was the period of the 'trust-buster,' the muckraker, and the 'undesirable citizen,' and, in its later years, the shadows of the Great War were dropping down over the world.

The saner method for attempting an analysis of the present is to seek for the background of the years which have gone by since the close of the war; especially those years which have intervened since the deflation collapse of 1920 and 1921. The background of these half-dozen years far more completely explains the present and indicates the probable future than any research, however exhaustive, into the generation which preceded the Great War.

In 1923, business in this country was just beginning definitely to recover from the deflation crash of more than two years before. Liabilities of business firms and corporations had been well liquidated, and acute deflation had done its work in the general fields of industry and finance. Political and labor conditions were becoming increasingly stable, and though Europe was still in the mire, and the German-French situation was acutely bad, there were not lacking signs that the reparation problem was definitely heading toward a solution. Based on these general facts, the belief that better times were ahead was justified; and even had there been nothing else of importance in the situation, it is probable that the following year would have been one of progress.

But, aside from all this, certain other

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fundamental facts should be brought to the front. The most important is that the position of the United States in relation to the rest of the world had completely changed. We had become a mighty creditor nation, whereas in the decades before the war we were still a borrowing nation. The sudden and dramatic events of the war period had increased the wealth and resources of this country to an extent which perhaps would not otherwise have been equaled within a generation or more; and, because of the exhaustion of Europe, the relative position of the United States had been made even stronger. An immense increase in our plant and producing capacity had also taken place as a result of abnormal war activities after 1914 and all through the war years. Thus, at the signing of the peace, this country was completely equipped for a vast new expansion in its wealth-producing activities.

Another vital fact which had gone far to stabilize fundamental financial and business conditions in America was the founding of the Federal Reserve Banking System. The new law, passed at the close of 1913, was the culmination of the agitation for sound banking which had been carried on with growing aggressiveness after the free-silver craze of the 1890's had spent itself. During the war period it saved the day for American war finance; it probably saved the day for the Allies. It carried the country through the disastrous deflation period of 1920 and 1921 by a process of orderly liquidation. Everyone who has full knowledge of the matter knows that if we had still been operating under the old banking system in 1920 we should then have experienced the worst financial and commercial panic of all history. By the opening of 1923, the Federal Reserve Law had demonstrated its thorough practicality and value, and thus had secured the general confidence of the business interests of the country. The old breeder of financial panics, the National Banking Law, which had been a menace to American progress for two decades, had now been replaced by a modern, scientific reserve system which embodied an elastic currency and an orderly control of the money market.

The foregoing two fundamental facts really constitute the background of the new era in which we are now living. But we may also trace the effect of various other factors which existed in 1923 or were then in the making; all of which have a very direct bearing on conditions as they are to-day, and which go far to explain the phenomena of the 1928 security markets.

The lessons taught by the crude speculative corporate period that preceded the war, culminated in the disaster of 1907, and brought on much antitrust legislation and political unsettlement, had by 1923 been well learned by the majority of big-business minds. The experiences of corporation heads, financiers, and business men through the deflation days of 1920 and 1921 had brought a new impulse of caution to the average producer and distributor, forcing him to adhere to a 'hand-to-mouth' policy in all his activities; thus keeping himself out of debt to the greatest extent possible. The experiences of the war had also, both in America and abroad, caused an immense decline in socialistic and radical sentiment of the pre-war type; our own experiment in government operation of the railways had gone far to blight the growing propaganda of the late pre-war days in favor of public ownership and operation of all utilities. In addition there were in the making, during 1923 and after, certain constructive economic trends of great importance.

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After the war had closed and the wild speculative period of profiteering had collapsed, a declining tendency immediately set in in commodity prices. Margins of profit narrowed or entirely disappeared, and thus the old temptation for expanding inventories or buying goods or raw materials in anticipation of sharply rising prices was completely eliminated. A very direct and increasing impetus was thus given to the modern American effort toward the more scientific development of mass production and distribution, the speeding up of production, and the cutting out of waste and excess motion in all industrial activities. After the passage of the Railroad Transportation Act of 1920 and the restoration of the railroads to their owners, a remarkable increase in the speeding up of freight deliveries was developed, which in itself gave new facility to the hand-to-mouth policy among merchants and retailers. The new slogan, 'Keep your shelves as bare as you dare,' was taking the place of the old notion that an overstocked store was essential to prosperity.

Coincident with the growing efficiency in manufacturing and business methods, there was fully under way by 1923 a rapid development of new mechanical inventions in almost every business line. Old methods were being eliminated and new labor and time-saving devices installed as never before. Profits were being sought more and more through the elimination and cutting down of unnecessary costs rather than in mere attempts to increase volume and profit through possible advancing prices. This tendency was further accelerated by the continuous trend toward consolidation of small units into large; by the larger development of the chain-store and direct-delivery systems, with the resulting elimination of the middle man.

This general evolution in production and distribution was of course immensely stimulated by the perfecting of methods, going on all over the country, for the larger mobilization of investment capital; the gathering together, for the uses of industry and for direct investment in the big business and corporate enterprises of the times, of the surplus savings of the people. We were rapidly becoming a nation of investors — investors in our own industries from one end of the country to the other.

With the gradual disappearance of the war and post-war problems and the final adjustment of relations with our former Allies, and with the adjustment of our people to the habit of accepting the higher level of prices and cost of living as 'normal,' a new stabilization of political and labor interests took form. No longer were the people agitated by the pre-war political issues of tariff, antimonopoly, and 'trust-busting'; labor was no longer aggressively urging socialistic legislation; issues which had split the Republican Party in 1912, such as the recall of judges, initiative and referendum, direct election of senators, and woman suffrage, were either settled or forgotten; the League of Nations issue and the 'Wilson policies' had been pushed aside by the return of the Republicans to power in 1920. Labor was being quite uniformly employed on the new and higher wage scales and was beginning to share more and more in the profits of industry, while the general public were feeling the influences of growing stability and prosperity. As increasing numbers became investors in the rising corporate activities of the continent, the sentiment pervaded more and more widely that business enterprise and wealth production thrive best under political noninterference, though with proper and necessary

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regulation. This changing attitude of the people was well reflected in the national election of 1924, when the strongest argument which returned President Coolidge to office was the maintenance of business stability.

Not the least of the influences, however, which have made for American stability and growing confidence during the past five years has been the sometimes slow and halting but certain 'come-back' of the war-ridden nations of Europe. Each year has seen advances in this respect. All the European calamity prophets have been continuously discredited; especially since the German settlement of 1924 has confidence grown in the future of Europe. It is perhaps not too much to say that one of the great fundamental factors which has reacted profoundly on the psychology of the American people within recent years is the growing belief, especially among the thoughtful classes, that there is a real possibility of what might be termed a general renaissance developing on the European continent during the coming generation. Especially in business and financial circles in this country is the belief growing that a long period of peace is in store for the civilized nations of the Old World.

Such are the main constructive facts which, it seems to the writer, constitute the background of the long and sustained upward trend of security prices in Wall Street of the past few years.

Stock-market manipulation, rumor, overconfidence, seasonal changes in business, credit strain, and the like, always, of course, affect the financial markets currently and temporarily; but the longer trend is only to be accounted for by facts such as are outlined above.

No one can examine the panorama of business and finance in America during the past half-dozen years without realizing that we are living in a new era; that we have been going through an economic revolution of the profoundest character. America's world of to-day is not the world of twenty years ago.

In fact, a new age is taking form throughout the entire civilized world; civilization is taking on new aspects. We are only now beginning to realize, perhaps, that this modern, mechanistic civilization in which we live is now in the process of perfecting itself. Political problems nowadays are looming less large in the minds of men than are economic factors. The public more and more are thinking in terms of industry, wealth production, efficiency of method, income, and profits. What this portends for the longer future, no one can say; but it is a fact of great significance, nevertheless.

III

Naturally enough, forecasts made in 1923, which correctly foreshadowed what subsequently has happened in the security markets, would have been looked upon as fantastic by the average man, and any present forecast of the coming few years may also be looked upon as fantastic. Nevertheless, there seem to be many reasons for believing that the coming period may prove quite as stable and constructive in this country as have the five past years, if not more so. And, though the prices of investment securities of standard quality look high to us to-day, they easily may, by 1933, be quoted in many cases at far higher values. Five years ago the prevailing income yield on high-grade securities ranged around 6 per cent. To-day it ranges, for the same type of investments, around $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. It may not be at all extraordinary, after five years more of constructive growth

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and business development in this country, combined with the further stabilization which is in prospect in Europe, if income yields on high-grade investments fall far below 4 per cent. Already United States Government issues are yielding little more than in the days long before the war, when our government debt was merely nominal. Thirty years ago British consols were selling on a 2 per cent to 2¼ per cent basis. Is it unreasonable to suppose that American Government obligations in future years, assuming a continuance of the present trend, may sell on even a lower income basis than this?

There is every indication that the steady growth in the wealth and savings of the American people which has been going on without material interruption for years, and is still persisting, will continue through many years to come, thus adding steadily to and maintaining a relative plethora of available capital and credit; a plethora which has by no means been offset thus far by the immense outpour of new securities or the heavy borrowings of foreign peoples. Capital, credit, and confidence are practically interchangeable terms in our modern, mechanistic civilization. In the last analysis, their plenitude depends on faith; that is, faith in the future.

In looking to the future it is worth emphasizing that the modern hand-to-mouth custom of carrying on the business machinery of the country seems destined to remain with us. Corporate interests and business men generally no longer tie up great sums in inventories, but tend to accumulate secondary and other cash reserves which normally have a directly easing effect on credit conditions. A comparison of the cash position of the typical large corporation to-day with that of half a dozen years ago is illuminating. Moreover, the stable and nonspeculative trend of wholesale commodity prices, as measured over the longer period, is an insurance against the return of the old dangerous custom of speculating and profiteering in inventories; for, though raw material and goods prices have their seasonal trends, unless a long upward trend sets in, such as existed in the decade before the war, there is no inducement to profiteer or to accumulate for speculative advances. It seems probable that a stable or nonrising trend in raw materials and other costs will continue in this country for many years to come, just as was the case in Great Britain for thirty years or more after the Napoleonic Wars of a century ago. This was the period of England's greatest expansion and growth, it being coincident with the famous Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth century; a revolution in industry and wealth-producing methods which is being duplicated on an immensely higher scale in America to-day. The days of the great English Industrial Revolution were marked by the dislocation and unsettlement of labor and social conditions, but in our day we have largely advanced beyond these conditions.

Not the least important fact of this new age in which we live is the profound change which has taken place within recent years in the public attitude toward corporate enterprise. To-day it is estimated that more than 15,000,000 Americans own stocks and bonds and governmental obligations, and the number is still growing by leaps and bounds. When it is realized that twenty years ago not more than 500,000 security investors existed in the United States, the significance of this fact will be recognized. And in this connection it should be noted that a rapidly increasing percentage of the genuine investment capital in America is going into 'equities' — that is, into

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preferred and common stocks of corporations as distinguished from bonds. To some extent, at least, does this account for the broad and stable condition, at high levels, of recent Wall Street markets. Not all of the 4,000,000-share days are the work of speculators and manipulators.

It is not for a moment intended to imply that in this new era the old-fashioned principles of cause and effect have lost their meaning. There is still as much truth as ever in the axiom that what is pushed up in speculative Wall Street is certain sooner or later to be pushed down. We have had demonstration enough, during the past five years, as values have been rising, that rash stock-market speculation is as dangerous as ever. The impressive thing, however, has been the gradual, though fluctuating, upward trend from year to year and the relative maintenance of values at the higher levels, regardless of business reactions, of temporary recessions in profits, money-market fluctuations, or such seemingly abnormal things as the heavy outflow of gold to Europe. Though the latter are all matters of importance, and are certain in the future, as in the past, to affect currently the speculative security markets, yet in the long run they are all relatively unimportant as compared with the broad fundamentals which have been discussed.

The mistake that many, no doubt, make is to assume that times have not fundamentally changed. They have changed. We are living in a new era, and Wall Street, in its present condition and activity, broadly stated, is simply reflecting this new era. It will continue to reflect it as the years go by, and if, as has been assumed, the present national and world trends continue without material change through the next decade, it is obvious enough that security values during future years will rise to higher levels.

But it should finally be emphasized that, though we are in the midst of a new and remarkable era, we have not reached the millennium. We should not assume that business reactions, periods of recession and unsettlement, are to be abolished, or that Wall Street will enjoy an uninterrupted bull market indefinitely. Plenty of shocks will come in the months and years ahead to the speculator and gambler, and perhaps there will be more than one massacre of the innocents in Wall Street during the coming year or two. This seems likely enough, if only because of the vast increase in our 'lamb' population.

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THE VATICAN AND ITALY

BY JULES SAUERWEIN

I

EVER since that fine day in 1870 when the troops of King Victor Emmanuel II penetrated a breach they had made in the Porta Pia and entered the city of Rome, there has been an endless conflict between the Holy See, which used to possess the city, and its new sovereign, the Italian State. This conflict has, however, been tempered by discreet arrangements and secret negotiations. To-day the so-called Roman question has assumed a new aspect, owing to the fact that Italy is no longer ruled by a normal government, but by a sort of second pope, who has adopted the programme of giving this nation a new religion to be put beside its former religion.

But it would be impossible to understand why the negotiations between Mussolini and the Vatican have fallen through, and why an inevitable and increasing state of tension is going to separate these two powers still further, if we failed to recall the relations that have existed between the Church and the monarchy during the last fifty years. I shall sum up these relations in a few words, basing my statements not only upon ordinary publications, but upon statements by prelates and former accredited diplomats who have been close to the Holy See. In short, I am giving here the results of an investigation made on the spot only a few weeks ago.

In the first place, the beginning of the struggle is less tragic than we ordinarily believe. The two persons most responsible were General Cadorna, Chief of Police at Rome and father of the man who was generalissimo of the Italian army during the last war, and Pantaleoni, a politician and a supporter of the General. Neither of these two men, however, had anything to do with the Carbonari or with the Freemasons. They were both practising Catholics who took Communion every Sunday, simple patriots eager to give the new Italy her historic capital. Being what they were, they were guided by a mixture of nationalist and religious idealism. They were the natural successors of those two eloquent priests, Gioberti and Romini, who pursued a vigorous campaign from 1830 to 1850 with a view to preventing the Church from continuing as the sovereign of Rome. During that period the kingdom of Italy did not exist, and these two good priests believed that they would be rendering a service to the Vatican if they were to relieve the sovereign pontiff of the temporal care of administering the Papal States. They thought that the Pope lost prestige and dignity by intervening in the petty affairs of his turbulent subjects, and that it would be much better for him merely to be a sovereign in his own palace, without having to govern a few hundred thousand individuals who lived near him.

It is admitted to-day that the sham assault made on Rome in 1870 was executed after a secret agreement had been drawn up with the Pope. Pius IX

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wanted the fact to be well established that he was yielding to violence, but he was content to have this violence symbolized by a mere gesture and the firing of a single cannon.

Just when the Italian Government was installed in the Roman capital and the inhabitants of Rome had confirmed in a plebiscite their own desire to be Italians, the State tried to give the pontiff a special statute appropriate to the dignity of the chief of the Catholic Church. Italian statesmen were alive to the difficulties of the affair, for the Pope has two qualities — he is Bishop of Rome, and Head of the Universal Catholic Church. As Bishop of Rome he participates in Italian affairs, while as Head of the Church he has to be entirely independent of any state, for if he showed any connection with any government he would arouse the defiance of states to which other faithful subjects of his belong.

For many centuries this condition of independence took the form of a pontifical state over which the Pope exercised a sovereignty which legally disappeared when Rome became the capital of Italy. The Law of Guarantees, which to-day lies at the bottom of the debate and which dates from May 13, 1871, was at least intended to assure the Holy See total independence.

Many advantages might have been given to the pontiff by virtue of a freely accepted contract, had not Pius IX objected that this law of May 13, 1871, was a law, and not a concordat, forgetting that a concordat had been offered him three times. The law in question confirmed everything that previous negotiations had proposed, but it did not appear to assure sufficiently the sovereign character of the Holy Father. Pius IX, like his successor, Leo XIII, insisted on revindication of the status quo pure and simple — that is to say, the reëstablishment of the Papal States. What shocked him most in the proposed statute was that the Italian State offered him a stipend of thirty million lire a year, which he declared reduced him to the rank of a salaried person. Moreover, he could not accept the idea of having the functionaries and officials of his court all looked upon as Italian subjects. It may also be added in parentheses that one of the most curious consequences of the Law of Guarantees is that now any person of any nationality whatever is treated as an Italian subject once he enters the service of the pontiff.

In spite of the uncompromising attitude of Pius IX, the relations between him and Victor Emmanuel II were not very tragic, and I have it personally from one of the former French ambassadors at the Vatican that Pius IX often wrote affectionately to Victor Emmanuel, to whom he referred as 'il nostro dilettissimo figlio il rè Vittorio Emanuele.' In other words, he recognized Victor Emmanuel's title of king, but not the fact that he was King of Italy.

II

Contrary to what one might believe, it was Pope Leo XIII, whose compliance and moderation were so generally admired, who returned to a violent intransigent attitude. He showed moderation toward other countries, but never toward Italy.

Now that we have seen the archives that show how his policies worked, we discover that he spent his entire life patiently pursuing his dream of getting revenge on the kingdom of Italy. He abandoned the French monarchists, who had placed their hopes in him, and adopted the most friendly attitude toward the French Republic, in the hope of inciting France against Italy and driving the two nations to war.

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To placate the King of England, Leo XIII sacrificed the Irish Catholics. To get on good terms with the German Emperor, he stopped supporting the Polish Catholics against the Protestant Prussian squires who were expropriating them. He was the friend of any government that he hoped he might be able to align against the Italian monarchy. He lived on vast illusions, pretending that the returns of the Roman plebiscite of November 20, 1870, were falsified, and that the people were really demanding the restoration of papal sovereignty.

However, even under this intransigent pontiff, a kind of modus vivendi between Church and State had been organized. A system of worship that still subsists was created, and the chief of this movement for many years was the Baron Monti. The State paid the bishops and priests, and the King maintained his strict right, by virtue of historic tradition, to name bishops on certain portions of Italian territory.

All these customs gave evident proof that secret agreements had been made between the two powers. The King of Italy, for example, always enjoyed the right of nominating the Patriarch of Venice and the Archbishop of Genoa. In the latter city it happened that the Holy See once named a certain Monsignor Caron, who, according to M. Finnocchiario Aprile, the Minister of Justice, possessed neither the prudence nor the other qualities essential to a man who held such a title, and who by his prestige could exercise great influence on public opinion. The exequatur was refused, and the new Archbishop could not take possession of the *mense* — in other words, his material prerogatives. Within a month the Holy See yielded and removed him.

Generally, when prelates were appointed to posts of this nature, their nomination was announced the same day in the *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican, and in the Official Journal.

When Pius X, however, succeeded to the pontificate, things took a different course. The new Pope was a man of the people. As a Venetian peasant he had always given ardent proof of his patriotism and of his loyalty toward the monarchy. It was under him that the formal interdiction forbidding practising Catholics from voting at the elections was first ignored on a large scale, whereas under Leo XIII devout Catholics had meekly submitted to it. Catholics at first began regaining permission to do their duty as citizens in a local way through special agreements. Some years later, however, when the Socialists threatened to enjoy a large majority in the Italian Parliament, a kind of pact was concluded on the initiative of a militant Catholic, Gentiluoni, and the faithful were authorized to cast their ballots in order to prevent a victory of the extreme Left Wing parties. Although this return of Catholicism into the life of the nation did not solve the Roman question, it caused great excitement. Ever since the closing years of the nineteenth century, a group of Catholics of humble birth had been developing and advancing a social doctrine of wide scope that later developed into the popular party led by Don Sturzo.

Toward the end of Pius X's career the Vatican was thus moving toward the Left, but the movement was destined to be much stronger later when Cardinal Gasparri succeeded Cardinal Merry del Val as Secretary of State.

Monsignor Gasparri, who is now in charge of the Vatican foreign relations, prides himself on being a real democrat, both in sympathy and in speech. Under three successive Popes his policy has been to strengthen the position of the Holy See and to solve the Roman

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question. Thus it was that during the war he entered into negotiations with Germany, which promised him that it would reëstablish the temporal power of the Pope. These negotiations would have remained absolutely secret if Erzberger, the former German Minister, assassinated by the Nationalists, had not left them to be discovered in his Reminiscences.

III

The war placed the Vatican in a strange position. The *Osservatore Romano* was subject to censorship, and the Pope could communicate with the Governments and with his faithful followers in Central Europe only via the Nunciature at Munich and at Vienna. Germany, not so much through deference to the pontiff as with a view to securing a powerful ally, made certain propositions in October 1914. According to the terms projected here, Austria was to cede the Trentino to the Pope; the kingdom of Italy was to modify the Law of Guarantees and to regulate the question of financial independence in a form that would be agreeable to the Holy See.

But the most curious suggestions were those that saw the light of day in May 1915, and traces of which again appear in the last negotiations between Mussolini and the Vatican. This time it is a question of creating a little neutral State made up of that part of the city of Rome that lies on the left bank of the Tiber and a zone extending to the sea, with a port attached. In order to study the problem, the German Government proposed the creation of an International Committee made up of five or six distinguished Catholics, presided over by a Spaniard or a Swiss. Catholics from all over the world were to be invited to an International Congress that would see to it that the political liberty and independence of the Holy See would be guaranteed and regulated after peace was signed.

Early in December of the same year, the Holy Father himself exposed in a consistory 'how much the dignity of the Pope was wounded in that the situation in which he found himself did not give him the full liberty absolutely essential to the government of the Church.' The Allied Powers immediately replied by offering a convention that was already outlined in principle in the London pact between Italy and the other Powers, and according to which the Roman question would in no case be discussed during the peace negotiations. Germany did not give up, however, and at the end of 1916 Erzberger once more propounded his theory of an International Committee as a protest against Article XV in the London pact of April 1915, according to which the Vatican was excluded from the peace negotiations.

But Erzberger also went much further and drew up a projected treaty that was approved by the German Government and by Emperor Karl of Austria. The power of the Pope was here recognized as embracing a domain that included the hill of the Vatican and a strip of land establishing communication with the Tiber and with the Viterbo railway line, and this domain was to be called the State of the Church.

This projected treaty was vaguely known about and, as might be imagined, enjoyed only moderate favor among the Italians. The Holy Father received a number of propositions, one being to move to one of the Calabrian hills belonging to Spain, another to move to Salzburg in Austria, or, again, to accept from the reigning prince of the little State of Liechtenstein, between Switzerland and Austria, the cession of his territory and his sovereign rights.

During the same period, the official

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review of the German Jesuits, *Stimmen aus Marialaach*, printed some articles signed by Father Ehrle, who is now Cardinal, completely favoring the reëstablishment of temporal power.

These complicated manœuvres led to nothing, for the Powers were intractable and the Pope played no rôle at the peace conference. As things turned out, victorious Italy accentuated the maintenance of her rights, and it seemed that the Vatican had nothing whatever to hope for. But Cardinal Gasparri, who had long believed that Germany would win the war, and profoundly regretted the fact that none of his pet measures had succeeded, patiently endeavored to renew negotiations with Italy alone. Diplomats who had lived in Rome for a long time knew that every week in the Passionists' garden the Cardinal met the President of the Council, Nitti, who is to-day in exile, and whom Mussolini looks upon as the worst of his enemies.

These two statesmen made various plans. They were sympathetic toward each other, and the Cardinal had the advantage of having rendered valuable service to Nitti's son, a prisoner in Germany during the war. This man, having vigorously supported the popular party, even began giving direct encouragement to the extreme Left. The deputy Miglioli, from Cremona, went so far as to acclaim Lenin and Trotsky before Catholic congresses, where he made speeches of which the Roman curia had certainly approved. Unfortunately for this policy, Mussolini marched upon Rome in October 1922, and within a few months the whole Italian situation had changed.

Everything changed except the Cardinal Secretary of State, who remained at his post in the difficult situation of having encouraged to the extreme limit, and even treated as friends, men who found themselves suddenly reduced to persecuted and proscribed enemies of their country. No purely political power could have maintained its position in the face of such a change. But the Church possesses a strength and a wealth of resource that no governments and even no sovereigns enjoy. Cardinal Gasparri studied the situation profoundly. He understood it, and, following the old maxim of the Holy See, displayed patience. *Patientia æternum.*

IV

The new dictator's attitude toward Catholicism was animated by two different if not contradictory sentiments. On the one hand, logic obliged him to fight political organizations of the Left. On the other hand, wishing to organize a systematic hierarchy in which the so-called conquests of democracy would give way to a strict organization of all productive forces under one authority, he had to lean on the Church.

Americans must never forget that in Latin countries Freemasonry is utterly different from what it is in Germanic and Anglo-Saxon countries. It is much more secret and is grouped into national powers known as *Grands Orients*, which originated in the revolutionary associations of the eighteenth century that cleared the way for the great social changes of our own time. These associations aimed to eliminate the power of the king, to destroy the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and to establish equality, and they have necessarily become utterly hostile to Catholicism, which is one of the strongest supports of the old régime. In England Freemasonry is loyalist and the royal family belong to it. Prince Henry of Hohenzollern has been Grand Master of the grand German lodge for a number of years; and in America, where the churches are entirely independent of the State, Freemasonry is

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not antireligious, but generally devotes itself to social good works.

In France and Italy, on the contrary, the Grand Orient has inherited the political attitudes that it assumed under Louis XV and Louis XVI, which means that it professes to be animated by a revolutionary spirit and that it takes a considerable part in political struggles. The old Masonic formula, 'In the name and under the auspices of the Great Architect of the Universe,' has been suppressed in the Grand Orient, where a kind of philosophic atheism prevails. When a Freemason is initiated in France or Italy, he first spends a few moments in a black-lined cabinet in company with a skeleton and several skulls, and he has to sign a kind of political testament in which he undertakes to refuse to participate in any church ceremony that has any intimate relation to his own existence or the existence of his family. Naturally Italian Freemasonry strongly opposes Mussolini, since it is traditionally opposed to any dictator. After prosecuting this movement for three years, the Duce finally suppressed it completely.

His first step of suppressing Freemasonry was extremely agreeable to the Vatican and he made others equally important. The famous Crucifix that once stood in the middle of the Coliseum, which had been removed since the taking of Rome in 1870, was set up again. The figure of Christ once more hung on the walls of schools, in law courts and universities. Members of the Church who were sent on missions to foreign countries were exempt from military service, and Mussolini gave them free passage on Italian ships. The lay schools established under the Crispi ministry were eliminated by a simple decree, and their direction was put in the hands of suitable religious authorities. By various ordinances the Dictator gradually brought to life moral rules of conduct that might have been uttered by the Holy College itself. All this was done in collaboration with the Vatican, with whom he communicated through a curious person, the Jesuit Tacchi Venturi, who was the recent object of an attempted assassination that remains unexplained.

But, in spite of all this friendliness, Mussolini made two mistakes. He could not be discreet or modest. It soon became evident that official relations had been established between the State and the Church. The Fascist newspapers made no bones about proclaiming the fact, and nothing could have put the Pope and Cardinal Gasparri in a more unpleasant position. From the instant that the newspapers announced that the Holy See had agreed with Fascism upon a certain number of dispositions involving the regular and secular clergy, a reaction set in throughout the Catholic world, and the impression became current that the Holy Father had abandoned his attitude of dignified reserve and his position as the imprisoned Head of the Church living in apostolic palaces.

What complicated the situation still further was that the Fascist newspapers not only made numerous allusions to the new relations, but also began to develop a system by which Fascism would absorb the Church, the Head of the Church being able to gain a certain number of material and moral advantages, provided that he agreed strictly to support the new régime. This explains why Arnoldo Mussolini, the Dictator's brother, made the following declaration in *Popolo d'Italia:* 'In the fullness of its political virtue and its right Italy can discuss matters with the Holy See. She has every title to serve as both judge and guarantee.'

Thus, in spite of the services rendered by Fascism, a natural antipathy

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between nationalist doctrines and the Church remains. Every time a sovereign, whether it were Louis XIV, Napoleon, or an Emperor of the Holy Germanic Empire, has tried to raise patriotism or royal power to the height of a religion, he has found himself up against the Holy See. Various forms of nationalism are the greatest obstacle to the realization of the universal principle of the Church, for what is the point of nationalism if it is organized under the shadow of a really strong single power? Actually it amounts to a kind of religious movement that tends to confine the power of the Church to the domain of the individual conscience. When a strong nation cannot achieve complete separation between Church and State, a struggle between these two organizations begins. In every European country with strong nationalist feelings the theory that civil power should take precedence of religious power is particularly marked. Even such governments as Fascism, which do their utmost to manifest complete deference toward the Church on religious matters, revolt as soon as the Church pretends to exercise what might seem a political influence on its followers.

Ever since Fascism originated, it has understood that the Church was the only organization it would not be able to absorb easily. Sometimes by flattery and sometimes by intimidation, it has showed that it realized how little it could accomplish in the face of such a power. Fascism has abolished parties and suppressed class war by obliging workmen to enter Fascist corporations; it has undertaken the task of supervising commerce, industry, and banking; it has assumed command of military and naval forces; it has organized sporting societies; but the Church has remained at its post, because the Church considers itself above politics. It is the harbor of refuge from Fascism, which, in its turn, will not admit any superior.

V

Clearly foreseeing this inevitable conflict, Mussolini has for ten years encouraged his intimate friends to search for a solution of the Roman question, thinking that if he could deliver the Holy See from the burden that has weighed upon it since the fall of Rome he would have rendered it such a service that he could always count on its support.

Tacchi Venturi, the Jesuit father I have already mentioned, has lately been the intermediary in these transactions. Looking back on past history and on the various propositions that had been put forward since the kingdom of Italy was created, both the Fascist and the ecclesiastical negotiators conceived of various solutions. The simplest of these consisted in continuing the Law of Guarantees of 1871, but ceasing to give it a purely Italian character. Italy would engage herself before the other nations of the earth to respect and maintain this law, and the sovereignty of the pontiff would thus become an international and irrevocable fact.

Another alternative was that the Italian Government, without entering into any engagement, should nevertheless recognize in the form of a special declaration the Holy See's independent power and its right to participate in conferences between sovereign states or in the activities of the League of Nations.

It was, in short, a return to the position taken by the President of the Italian Council fifty-five years ago, when he said to the Chamber on February 2, 1871, 'The Ministry is disposed to consider the sovereign pontiff at the head of the universal Church as an

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international person who cannot be dependent upon any State nor be subject to any Government, nor in consequence be subject to any particular jurisdiction.' But this declaration, instead of being made to the national parliament, was to have been made to the entire world. It represented the limit of legal concession. Even though the concession amounted to only a square kilometre of Roman territory, Mussolini and his advisers felt that this elimination of all territorial litigation was nevertheless absolutely incompatible with the 1871 plebiscite, in accordance with which the population declared its desire to belong to Italy.

But no sooner had the conversation entered this phase than both sides began to draw back. The Fascists at once protested that the word of Fascist Italy was sufficient; and the *Osservatore Romano* declared, 'Italy has it in her power to create the State that the Church needs in order to exercise its spiritual functions in this world. The Holy See is waiting, as the most eminent Cardinal Secretary of State declared during the war when the question was exploited to the detriment of Italy, and the Holy See still awaits the solution, not through foreign intervention, but as a result of the Italian people's own feeling for right and justice.'

But the organ of the Vatican promptly went on to add the following restriction, which was incompatible with Fascist sentiment: 'The foreign Powers will only have to make the usual acknowledgments of what Italy will have done in conjunction with the Holy See.' This passage referred to the words of the Duce himself, who made the following statement on April 21, 1921, in the course of a memorable speech before the Chamber: 'I affirm that the Latin and imperial tradition of Rome is today represented by Catholicism. I believe and affirm that the universal idea that exists to-day at Rome is the idea that shines forth from the Vatican.'

Meanwhile the following thesis has developed under the direct inspiration of the Pope and of Cardinal Gasparri. The Roman question is not to be submitted to public opinion or to Catholics all over the world. The Pope himself is to be the only judge. He must deal with Italy as one power with another. Any attempted settlement made by Italy alone is destined to failure.

It became evident that Vatican circles believed that the first arrangement the negotiators had looked forward to was insufficient. As a sign of the sovereign pontiff's absolute independence, it was necessary that he should be given a sphere of sovereign administration, even if it were only a few settlements round about the Monte Mario and the Monte Vaticano. It was necessary that the people in and about the palaces should be considered legal subjects of the State of the Church, and it was in this way that Mussolini understood the situation. On October 21, 1927, his newspaper, the *Foglio d'Ordini*, which is a kind of official gazette of Fascism, contained the following passage: 'It seemed legitimate to deduce from the content of the articles in the *Osservatore Romano* that the effective political and legal independence of the Holy See demanded a certain reëstablishment of temporal power. It is out of the question for Fascist Italy to reestablish, even in a very reduced degree, the temporal power that ended in 1870, as a result of which the moral prestige of the Roman Church has, in our opinion, gained an immeasurable advantage.'

For some months negotiations ceased, and a certain bitterness remained on both sides.

The spokesmen of the Holy See had been very prudent. Only in ultrasecret

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conversations did they run the risk of advancing the doctrine of the reconstitution of the State of the Church with temporal power over a few square kilometres. Never was this doctrine expressly stated in the *Osservatore Romano*. Although both sides lived on misunderstandings, highly encouraging remarks by Mussolini were reported at the Vatican, which remained fundamentally very hopeful.

Yet it all turned out to be another deception. The Cardinal Secretary of State, in conformity with his usual temperament, did not hesitate to give his visitors to understand that the Holy See was painfully surprised by their unexpectedly intransigent attitude. Though he never asked them their secret, he indulged in a few displays to show that he was still master in the Church, as, for example, when he issued an order to the Italian prelates enjoining them to preserve strict neutrality and to abstain from either supporting or combating Fascism. To a régime that lives on the maxim, 'He who is not with me is against me,' nothing is more insupportable than the word 'neutrality.'

VI

For months there has been one field of activity where the two powers were bound to come to grips some day—the young people's athletic associations. There exist in Italy about a thousand groups of Catholic Scouts that form the first story in that edifice of unions known as the Italian Catholic Action. Mussolini, having lined up hundreds of thousands of adults in his national militia, began a system of recruiting adolescents into Fascist advance guards and enlisting children in groups of Balillas, which they would enter at the age of six. Fascist newspapers declared on several occasions that this duality could not continue. The Pope, for his part, took alternate attitudes of severity and indulgence.

Ever since November 22, 1925, the Congregation of the Holy Office had condemned in violent terms a book entitled *Catechism for the Balillas and the Fascist Advance Guards*, which it looked upon as 'a sacrilegious parody of the Catholic catechism.' However, this book had appeared with a preface containing the personal felicitations of Mussolini. The laws passed on April 3, 1926, and on January 9, 1927, established the work of the Balillas on a national foundation and gave them a kind of monopoly. Although the Pope had not been consulted, he showed tolerance, because at this time he hoped that the conversations on the various Roman questions might produce some substantial result. He decided that the Government 'had no intention of trespassing upon the divine prerogatives of the Holy Church.' Because of this attitude, he succeeded in preventing the Catholic Scouts from being broken up except in cities of less than 20,000 inhabitants, and in order to make it easier for these little groups to join the Balillas the sovereign pontiff declared them autonomous, which gave them the opportunity to join forces with the local Fascist organizations.

At this point the Holy Father's forbearance, the secret motives of which were not known, occasioned loud outbursts from similar groups in France, and the *Action Française* insistently demanded why the Pope, who refused chaplains to groups that asked for them, showed himself so accommodating to the Duce. Ever since the beginning of this year, when it became evident that the Vatican could not expect from Fascism any restoration of its temporal power, the Holy Father's language has changed; at the very time when Cardinal Gasparri was trying to turn the priests and bishops away from

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militant Fascism, the Pope wrote in his own hand a famous discourse, regarding which he consulted nobody, and in which he pronounced before the Catholic Junta in Rome a veritable 'Speech for the Crown,' attacking the pretension of Fascism to monopolize the training of youth.

It is understood that this speech was solely addressed to the Catholic Centre — in other words, to that group of faithful Catholics who support Fascism, and who had held their meeting at the Capitol without asking for an audience at the Vatican. The pontiff's words clearly showed what self-control he had been forced to practise during the last three years, and how bitterly disappointed he was in the final failure of all negotiations.

In the light of what I have written, my readers will unquestionably understand the reasons for his attitude. If the fiction of an alliance between the Catholic Church and the Fascist State has been maintained for a number of years, it is because the Pope, who certainly had the settlement of the eternal Roman question in mind, employed temporizing methods. He accepted the advantages of the new régime, even though he saw growing evidences of a system of authority that would sooner or later deny his own prestige. He put up with many vexations and at moments showed a great conciliatory spirit, but for some weeks now he has no longer been in this frame of mind. It all proves that he has momentarily renounced the idea of obtaining at the hands of Fascism the supreme fulfillment of the policy of the Holy See during the last fifty-five years — that is to say, the reëstablishment of a State of the Church.

This does not mean that the conflict will assume violent form. The law suppressing Catholic Scouts will be applied with moderation. It has already been announced that Mussolini, while incorporating these bodies into Fascist organizations, will raise them to the rank of autonomous sections of Balillas under the direction of ecclesiastical authorities, and that he will also give chaplains to the smallest groups of Fascist youths. The Holy See will certainly prefer this misbegotten solution to the complete disappearance of Catholic Scouts; but these are only temporizing methods that ill conceal the resentment that the Holy Father and his chief counselor still nourish against the Dictator. Fascist propaganda, supported by absolute authority, is so ambitious that it will never allow even a spiritual power to exist by its side.

Italy is not the only place where the Holy See is engaged in waging war on Fascism. We must also watch what is going on in Germany, France, and other countries, especially Austria, to understand the instruments at its disposal. When any international affair turns out badly for the Italian Dictator, the political observer who studies the situation at close range will very frequently see that the innumerable agents of the Catholic Church and its hundreds of millions of obedient followers have made their discreet contribution to such a setback.

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CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA

BY MOORE BENNETT

THE article entitled 'A Missionary Audit,' appearing in the December 1927 issue of the *Atlantic*, contains much that is pertinent to the present position in China, but it also leaves unsaid a vast deal not generally known by the American and British public (who for the most part support these mission efforts) which is of paramount importance in considering the result which it is hoped will be attained by the sacrifices of those who provide the essential financial backing.

Of the one hundred and thirty separate organizations in China only some seventy are American, and of these seventy only three can be said with any justice to be of really great importance; nor can any of the Protestant efforts individually or collectively be considered as being in any way as effective or as great as the effort directed by the Catholic missions throughout the country that during the past centuries has been known as the Chinese Empire.

The Protestant effort in China is more talked of, more advertised, and, unfortunately, more nationalized than is the Catholic effort. The Protestant missions in this country, for reasons best known to themselves, seem to vie each with the other in introducing, together with the peculiar tenets of their one hundred and thirty different forms of Christianity, the different racial characteristics of their homelands, while the Catholics are now, as they ever have been, content to adapt Chinese cultural forms and customs to the service of that Church which since 1280 has been established in Mongolia and China, preaching and living the tenets of the Church in Rome.

The writer is neither Protestant nor Catholic, but he has lived in every one of the eighteen provinces of China, and during the past twenty-five years has been able to see the manner in which both Protestant and Catholic missions approach the object of their existence. He has been enabled, owing to his position in certain provinces, to ascertain the power and success with which both branches of the Church have organized their efforts, and to see, during this last burst of antiforeignism, the reaction as it affects both Churches and their personnel; and he has no hesitation in saying that the Catholic missions in China, which are in the main self-supporting and contributing, mean more to the country and its people than the whole effort of Protestant teachings, so that if the reorganization of the Protestant mission effort is necessary in the United States it would seem that such effort should not stay at the home-side rejuvenation and reorganization, but that the whole position, in the United States and England as well as in China, should be considered afresh in view of the experiences of the past century.

Granted that in power of concentrated effort, in its long historical connections with China and Mongolia, as well as in having a single driving power in Europe, the Catholic Church has

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many advantages, especially in regard to its long-unaltered policy of political noninterference, yet, if the scattered organisms that go to make up the Protestant missions in China could only be brought to see the advantages that would accrue to them if they would also observe those tenets of policy that have been the mainstay of the Catholics, these same Protestant missions, gifted as they are in many respects, could undoubtedly hope to be a very real assistance to the Chinese and indirectly a great power for furthering the peace and well-being of the East Asiatic mainland.

II

As the writer sees it, the whole aspect of the two Churches is different in every way and from every point of view. The Catholics man their missions with men who, when they leave their homelands, are as finely educated in the arts and crafts of their particular civilizations, as well as in the doctrines of their Church, as it is possible for the best schools of Europe and America to make them. They leave their homes so fired with the courage and conviction of their beliefs that they willingly renounce all thoughts of returning to their people or of ever seeing their countries again. In China they proceed to their stations after two or three years' preliminary training in certain centres, and many of them never leave these upcountry stations. The writer has met many priests who for periods of thirty years and more have never left the province to which they were first allocated after their training period.

How does this compare with the Protestant procedure? Leaving aside such lights as Legge and Martin, Morrison and a very few others, the men sent out by the Protestant Church can make no pretense to the higher education even of their own countries, let alone advanced study in Asiatic history and culture. It is almost a byword among the educated Chinese — a synonym of being a Jack-of-all-trades — to be a Protestant missionary, and the lack of appreciation of Asiatic culture, historical associations, and customs does nothing to aid and much to hinder Christian effort in the country.

Then again the financial position and the social standing of the Catholics vis-à-vis the Protestant missions here do much to cause ridicule, misunderstanding, and general mental chaos among the people. The Catholics as a general rule never advertise their efforts, nor yet do they indulge their personnel in lavishly built quarters either as schools or living places, although their cathedrals and churches are among the finest buildings to be found in the land. Wherever the Catholics go, they start in a very small way, adapting Chinese buildings, using Chinese architects and forms, almost hiding their lights under a bushel, but working furiously and continuously none the less, getting in touch with the gentry and landholders, officials and merchants, making themselves acquainted in every way, not alone with the poor and homeless, the radicals and the outcasts, but also with every class and type of people within their districts, observing — at least in the outward form — all customary and cultural practices, and in all things upholding the status quo of the established régime, however difficult that may be in a country where rebellions and schisms are as rife as they are here. No historian will ever be able truthfully to say that any Catholic priest or father comforted or aided the Taipings or any other of the many sects of rebels that one time and another have swept over China, or that the Catholic Church gave its aid in any way whatsoever to any faction or party in the land; none may point the finger of scorn to this

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Church and hold it up in ridicule as having aided the radical or the Bolshevik.

But what can the Protestants say about the happenings in Korea in 1890, in Nanking in 1862–64, in Chihli and Shantung, as well as in other provinces, when this last antiforeign craze of 1926–28 swept across the land?

What excuse can the Protestant missions set forth to lay from off their shoulders the incubus of their teachings come home to roost during the wondrous career of that most noted and much belauded 'Christian,' Feng Yu-hsiang, to name but one of many heroes picked out by the Protestant missionaries during the past twenty-five or thirty years? What excuse can be brought forward to extenuate the mission boards in the United States and Great Britain for sending out to China gentlemen who misused their time and financial assistance by actively and painstakingly aiding and abetting the hot-headed young students of various mission-supported schools and colleges in their fight against what they conceived to be, in their foolish ignorance, the reactionaries of the North?

Besides being blessed with the comforts of pleasant homes and surrounded by every comfort known to the West, with hospitals for their use, schools for their children, vast pleasure towns such as Pei-Tai-Ho and other places owned in the main by missions or missionaries and operated by them for their own pleasure and comfort, these Protestant missionaries obtain home leave every seven or eight years, besides their annual summer leave of from six to twelve weeks, and live and carry on their work in palaces compared with what the great bulk of the Catholics have to be content with. No one who has seen that vast pile of palaces known as the Yu-An-Fu in Peking, or Yale-in-China in Changsha, or the Methodist Compound or the American Board Mission Compound in Peking, or the Haitien University to the west of the city, or others of the beautiful parklike surroundings in which the Protestant missions live among the squalor of Chinese cities, can wonder for one minute at the apathy the Chinese feel for the creed that these wondrous beings teach, who themselves are so well protected from all the common and everyday ills that afflict the unfortunate people.

When Père Robert, that great and powerful head of the Missions Étrangères, was in Hongkong controlling the great network of mission stations spread throughout Southern China, he was very content to live in a single room not twelve feet on a side, bare-floored, with furniture of the scantiest, taking his meals with the other priests and lay brethren on a clothless table spread with the simplest of Chinese foods such as the common people live upon. And yet the Father at that time controlled millions of dollars' worth of property, land in all the great provincial cities, fields by the hundred acres in a block scattered through the South; and always throughout his working life, with the other priests of his mission, he was up and at work long before 6 A.M. both summer and winter.

Who of the commercial community in China can take six weeks at the seaside in the summer at Pei-Tai-Ho to attend conventions? Who of the Chinese can understand a religion that preaches humility as one of its greatest tenets when this is preached by a body of people who themselves neither know nor practise it? Who among the common folk in China can own a house by the sea or on the hills so well favored in position as to let for six hundred taels for the season, as a hundred missionaries let their houses? Who ever heard in China of a priest indulging in rug making or silk embroidering or the sale of goats' milk so that he might buy

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himself a house or a passage to a foreign land? Or who ever saw in any other country the ladies of a mission advertising in the daily press the days in the month on which they would be at home?

The Catholics own land, till and sow, reap and gather, and make wine, but they do these things for the missions and not for their individual comfort or aggrandizement. One can see their priests, regardless of the heat or the cold, of their position or their learning, ploughing the fields, tending the vineyards, the orchards, and the workshops, teaching the Chinese landowners and farmers how to get better crops, better yields, how to build better houses and obtain better animals from existing stocks, and generally trying, not to introduce strange, unknown, and unused sciences into the land, but to adapt Chinese methods and to graft on these methods such of other nations' findings as may seem applicable under the necessities of the case. Never does one find the Catholics operating such conglomerates as the Young Men's Christian Association or other quasi-political societies, nor do these priests ever condemn or ridicule Chinese family customs or laws or seek to give to their flock the idea or impression that because a thing or a thought is Chinese it must necessarily be wrong.

III

Another cardinal point of difference. The Catholics are not forever seeking to make of the farmer or his son a foreign-educated doctor, lawyer, or engineer. China is in essence an agricultural country, and with a population of between four and five hundred millions of people it always must be; hence if the missions can advance the knowledge of the people along agricultural lines they are more apt to do good than if they send raw and callow youths abroad to be whitewashed for five years with a slender coating of a form of knowledge that is not appreciated here and that cannot, at the present stage of China's advancement, be of real use to the people generally. The conditions that obtain in France are not as they are in China, and certainly there are no points of similarity between Chinese conditions and those obtaining in either the United States or Great Britain; hence it is difficult to see how any Chinese could benefit from such foreign education. The past few years have shown how many of these deluded graduates of foreign universities have turned into the most frantic and verbose advocates of Bolshevist doctrines, owing undoubtedly to their having been soured in their efforts to put into practice in China the various doctrines and ideas they had picked up in foreign schools.

Even if we put aside the bewilderment that must beset the minds of the Chinese at having one hundred and thirty different forms of the same religion thrust at them by hundreds of more or less earnest and more or less mediocre teachers, few of whom are sufficiently educated in Oriental doctrines to enable them to approach the subject nearest their hearts by any avenue acceptable to the Oriental mind, the difference between the doctrine taught and that lived by the teachers must surely seem to the Chinese a species of that madness which most of them sincerely believe characterizes all things Western. But when one has seen aged men working for a generation or more at the same tasks the common people have to face, eating the same food, living in the same kind of houses, denying themselves everything that the mission might live and the service of the Lord might prosper, that the Church of God might be adorned by their

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sacrifices; when the people see young and earnest men, well taught in their languages and customs, come to cast in their lot with them, to aid and help them in their farms and orchards, in their cottage industries, in their sicknesses and famines, to teach them how to improve their lot, not by radical changes, but by dint of long years of sustained efforts slowly made — then it is easy to understand why it is that the Protestants in China have made less than a million converts in more than a century and how it happens that today, when the great bulk of the Protestant missionaries have fled their posts, the Catholic priests still labor on without advertisement and without reward in the far-off interior stations, for these last are not strangers in the land, but Chinese of the Chinese, content to live and suffer for the cause.

The Protestants usually teach the Chinese in the mission schools their own languages, — the languages of their own home countries, — and many instances are known of Chinese who, thus educated, either have no knowledge at all of the Chinese language or else have had to acquire it during their early manhood. If it only stopped at this, however, there might be something to be said for the practice; but usually it goes further, and children are taught in the missions the manners and customs of the Western civilizations and then are turned loose upon the countryside to learn the bitterness of having all their treasured conceptions ridiculed and all their boasted learning contemptuously discarded by their associates.

The whole question seems to turn upon the divided control, or lack of control, exercised by the Protestant missions and the boards which, in turn, control these in America and Europe. It must be obvious to the least erudite that such a division of effort as now exists can have no pretense at all of any effective control in the field, and that only by the coöperation of all Protestant boards, both in America and in Europe, can this state of affairs be changed. Besides this difficulty, there is the question of individuality which will have to be faced, as the Catholics acknowledge only the one head and all their efforts are given, not toward their own personal aggrandizement or that of their particular creed, but to the missions. Strangely enough, an American priest within the Catholic Church seems to be as Catholic in his beliefs and doctrines as a priest of any other nationality, but the representative of a Protestant church will not manifest — or in practice, at least, does not manifest — anything like the same measure of self-abnegation.

IV

If the Protestant Church of America could heal the breaches within its own structure sufficiently to permit it, as one organization, to train and send out to China the very best type of highly educated and studious Americans, who would be willing to forget their nationality and upbringing enough to merge their lives with those of their chosen flock, and who would teach the Chinese to be decent citizens, to live as Chinese proud of their ancient civilizations and culture, and not to ape the language and manners of others, nor yet to cast ridicule upon the ancient house and family laws which have held together the Chinese fabric for countless generations — then indeed would the efforts of the American Christians not be vain; but so long as each of the multitudinous sects and divisions of the Church in America is free to send out all who profess the wish to come and partake of a free passage, comfortable living quarters, and opportunity to indulge in

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side lines as a means of making an easy livelihood, so long can no improvement be looked for in the present unfortunate state of affairs, which is the more to be regretted when the urgent needs of China and her people at this time are considered.

The Protestant Church spends many more millions a year in China in charitable works than does the Catholic, but it does so uneconomically; and, instead of adapting itself to the country, it seeks ever to introduce foreign methods, irrespective of their merits, into all its actions. In the case of the Peking Union Medical College this obsession is more noticeable than in most other directions, perhaps because this institution looms larger in the public eye than others, although the same idea in a lesser degree is apparent in nearly all the American charitable institutions throughout the land. If the flaunting of money and money's worth is understood in the United States by the Christians, it is not so easily understood here by the Chinese, who are bewildered by the difference between the written creed taught them and the visible effects of that creed upon the people who act as their teachers and guides. The East, whatever the West may think to the contrary, is not as material-minded as the West. Moreover, the ceaseless flauntings of wealth, of vast buildings, of ease of living, of luxury, and the efforts made by the missionaries to get rich quick, in contradistinction to the creed of humility preached, offend many Chinese, for this inconsistency seems to imply that they have no reasoning intelligence.

This easy assumption of superiority on the part of the Protestants offends others resident in the country besides the Chinese, and raises up against the Protestants a body of opinion that challenges the missionaries' right to speak for and on behalf of Christianity as a whole. To-day this very considerable body of public opinion, both Chinese and foreign, bitterly opposes any extension of the Protestant Church's privileges in China.

A few instances of this lack of normality on the part of certain of the Protestant institutions might not be out of place here, as showing the kind of procedure which is so difficult for both Chinese and foreigners to understand. Such instances could be given in hundreds if any good end could be obtained by laboring the question.

Six American missionary bodies subscribe yearly to a fund to support a large Mission Language School in Peking, which up to 1926 fulfilled its purpose in a Chinese compound quite admirably and enabled many foreigners to become acquainted with the language at a very reasonable fee. But in 1926 this establishment moved into a vast block of modern buildings, having some one hundred steam-heated, electric-lit bedrooms, classrooms, recreation and public rooms, and branched out in competition with the ordinary, commercially operated hotels in the city, advertising in the daily press and offering rates that made it quite impossible for the ordinary hotels to compete with it. Later on this same establishment let part of its rooms as furnished and heated flats, again coming into competition with both foreign and Chinese commercial institutions and, by reason of its immunity as a charitable organization from the incidence of taxation and other charges, severely affecting the legitimate business enterprises of the community.

Another mission, operating under the name of 'The Hall of Truth,' fills the daily papers with advertisements of its dairy products, of its Christmas and New Year cards, and of other products which bring it into direct competition with ordinary commercial enterprises

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and create much ill feeling, not only against this particular institution, but against all Protestant missions generally in the minds of the unthinking.

Yet another American mission permits its compound to be used by members of the mission as a commercial workshop, making such items as table and house linens, embroidered goods, and similar articles which are sold at a profit by members of the mission and exported by them, thus again competing with ordinary unsubsidized enterprises — and so the tale could be prolonged indefinitely. The effect of all this upon the Chinese as well as the lay foreign mind can be very easily appreciated by the American business community, if not by the missionary community.

The Catholic institutions undoubtedly, directly as well as indirectly, through the operations of a well-known banking house, indulge in commercial enterprise in a variety of ways, but they do not advertise their efforts; they do not compete with legitimate business enterprise, but use the funds so amassed not individually but as a body, in order to make their mission effort self-supporting.

V

No ordinary commercial man in China can live in the style and comfort affected by the American Protestant missionaries; and this, in a country where the average Chinese family's total earnings do not exceed five gold dollars per annum, does not make the Christian creed seem any the more easy for the Chinese mind to understand. When one of the most erudite Chinese and Mongol scholars now living, of any race, is content to live on his mission station outside the Great Wall, ninety miles from the nearest white man, surrounded by Mongols and the poorest of Chinese settlers, eating the common food of his flock, wearing the clothes used by them, performing his daily tasks in the church, in the dispensary, and in the villages for twelve and fifteen hours a day regardless of bandits, cold, heat, and discomforts innumerable, and when such a man has done this for twenty-eight years with no holidays or visits to his homeland, the Chinese, as well as the foreigners, begin to think that there must be some good in the creed he preaches and are content to call him 'Father' and to give him the reverence and attention which are his just due.

When, on the other hand, we are asked to give reverence to young ladies and gentlemen who contrive to live upon a much more comfortable plane than falls to the common lot, whose houses are far better built and more up to date than anything we can afford to occupy, whose working hours permit them much more leisure than any other foreigners obtain, whose seaside houses and gardens, hill cottages and grounds, are far finer than those that we can ever hope to own, and whose good works — if any — consist of teaching the lower classes to despise their own culture and civilization, we, no less than the ordinary Chinese people, are very apt to consider that the Protestant effort in China has deteriorated into a 'business' and that on the whole, however much the missionaries are to be envied, they are certainly not to be admired, let alone reverenced; nor are all of us convinced that a continuance of this procedure is to be desired.

There are, of course, many earnest workers among the Protestant missions, but unfortunately these are not by any means in the majority; and, while everyone resident in China outside the ranks of the missions deplores the need that seems to exist in the minds of the

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homeside controlling bodies to send young ladies into jeopardy of life and honor in interior stations, these good folk cannot be convinced of the futility of such a procedure, which has done much latterly to bring the Protestant effort into further contempt.

The position of women in Asia is not what it is in other continents, and the effect of the Nanking outrages will outlast many patient years of missionary efforts, be the ultimate political result of this unfortunate occurrence what it may. The presence of considerable numbers of women and often children in the Treaty Ports during last spring and summer after the Protestants had been called in by their consuls afforded Chinese radical writers much scope for malicious writings, augmented by the presence, in large numbers, of men workers who had no legitimate right to leave their bandit-ridden flocks, and probably would not have done so had they not been burdened with families and women.

The great majority of the Catholic priests, lay brethren, and nuns are still at their posts and have never left them; at a time when their flocks were being tortured, murdered, and raped, robbed and desolated, these noble souls worked as they never worked before, helping, interceding, nursing, and generally comforting their distressed congregations by every means within their power, offering their lives nobly upon the altar of their faith, while the Protestant missionaries marched with most undignified haste to the coast ports, many of them after the Nanking outrage leaving China for Japanese and other safe points of vantage regardless of the welfare of any but themselves.

If the American subscribers to Chinese missions cannot understand the small headway which attends their contributions and efforts in this field, then they have only to come out here to China, or to appoint a commission of lay minds unconnected with any mission body to come out, to examine the whole question, in order to see just why it is that residents in China, of whatever nationality, find it impossible to reconcile the creed that the Protestant missions preach with the manner in which the teachers as a majority live.

Let the Protestant Church of America do this, and much that is now in darkness will see the light, and China will be greatly benefited thereby.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

CELLAR HOLES

THESE reminders of human habitation are hidden in the most unexpected places. Once, pushing my way through the tangled underbrush in a forest, I came across a stone wall marking what was once a field, and not far from this was the cellar hole indicating the position of the house. I knew that this section had been a thriving centre of the iron foundries during the Revolution, but now it is lost beneath a thick growth of pine, birch, and maple trees, which shut out the sun completely.

Such an encounter makes one curious about the human beings who lived there and worked hard to gain sustenance from fields now unknown and forgotten. Some few, it is true, have left their indelible imprint upon the history and literature of the country. But for the most part only the moss-covered stones in the graveyard near by testify to their former presence.

A remark made by a companion one day as we motored through a forest of second-growth timber on a mountain top brought to light one of my most romantic discoveries.

'Years ago,' he said, 'there were two famous little girls living in this region who wrote poetry.' And that was all the speaker knew about them. Having this 'germ' in mind, I made inquiries among old-timers when opportunity afforded until I had collected a few facts for guidance. In time I rediscovered the 'child poetesses of the Berkshires.'

These little girls were Elaine and Dora Goodale, living with their parents at Sky Farm, whose once fertile fields were beneath the forest through which we had motored. They had published their first book of poems, *Apple Blossoms*, during the seventies, in their early teens, which gained for them the entrance into the Berkshire 'jungle of literary lions' as 'cubs.' In the Great Barrington Library, my Mecca of research, I found the volume, reading it meticulously to restore the home and farm life into activity before my mental vision. There was little difficulty in revealing the intelligent parents who inspired their daughters into expressive verse. Of the zealous farmer, —

> It is his birthday who has tilled
> Its acres broad and fair,
> Has reaped the golden harvest fields,
> And breathed its balmy air;
> Whose holy, happy home it is,
> With mother, children, wife,
> Whose vine-clad cottage crowns the hill,
> Brimful of health and life.

Of the mother, with understanding vision for her family, there was written on the birth of a child: —

> Upon her snowy couch she drooping lies,
> A languor on her limbs that seems a grace,
> A sacred pallor on her lily face,
> A blessed light reflected in her eyes.
> She knows who drew her strength and would not rise;
> Forgetting self, she rests a little space,
> Sees her warm life-blood mantle in his face,
> And strains her ear to catch his wailing cries.
> O wondrous mother-love! how strange and deep!
> With what vibrating thrill of tenderness!
> To give the glow, and lie a pallid flower!
> To give the light, and smile, and wait to weep!
> Sweet is thine infant's warm unconsciousness,
> But sweeter thy mysterious sacred power.

After the reading of several poems of the inner home life and the out-door life, it was a simple matter to reconstruct a vivid picture of the mountain farm. These were magic;

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achieving wind-blown, sunny, prosperous fields, spring flowers, and apple blossoms, and then the cold, desolate winter shutting all in from the valley below. 'Oh dear Sky farm! Oh rare Sky farm! Rejoice, today rejoice!'

After several weeks' search, I found a man who knew where the farm was, and asked him to guide us to the old house.

'Just a cellar hole in the woods, now,' he replied, and looked rather perplexed at my eager request to see it.

Following him into the woods, we found all that was left of the old home hidden beneath some aged beech trees — just a cellar hole overgrown with sumac. The two little girls accompanying me entered into the spirit of this adventure, consciously projecting themselves into the thoughts of those lively little girls of the past. They found hidden apple trees through whose hoary limbs Nature was struggling fiercely to continue her creative activities. The beloved Sky Farm is no more, but the gnarled apple trees perfume the air in the springtime with their pink blossoms, keeping a pact with the little girl who wrote in their shade: 'Touch us gently, gently, Time.'

Of course, after this my one desire was to know what happened to the girls when they grew up. I could find nothing of Dora's life, but much of Elaine's, which was full of interest. Educated at home in her early years, she was sent to Hampton, Virginia, to teach Indians and negroes. Two years later she was sent to the Sioux Indian Reservation in Dakota and later received a government appointment to teach Indians at White River Camp. Following this, she was made superintendent of all the Indian schools in that state. She was married later to Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, a Sioux Indian, graduate of Dartmouth and of Boston University.

Dr. Eastman, son of Many Lightnings, has written many books which are considered our most authentic stories of Indian life. Inquiries at libraries disclosed the fact that they are great favorites with boys. *Indian Boyhood* is the story of his own life, for he was fifteen before he came to live in civilization. By looking for his dedications in his books, I discovered the Eastmans had one son, Ohiyesa, — Dr. Eastman's own Indian name, — and six daughters.

Elaine has written several books in collaboration with her husband since her youthful attempt, *Journal of a Farmer's Daughter*, which I could not find. But one day I discovered a treasure from her pen called *Little Brother o' Dreams*, a wistful romance, having as a setting her own Sky Farm.

More wisdom from China

Where passion burns, there burns the fire of Hell; where passions storm, there storms the sea of bitterness.

When the heart is free from desires, temptations melt away like snowflakes on a stove.

He who understands human nature, when he is called an ox or a donkey, will only nod his head.

Honor is maintained by simple living and lost in luxury.

Only those who can forget the name of righteousness can be truly righteous.

The standing eagle looks sleepy and the walking tiger sick; but these are their ways of snatching prey.

Licentiousness may be cured, but logicality never.

Desires and passions need not injure the heart; but self-righteousness eats it like a canker.

The lover of money inclines toward the path of unrighteousness; the lover of reputation sneaks into the hall of fame.

It is better to be poor and feel rich than to be rich and feel poor.

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In time of unhappiness think of the most unfortunate; in time of elation think of the most deserving.

The covetous longs for jade when he receives gold, and hopes to be a prince when made a prime minister.

To display one's own learning and virtue is the surest way to criticism and ridicule.

Narrow and flinty is the path of competition; take a step back, and you will find it level and smooth.

Ecstasy is transient; but make your joy more moderate and you will find it more lasting.

Time is long, but the hustlers are always rushing; the universe is wide, but the narrow-minded are always cramped.

Only the mind that is at leisure can read in Nature her best literature.

Undeserved rewards and unexpected gains are either snares of man or pitfalls of Nature.

It is easier to subdue wild beasts than to subdue human passions; it is easier to fill the valley than to satisfy human greed.

To the narrow-minded, a hair may be as thick as a wheel.

True freedom lies in the heart.

Blessings come when we least expect them; disaster falls on those who try hardest to avoid it.

Showers of favors may fail to win a heart, but the giving of a simple meal brings gratitude for life.

There is an inch of gold in every inch of time.

Do not wait until you feel thirsty before you dig your well.

The only way to keep absolutely secret (1) is to have no secrets; (2) is not to do what needs to be concealed.

Sickness enters by the mouth; disasters issue from it.

Only the meek can overcome the strong.

Don't do anything wrong because it is small; don't neglect to do a good deed because it appears unimportant.

He who lives in hardship dies in peace.

Exclusive desires are hard to realize.

Only he who can eat the bitterness of bitterness can become the hero of heroes.

Much anger shows lack of force of character; excessive explanation indicates lack of sincerity; conscious display of affection reveals lack of real love.

PUNNET SIVE PUNDIGRION

SCORN not the Pun; nay, Pundit, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors; with this vein
Shakespeare brought down the house; a saint was fain
On 'Angeli non Angli' kirks to found.
A score of times this pipe did Chaucer sound;
With it did Tully soothe an exile's pain;
And Lowell, Holmes — twain plus another Twain
Making but three! — Carrolled their merry round.
To savory Lamb it adds a minty sauce.
Cervantes, Hood, Smith, turned it at command
Pan-pipe or *kettle*-drum; before chill loss
Darkened the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a whistle,[1] whence he blew
Clear *tint*innating strains — though short and few.

[1] Undoubtedly the original postman's whistle

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WHEN **Percy Noël,** now foreign correspondent of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, was writing war dispatches from the Western Front for the *Chicago Daily News* in 1916, he was billeted in a château owned by a direct descendant of **François, Marquis de Barbé-Marbois,** who had served as Secretary to the Chevalier de la Luzerne, who in turn occupied the post of French Minister to the United States during the latter part of the Revolution. Later Marbois became chargé d'affaires when his chief left America. The diary itself, which here sees the light of day for the first time, was written for the benefit of the young man's fiancée, and sent home to her in installments. It gives a fresh and knowing interpretation of a young society, freed from the shackles of feudalism and not sufficiently advanced along the path of bourgeois democracy to have developed all those inequalities that bother our best minds to-day.

Two stories from the pen of **Walter D. Edmonds** have already appeared in the *Atlantic*. The author is a recent graduate of Harvard College and now spends most of his time writing and farming in upper New York State, whose atmosphere his work so vividly reflects. **William F. Jones** is an economic geologist and petroleum engineer who describes those picturesque and significant incidents in the daily life of Latin America that our solemn experts who hold forth on 'Yankee Imperialism' and 'Manifest Destiny' blandly ignore. Δ To be the successor of Frank I. Cobb marks a great journalistic career. **Walter Lippmann** combines pure English and acute intellectual acumen with hard sense. **Geoffrey Johnson** is a British poet and critic who here makes his first appearance in our pages.

To **Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers** the great questions raised by Samuel Butler were no more important than the mean hypocrisies that the irreverent Sinclair Lewis never tires of preaching about. **Joseph Wood Krutch,** once a professional philosopher, now a philosophic critic, represents to a quite extraordinary degree the deeper tendencies of modern thought. Some of us, however, feel that romantic love, whose passing we are perennially invited to mourn, is the one force that gives our Huxleys and Hemingways sufficient strength to indulge their baffled sentimentalism and thus to confuse a public as self-conscious as they are themselves. Δ To **Mary Agnes Hamilton,** as to most women, the adjective 'fair' contains an invidious implication when it is applied to her own sex, whereas a 'fair' man fascinates her more than a movie hero.

George W. Alger, one of our oldest contributors, has made an intensive study of our criminal procedure. Δ The abused juror finds an able advocate in **Victor House,** former Assistant United States District Attorney in New York City and Special Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. **Gretchen Warren** is the president of the New England Poetry Society. **Ellen N. La Motte** describes her contribution as a 'story of Old Westminster, and this funny, delightful street where I live.' Δ Down in tropical Dominica, **Paul Griswold Howes,** a natural historian from Connecticut and the assistant curator of a museum, discovered a kind of frog that has simplified its existence to such a point that the pollywog stage has been quite eliminated. This evidence may bear upon the moot theory of evolution. **Stanley Casson** is a young British archæologist with a wide experience in the Near East. Δ Former Senator **George Wharton Pepper** enjoys a national reputation. He is a prominent figure in the Protestant Episcopal Church and a member of the American Philosophical Society.

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The name of **John Moody** is familiar to more than a generation of bankers and business men. He has written extensively on investments, and as president of his own Investors Service he has been responsible for the renowned Moody's *Analyses of Investments* that have been appearing annually since 1909. **Jules Sauerwein,** like the good foreign editor of *Le Matin* he is, spends most of his time on what our salesmen would call 'the road.' Three or four times a week he sends his paper interviews with German industrialists, Italian deputies, Austrian prelates, and the like. Lately he has been conducting an investigation — or an *enquête,* as he would say — in regard to the relations between the Vatican and Mussolini. His account can be accepted as a nonsectarian and utterly unbiased document with a first-rate European reputation behind it. Δ Straight from Peking, where he has been living for years and following the perplexing developments in China on the spot, **Moore Bennett** sends us his discussion of Christianity in the Far East.

We are glad to note that the *Atlantic* is now considered reasonably reliable. The following naïve statement is taken from the *Pittsburgh Observer:* —

It is now whispered about, on very reliable authority, that the author of the recent series of articles appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* really was a Catholic priest, one who is 'absent on leave' from his own diocese and who formerly was on the faculty of a leading Eastern Catholic college. His present status in his own diocese is not known.

Bishop Fiske's article on 'A Bishop Looks at the Church' has brought forth a number of responses from youth in answer to his challenge for constructive suggestions from the new generation. Here is one: —

You will doubtless be criticized for 'washing linen in public,' but, after all, the public discussion of the futility of much of our church work will do good. Why? Because it will arouse the ministers and their people from the deadly self-complacency of the mass of church people in our well-ordered city congregations. If they can only be made to see that something is wrong, there is still enough vitality in every church organization to lead to its correction. To me the hopeful sign is that there are so many men and women who still have sufficient faith in the Church's real worth to believe that it can accept the severest criticism from those who still love it.

H. E. F.

From a Methodist young man in the Middle West: —

ORION, MICHIGAN

If the Church really wishes to appeal to younger men and women, by all means throw out all the 'hokum.' Here we have our religion presented to us as based on fundamental nonentities — views of the Bible which no intelligent man can accept, coupled with attacks on all whose views are different. Why not give us an honest view of the Old Testament, with clear teaching and its evolution of thought and the gradual growth of a better conception of God? Then make the teaching of Christ the only basis of appeal. Trust us, and allow us to renew our faith in ourselves and in humanity, with confidence in our ability at least to strive to live after the pattern of the Man Jesus.

H. H. W.

From a young woman in western New York: —

MEDINA, NEW YORK

I believe that the majority of the younger generation are, like myself, agnostic. But that does n't mean that we cannot and will not listen to an inspiring and uplifting service and a persuasive sermon. I believe too that the reason for our agnosticism is that we read. Our maternal parents knew nothing of the controversy over the virgin birth; the Immaculate Conception was a famous painting by a dead artist. I was taught that the Resurrection of the Body meant an opening of millions of graves on a certain longed-for day when everyone walked out in his shroud — pitiful when some are only false fronts. Speaking for youth, I think we need clergy and teaching with tact and courage to give us straight instruction in morals. When I asked the clergyman who 'prepared' me for confirmation, 'What is adultery?' he grew red into his collar and said I should ask my mother. Picturing his embarrassment, how could I ever bring myself to repeat the painful question — least of all to my sweet and lovely mother? My intuition told me that the seventh commandment had to do with the little boy next door whom Mother would n't let me play with. Heavens! What can be expected of a generation fed on milk instead of strong meat?

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Has there ever been a case of a successful professional or business man, at the age of fifty, in the prime of his life when he has the best to give of his experience, joining the ranks of the clergy? And why not? What fine spiritual leaders many of our opulent middle-aged friends would make, what an organization they would build, and what loyalty and following they would inspire!

A. F. W.

Does the following letter speak for the younger generation? We doubt it — chiefly because no single letter could speak for such a versatile group and partly also because no young person with any interest whatever in religion will weigh the merits of theology, which is usually intelligent, and humanism, which is too often sentimental, and then solemnly throw his or her allegiance one way or the other.

HOLYOKE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Bishop Fiske, in his glaringly true current article, asks 'What do young people want?' Supposing they have intelligence to weigh facts, and instinct to be interested in any religious matters, this is the first, basic, test question: Just exactly what is this religion you submit to me for acceptance?

Bishop Primus would say: —

'At the Reformation the Anglican Church, abjuring its errors, built itself on assumed facts, beyond query, and revealed to men. They were these, briefly: Mankind became debased, fell, was cursed, condemned, "justly," without hope. Jesus, being "very God," died to protect "from God's Justice" (see 1927 *Church Almanac*), and, cursed in man's stead, saved the race from extinction. He founded "One Catholic and Apostolic Church" to preserve these facts till He shall "come again."'

Bishop Secundus would say: —

'We know the race has risen — not fallen. A wise Creator would not curse His people. His mercy would supersede His justice and have no bounds. He is our Father and we need no mediator, and, there being no curse, a blood sacrifice would be useless. The Jewish tradition may be entirely eliminated. The Church is human, not divine, and a Christian is a man, Jew, Hindoo, or Deist, who adopts a "Way of Life" as he personally interprets Jesus as his pattern.'

The inquiring, interested young person naturally says, 'These are two different religions — which is the Truth?' He gets no reply; and the best he can do is to say, 'If you, gentlemen, will agree among yourselves and advise me at any time, I will give the matter courteous attention, but as I have much to do, and many pleasures to grasp, I think you can hardly expect me to neglect them till you have a definite offer to make me. I have not found myself inconvenienced in my neutral attitude, and have found my common sense mostly all I need.'

And beg to remain, respectfully, an inquiring, slightly interested

YOUNG PERSON

A contributor sends us this letter he received describing the wanderings of one lone, unchaperoned copy of the *Atlantic*.

DEAR SIR: —

I read with great interest, genuine appreciation, and much amusement your recent contribution to the *Atlantic*, then passed the magazine to a young friend who is a Methodist church member that he might see the article before my copy should start on its usual rounds, his name being last on my own circulation list.

Then I gave it to an older Universalist friend who would also be appreciative; he in turn has lent it to our local Methodist pastor, a 'boy preacher,' who was to return it to me (but has n't) that I might send it promptly, as I have done for years, to Madam Jackson, whose husband wrote the Jackson *Life of Martineau* and who is certain to be interested in your views, being the widow of a Unitarian clergyman. In her household the *Atlantic* is kept for weeks, read by all the family, then sent to another dear old friend, nearing ninety, a one-time member of Edward Everett Hale's church, now living here in our town. She won't miss it either; is sure to read what you have written on this subject.

It is a far cry from Maine to California, but you may be interested to know that even here in the Maine woods you have, as the slang is, 'stirred up the monkeys.' Could I write for the *Atlantic* I should be gratified to know that everybody all over the country was listening in, so to speak.

ELIZABETH B. PERLEY

American, Spaniard, and de Madariaga.

PARIS, 8 June, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am struck by Señor de Madariaga's observation in the April *Atlantic* that the Spaniard, who perhaps enjoys, as an individual, more of this thing we call personal liberty than most of us superior Nordics, actually comes nearer the essence of democracy than the theorists of all ages, even in their voluminous writing on the subject. An American, aware of all that is evolving in his

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own country, who has occasion to spend some profitable time in Spain, or, conversely, a Spaniard who knows something of America, can scarcely escape the same conclusion. Nor can the former escape some not altogether pleasant contrasts, if he is of an open mind.

Wandering leisurely down some of the intriguing vistas de Madariaga opens to us, I find myself retracing quite familiar steps. Ever since the war, when I first began in a very, very small way to take cognizance of the world about me, the theory has been slowly forming in my mind that the hypothetical basis of democracy is the natural and unrestricted intercourse between any two individuals who circumstances have decreed shall be neighbors, for at least a space. And I am on the point of accepting the theory in its entirety — namely, that as the scope of what the individual may come to regard as his responsibility toward society widens, the definition of such democracy as he may enjoy narrows, eventually losing all resemblance to the original theory. My attitude toward the 'group mind' functioning within the boundaries of the city ward or incorporated village in which I happen to live will be altogether different from my attitude toward the sort of 'group mind' which permits a native of Kansas to superimpose his theories regarding prohibition on residents of New York City, his glee all the greater for knowing that the residents of New York City, left to their own devices, would not have imposed prohibition on themselves. And I care not how many imposing arguments the native of Kansas brings to his cause, so little do I relish the Roman Catholic theory that the end justifies the means.

Precise definitions are of so little moment in a world of amazing social revolutions and counter-revolutions that, if we Americans have stumbled on something better than our forefathers' conception of democracy, we have nothing to regret. But have we stumbled on to something better? We have certainly made deeper inroads on every form of social disorder known to history than any other nation in the world. And if we have brought every individual and every section of the United States to within as near a dead level of efficiency as is humanly possible at the expense of art, which can be democratized but never legislated, perhaps we have paid only a fair, if dear, price for sunlit tenements, wholesome milk, and a shiny automobile for one out of every four of us.

We Americans are more wrapped up in the idea of fraternity than the Frenchmen who invented the word. Who would define it? What our feeling of responsibility toward the weak actually means to us is charity. Charity looks down, as de Madariaga observes, while fraternity looks level. No, we are more like our ancestral Britons than the Spanish. We have neither democracy nor fraternity. A good many years ago charity blossomed into patronage, and patronage begat class-consciousness, and class-conscious folk began to talk about government by 'those fit to govern' and criticize their neighbors' careless method of bringing up children.

Poor Britain! For a thousand years the rank and file who have inhabited those isles have been taught, like children, to look to 'those fit to govern' for their salvation. Something rather dreadful has happened to the Empire, and most of 'those fit to govern' are still too nonplused to plan their own salvation, much less that of their quota of 'children.'

Some day, perhaps, intelligent Englishmen will bury their shattered, outworn illusions and build anew. I hope when that day comes a few of them will spare the time and pains to remind America that our beautiful, smooth-running, dollar-minting, empire-building machine is no nearer perfection and invulnerability than was the Victorian Juggernaut of the '80's — to caution Americans concerning the danger of 'putting the individual in his allotted place.'

The Spaniard may never have reached the heights, as we measure such things, of the Briton; I doubt if he has ever tasted the dregs the Briton is tasting at the moment. But, alas! Picturesque people are not apt to have wholesome milk!

May we have more of this Salvador de Madariaga?

Yours always,
LLEWELLYN WHITE

We have received more than one fanatical protest insisting that women *are* fans, the Contributors' Club to the contrary. The *New York Herald-Tribune*, that great interpreter of all that is best in American life, printed the following dispatch from St. Louis, describing a game in that city between the Giants and the Cardinals: —

It was ladies' day, and all the gals got in for nothing. The stands looked like a crazy quilt and sounded like a madhouse. When twelve thousand women start shrieking, one begins to have some idea of what King Solomon had to contend with. And they shriek at everything — fly balls, fouls, put-outs, everything. The female razzberry is more deadly than the male.

Hilda Rose's 'Stump Farm' experiences continue to bring forth sympathetic comment. The fact that the following lines were written from Winter, Wisconsin, should be in itself ample guaranty of their truth.

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DEAR ——,

I have just finished reading *The Stump Farm*. I enjoyed it so much more as it is almost as if a page was taken from my own life. It all came back to me as I read. When I read about the baby's coming without doctor's assistance I thought of the time when my last boy was born, on a cold, stormy night with no one but two neighbor women to help me, and when things started to go wrong one of the women (who was supposed to know something about it) started to cry and wring her hands over me and screamed, 'You must n't die and leave your little ones!' over and over until she had everybody all excited. It was I, sick as I was, who had to calm them. I told them I was n't going to die.

I thought of the night I kept watch over what I thought was my dying son. There was a mile to the nearest neighbor; husband was forty miles in the woods, working; no way to get word to him, either; my boy had pneumonia and the night of the crisis I was here alone. Five times he was on his way; there was no life or breath in him. All I could do was to pray; perhaps my prayer saved him. It was the longest night I have ever lived.

I thought of the fall of 1920, after a dry summer when the forest fire went through and we women had to flee with our babies and children and left our men to fight, never thinking, as we left, that we would have a home to come back to; and later how we took turns in watching the remnants of the fire; and the night when I was walking back and forth in the farmyard to keep awake after a week of watching, the blessed rains came. And we were too happy to go to sleep.

Yes, even the Club is ours, only we call it the 'Willing Workers Club,' instead of the 'Helping Hand.' Ours also is the struggle for existence. When we have something to sell, it is never worth anything. If any of us have anything to butcher and go to the trader's with it we are turned down like Hilda Rose was, with the answer, 'We get all our meat from the packing houses.' Here is another thing. A lumber company owns all this land and sells it under promise to help the settler in every way he can. When the settler has opened up some land and raised a little more potatoes than he can use himself, he goes to the lumber camps and tries to sell and always is turned down. They could use more than the settlers could raise that way — feed and food products; but no, they ship it in and we have to ship it out and give the railroad company the profits. It seems all wrong to me, and the way some people live is a pity. People get discouraged when they see that all their hard work is in vain, and they lose interest. So many leave after they have spent all they have and get into debt which they never will be able to pay. Husband is so discouraged now he wants to leave, but I have no desire to go back to the city. I like it here. Of course we could not sell and get anything for it; it would mean to give up what we have worked so hard for these years and that does n't seem right. Perhaps I too live in a land of make-believe. I am not discouraged or even sorry that we came here; I would n't have missed it for anything. I have learned so much which I otherwise would have missed, and I have n't lost my faith in God.

Summer time is circus time, and for that reason the following adventures of a tame Himalayan rat may amuse some of our readers and even console them for being unable to enjoy anything fancier than a cat, dog, or canary.

OTOROHANGA
KING COUNTRY, NEW ZEALAND

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Pearl Elmer's letter in your January issue reminds me of a perfectly true incident that took place in recent months. A wealthy and elderly couple of Anglo-Indians, without encumbrances, visited New Zealand, bringing with them their pet — a tame Himalayan rat. Alphonso, as he was called, would perch on his owner's shoulder at mealtimes, and would be fed with titbits from the table. When visiting friends, the question, 'Have you a cat?' was always asked; and if so, Alphonso was not allowed to visit. The couple ultimately returned to India, and recently the following pathetic announcement appeared in the leading New Zealand newspapers: —

> WYNDHAM. — On January 4, 1928, at Longview, T. E. Pankhabari, India, after a few hours' illness, Alphonso, aged 2 years and 7 months. Deeply mourned.

Yours truly,
HERBERT W. ATKINSON

The burden of proofreading provides the burden of this song.

I would not appear pedantic
To my old friend the *Atlantic*.
Of all magazines the SAGE.
But an error almost tragic
May be found in your 'White Magic,'
'Bout the middle of the page
Where —
O
Dear
Me —
You've gone and dropped a *t* —
Much surprising

S. S. P.

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